



THE GOTH

By Wyndham Martyn

WHEN George Meyrick protested at the inconveniences of a farm existence, he was reminded that there was no better training for greatness. He replied, with a sincerity which was not accounted to him for righteousness, that it was his aim to be comfortable rather than great.

What the old farmer folk with whom he lived called contentment was a resignation to hard work bred in them for generations and conserved by suspicion of all who lived beyond the horizon of their barren New England farm.

The boy had always been aware that when the preacher or church elders chanced to call at the Blodgett homestead he was regarded with a mild disfavor. He remembered being told that he was a brand plucked from the burning, and he was rebuked for not comprehending the solemnity of this. He was conscious that there was about his ancestry some mystery; and, as he grew older, shame possessed him and gave to his face a certain sullenness which was reputed to arise from a nature not at peace with its maker.

When he was eighteen, and had passed creditably through his school and settled down, as he thought, for life at the hard

work which makes so many young men leave Nature for those who love her and hie them to towns, he received a letter from a Boston lawyer. This man seemed to possess a greater knowledge of his affairs than had been revealed to him by his putative relatives, the Blodgetts. He was bidden to make a trip to the city without delay. The Blodgetts scanned the letter carefully and gave him the required permission grudgingly. Life was all the easier with a strong young man to work for them.

Before the office building which housed Mr. Ames he paused with some trepidation. His shoes, heavy-soled, square-toed, and seemingly of inordinate size, gave him much concern. He had never been so profoundly conscious of overwhelming shabbiness. But the lawyer's door could not lead to a country more distasteful to him than the farm he had left, nor to work harder or that he hated more than those cold gray morning hours when he arose cold and hungry to feed and water the stock long before city folk left their beds.

The lawyer received him with a courtesy for which he was unprepared, and looked at him with interest. "I wrote to you," said Mr. Ames, "because

in your father's will I am bound on your eighteenth birthday, which is today, to tell you something of him and outline your future." He looked at him searchingly. "Do you know your father's name?"

"I suppose it was Meyrick," he hazarded. "I guess that was Aunt Blodgett's name."

Mr. Ames permitted himself to smile. "While I have an American's respect for the lowly toilers who are the backbone of nations, and a democrat's hatred for class distinctions, I am glad to tell you that there is no relationship between those excellent people and yourself."

George stared at him without speaking. There was born in him an intense joy. He had always loathed these ancient people who immersed him in gloom. Some sense of duty alone had kept him working for them. And this need was suddenly gone. He remembered the thousand ways in which they might have brightened his life and had chosen rather to cramp it. No blood ties joined them, and there was the world before him.

"The Blodgetts have been paid for your board, four dollars per week; and I have reason to think they applied this less to the purpose for which it was intended than to pay off the mortgage on their farm." The elder man saw the gaunt frame of the boy before him and the calloused hands and sighed. "It was not your father's wish that I should see you until today, or I might have helped you more."

The lad looked at him steadily. "Who was my father?" he asked.

"The late Glenross Meyrick," Ames replied. He paused and looked at the son without speaking. His memory carried him back to a day when Glenross Meyrick was the arbiter of his world, the man from whom clubmen copied conduct and costume in an era when money played a less prominent part in society than it does today. The lawyer remembered him as a graceful, assured youth, who came to Harvard as one entering upon his kingdom. And here, sitting in the same office, was a *gauche*, ill-dressed lad with neither

manners nor appearance — Glenross Meyrick's only son!

"What do you know of your father?" he demanded.

"Only," the boy answered vaguely, "that he was an unrepentant sinner, and when he died—" He paused suddenly. The whole theory of *post mortem* destinations had undergone a change, and he was no longer content to abide by Mrs. Blodgett's theological rulings. "Anyway," he flared, "I don't believe it."

"He died when you were only a few years old."

"They told me he died when I was only a few *months* old," cried George. "Why didn't I ever see him?"

"Therein lies the necessity for this interview," returned Mr. Ames. "Your father was a man of family and parts beyond the average; he was killed by a fall from his horse in England, where he usually went for the fox hunting."

The hunting field! The lad conjured up the colored print of an English hunting scene which graced the parlor of the village doctor. Not until this scene occurred to him had he thought of his father as a man of means.

"He was rich, then?" he asked.

"Not as fortunes go now," he was assured. "In fact, your father ran through so much of his money before he died that very little was left. What he left has been set aside for your education. Like him, you are to enter Harvard."

George sat silent. The Blodgett farm had been an excellent school in which to learn repression of the feelings. But Harvard! He had read accounts of the athletic triumphs of her sons, and had earned Blodgett's wrath many times by forgetting in such contemplation some routine drudgery. Harvard spelled to him a liberty of action and such opportunities as he had hardly dared to dream of. And Ames, watching him, asked himself whether this stolid, emotionless lad could indeed be the son of the brilliant Glenross. And in this he evoked certain doubts which had been cherished by the dead Meyrick.

"I couldn't get into Harvard," the

youth declared presently; "I don't know enough."

"You must learn," he was told. "There are tutors to be had. I have here the name and address of one whose reputation is high. You must leave the Blodgetts' place at once and report to me here. My office manager will pay you sixty dollars a month, and all your fees and books will be paid for from another sum set aside for the purpose. When you enter Harvard your allowance will be increased. If you need any more than your allowance apply to me personally. When you are of age, and not till then, shall I be able to discuss your future. Good morning, Mr. Meyrick."

George walked about Boston that day nearer to happiness than at any time of his life. On his return to the farm he went to his room and set about packing. He refused to perform any more odd jobs about the place. He further declined to rise at four o'clock, as he had done for the past half-dozen years, and advised Blodgett to advertise for a helper. He took the opportunity to point out many personal failings on the part of the old couple, and when they had consigned him to that ultimate destination where they averred he would meet his father and other workers of ill, he laughed in their faces. His laugh almost startled the Blodgetts. It was a harsh, odd laugh, not easy to assume from lack of use. The sense of humor was not yet developed in him, or he might have been amused when the old farmer tried to declaim a verse of a hymn having to do with the deadly sin of ingratitude.

The tutor whose address had been given him by Mr. Ames was in many ways a remarkable man. Not a Harvard graduate, nor even an American, he had drifted into Massachusetts for reasons which he had never felt called upon to explain. That he was a sound scholar was evident, as even the members of the faculty were bound to admit. But his claim to distinction was his natural ability to impart his knowledge to youths who had neglected classics, philosophy or mathematics for football, or else were inordinately dull. With

this material he got excellent results, and fees which enraged tutors who were men of greater note. When he met members of the faculty, which was seldom, they frowned upon him, but were not anxious to draw upon themselves that quiet sarcasm which he was known to possess. His faults were such as to make the temperate shake their heads, for he taught better, as he explained, when he had communed with Bacchus. In fact, he was reputed to wear the vine leaves so often that romantic spinsters, attracted by his rather marked personality, conceived him to be one who had been crossed in love.

David Reid looked upon his pupil at first with no special favor. And George Meyrick, at the time of his descent upon his chosen center of learning, was not a prepossessing figure. But Reid liked him for his pertinacity, which finally brought him successfully through the entrance examinations and he was regularly enrolled in the college.

During the period in which he had been Reid's pupil he had little opportunity for companionship with men of his age. And now few came near the old dormitory where he, in ignorance of more aristocratic houses, elected to live. The frugal instincts acquired unconsciously at the farm did not leave him readily, and led him fatally astray in some instances. He had looked at Ward and Thayer on the Yard—"campus" is considered Boeotian at Harvard—and had decided that they were not worth the money, whereas old Holyoke Hall was moderate and convenient.

By this time he had acquired a certain poise and was prepared to take an interest in life. Also his was innately a generous nature, and he had looked forward to friendship with bounding heart. But so far not one of the hundreds he saw evinced the slightest desire to accept him. When he was found to be of no particular interest, inexpert at games and not of any of the preparatory schools which send so many to Harvard, he was let alone. He had come to Boston friendless and he was not of it. Boston regards Harvard as her exclusive property, and Bostonians lead in every ac-

tivity, making the decrees by which the foreign born must abide. He had, therefore, no friends to advise him of those customs sanctified by time which must not be broken. His first mistake may seem to the uninitiate a very small one, but no Harvard man or maid would dream of condoning it.

In brief, Mr. George Meyrick, freshman, feeling the desire for human friendship strong upon him, felt that he would go so far to meet his fellows as to watch some of them playing the sociable game of pool. The sin lay in the fact that George Meyrick entered, not the billiard parlors of the good Sanborn in Massachusetts Avenue, where he might have met boon comrades and rendered this story unnecessary, but he strode heavily into Leavitt & Pierce's establishment, where none but sophomores and upper classmen may intrude.

Such an act had not happened in the memory of the college. Cues were gripped nervously, and men with indignant faces looked from one to the other. Finally a man advanced to Meyrick. The intruder recognized him as Horace Vandevere, a leader of his set and safely of the permanently social elect. Vandevere asked, without the warmth which Meyrick felt would fit the occasion: "Aren't you in your freshman year?"

"Yes," the other answered with a smile, evincing a sense of pleasure at the greeting. The students gazed at him indignantly. In a flash George saw that this greeting had nothing of friendliness in it. Vandevere explained concisely that as a freshman he must never force his way into any place set apart for upper classmen. George's expanding nature froze and a feeling of brute obstinacy came over him; he squared his shoulders and expressed his determination to stay. He half hoped that they would attempt to eject him; but even the relief of physical combat was denied him. They whispered together, then laid their cues aside, abandoned their games and went out silently; he was left in possession.

The incident became known and had its effect, even upon his own classmen.

He was self-proclaimed as ineligible to what in other institutions of learning is described as "frat material" but at Harvard is physically sensed. On the evening of Bloody Monday, when the sophomores annually rush the freshmen from the Yard, he was waited on by a deputation of his fellows, who presented him with a round trip ticket to a spot sufficiently distant to relieve him of participation. He tore the ticket to fragments, and retired to Holyoke seclusion and made futile plans to do desperate things. He was doggedly determined not to give in, and he betook himself with heavy heart to "English A" and, as the months passed, to other classes but unchanged conditions.

When he was of age Mr. Ames wrote reminding him of the details that must now be discussed. Oddly enough, he asked him to dinner, and the invitation was accepted with a gratitude beyond its worth. Increasing years and a love of rich living had, in the guise of gout, gripped Mr. Ames by the toe, and he was temporarily an invalid. After dinner he placed before Meyrick a full knowledge of what he had previously withheld. And with this he gave the lad a letter written a few weeks before his father's death and held faithfully until this night.

Meyrick was too full of what he had learned to make his quiet way home; he felt the necessity for walking and thinking it out. It was nearly two in the morning when he reached home; few people were abroad and the starless night was dark and raw. Suddenly he became conscious of a voice afar off rhythmically chanting the "Carmen Sæculare" of Horace; and as he listened he knew the voice, melodious and rounded, to be that of his former tutor, David Reid. Under the influence of overmuch alcohol Reid conceived the moon to be but her bright self, and had invested a distant arc light with the splendor of Phœbus. He was not disturbed when Meyrick pointed out his optical error. From a short disquisition on trochaic tetrameters and iambic pentameters, he passed to a piteous lament over the incoördination of his lower limbs. His

former pupil assisted him to his home, and there, ensconced in his favorite chair, David Reid was himself again. Alcoholic stimulant having little power to befuddle him, he mixed himself another highball and invited his guest to help himself. It was but rarely Meyrick drank. Tonight the spirit went to his head and stirred him to unwonted loquacity. He was at war with the world, and knew enough of Harvard gossip to place Reid in the same position. He attacked society with the fiery zeal of those who know it not and suffer from youth and imperfect mental assimilation. Reid, who knew him for a silent man, listened with growing amusement. He had never before found him of interest.

"From which I gather," he presently said, "that you have a grievance."

The boy sobered suddenly and looked at the other with white face and piteous eyes.

"I'm the most miserable man in all Harvard!" he cried. "I haven't a friend. I got in bad the first week, and they've never let up on me."

Reid poured himself out another liberal drink; he had heard of Meyrick's unpopularity.

"Then you know it, too?" the lad cried.

Reid shrugged his shoulders. "It is a very small part of the great world," he said; "you'll forget it. It's a mistake to make oneself miserable over an old story like that."

The younger man laughed a trifle bitterly.

"I've got a fresh story," he said, "a nice new one, all prepared as a present for my twenty-first birthday. It's the first letter I ever had from my father." He took a letter from his pocket and passed it over the table. "Read it."

Reid pushed it back. "I couldn't think of it," he said. "A letter from the dead! I credited you with a finer feeling."

"Finer feeling!" laughed Meyrick. "You shall judge. Listen!" And he read aloud:

"MY SON:

"In so calling you I am giving the benefit of the doubt to the lady whom I married. I am leaving

you what remains of my fortune—if any remains at the date of my decease—and you are to do with it what you will. My only stipulation is regarding Harvard. A boy educated there should be able to go anywhere and do anything. After leaving, you must choose your own path. If you are indeed my son there may be hope, despite the influence of the distaff side. If, however, you are not, I have the comforting reflection that you will have the means to go to the devil with all speed. My life is too full of bitterness to judge whether or not I am doing you an injustice; I can only remember that the woman I loved would have none of me because of my boyish escapade with the woman who was your mother.

"GLENROSS MEYRICK."

He folded the letter and put it back in his pocket, and looked dully at the man on the other side of the table.

"Isn't that a hell of a birthday present?" he asked piteously.

Reid looked at him shrewdly. "Why do you tell me this?" he demanded.

"Because I must talk," cried the other; "and you'll forget it all tomorrow."

"I never forget," Reid answered after a pause. "If I could, perhaps I might not have made so close a friend of this"—he pointed to the bottle. "I wish I had not lost sight of you," he said with a kindlier air. "You have felt all this unpopularity more than I guessed."

"I've done everything wrong," sighed Meyrick. "My father's life here was altogether different. He was a society favorite." He laughed. "Well, my father said I had enough money to go to the devil, and I guess he knew."

Reid looked at him in amazement.

"Is it possible," he cried, "that you really want to lead the butterfly existence of the rich?"

"Yes," said the other defiantly, "I do, and I'm not ashamed to own it. Now sneer at me if you like!"

Reid leaned back in his chair and laughed. "Sneer at you!" he exclaimed. "My dear boy, remember that there may be many others in your condition, differing perhaps in degree, but own blood brothers to you in desire."

"I've never met them," snapped the other.

Reid leaned toward him. "I'm one of them," he said quietly. "It's your turn to laugh now. All my life I have

been tortured by the wish to know the rich and powerful, called by right of position the aristocracy. Many a time when in my own country I've watched the carriages of the great taking them to court, opera, or ball, and I'd have sold my soul to any waiting potent devil who could have placed me rightfully where I longed to be. I had not Faust's good fortune; I sold myself, without knowing it, to this." He held up his glass. His mood changed from grave to gay, and he regarded Meyrick with a smile. "And with all these longings you've deliberately set out to make yourself the most unpopular man in Harvard!"

"It was sheer dumb luck," the other asserted; "I certainly didn't want to."

"Don't you see something humorous in our two lives, Meyrick?" laughed Reid. "My dear, guileless youth, receive my sacred confidence. I tell you for no other reason than that you have made me think of those absurd days and given me something to laugh at."

"My father was a tradesman in a small country town. In moments of emotion, caused perhaps by the visit of a neighboring nobleman to his harness shop, he would drop his h's. How could I, brought up better than a man of similar position in a city for distinguishing the difference between the trades-folk and the professional classes, and the differences between the professional classes and the country gentry, hope to soar out of my class into the aristocratic ether?"

He indicated a little mahogany box on top of the bookcase. "Hand it down to me, Meyrick," he said.

From it he took a miniature. It was of a woman dressed in the costume of a bygone generation and very beautiful.

"I was sick for the life she and her people led," he said. "It seemed to me that to dine in rich surroundings from ancestral silver, with men behind one's chair in the livery of an historic family, must be heaven. I have had a glimpse of my paradise, Meyrick; I was tutor to her brothers. Her father was the Lord Lieutenant of my county, and took an interest in me, because when every year he distributed prizes at the local gram-

mar school I always took most of them. My brothers were all dull and fitted into their niches well. I lived in his family three years and never went into their drawing room or sat down in their presence. I had a room from which I could see the great staircase down which the great folk passed to dinner—men with historic names and women wearing jewels that money could not buy.

"One night, Meyrick—I call it to mind so vividly—I thought they had all gone down to dinner, and I felt it safe to come out of my room and lean over the banisters. She"—he pointed to the miniature—"she passed by me. I could feel the hem of her skirt as she went along. If she had seen me she would not have known who I was. There are so many servants in those great English houses that I might easily have been of them. I saw her drop a little dainty handkerchief of Maltese lace, and I picked it up and started down the stairs after her; but a strange nervousness seized me and I hung back and so she passed out of my reach. Two days later I saw her in the rose garden and spurred myself to take it to her, but her beauty dazzled me and frightened me; and I remembered she was the daughter of a duke, a Knight of the Garter, the greatest man in his county and a host of royalty.

"She married the eldest son of my patron," Reid went on, "and is now a marchioness and a famous hostess. Later my patron sent me to take my degree at Aberdeen—I who had longed for the atmosphere of Oxford. But I went to the granite built city and took my degree. In those days Oxford was not for poor men. After that I lived many lives. I went through the Soudan war as a gentleman ranker in a cavalry regiment commanded by a relative of the family who had educated me, and even there felt hardly entitled to be among those younger sons who had been at Eton, Harrow, Rugby, or Winchester."

"I suppose," hazarded the other, "that those caste distinctions kill."

"English aristocrats firmly believe in God for that very reason," returned

Reid. "They thank Him for withholding the necessary aspirates from the speech of the vulgar so that the better born shall have no trouble in determining the other's position in the world." He looked at the other enviously. "I wish I had had your opportunities; you have a good name—and a sufficiency of money, I suppose, to bear it as he would have liked."

"Ten thousand dollars a year," returned Meyrick, "and prospects that some land in the West will treble in value."

"It is not much for the venture, but you ought to do it," Reid commented.

"Do what?" demanded Meyrick.

"Why, to use your national phrase, 'break into society.'"

"Could I do it?" Meyrick asked seriously. "I hate my present surroundings. I have no sympathy with people who eat coarsely and tuck their napkins into their collars and listen to phonographs all Sunday."

Reid smiled. "The world would call us snobs," he said, "and Thackeray might have written an extra chapter for us; but it isn't snobbism from our point of view any more than it is snobbism for a dirty man to wish to be clean or a man in a stuffy room to long for the better air outside. I think you can do it. You belong in a better sphere, Meyrick; that's your hope. I do not; and that's my tragedy. Meyrick, if you do as I tell you, and do it without questioning, you can get in. Not only here, but in London and in Paris and wherever that cosmopolitan set may be which is most difficult of access. You shall bask on your native Olympus, Meyrick, and pass by swift Cunarders in five short days to mine. You shall avenge me if you have the courage."

He looked eagerly at the other; he seemed suddenly to become the more eager of the two. He saw from the other's face that there was doubt as to the accomplishment of this venturesome enterprise.

"Have you forgotten your father's letter?" he asked. "If you were his son," he said, "you might have hope. Are you afraid?"

At last the tutor saw the lad's grave face break into a smile which made it rarely attractive.

"I'm his son," he cried, "and I will prove it."

II

WHEN Meyrick awoke in the morning the singular interview with Reid came uppermost in his waking thoughts. His first feeling of regret at having let another into his sealed chamber presently gave way to a wonder as to whether Reid would wake up oblivious of all that had been said and so rob him of the enchanting prospect that had been offered him. He had slept far into the day, and was not certain whether to try to see Reid or to abandon all hope of their strange talk, when a letter was brought to him by special delivery. It was from his old tutor, and bade him instantly arrange his affairs and meet the other at the Plaza Hotel in New York in three days' time.

So it was, after all, real! Reid had not forgotten, and the adventure was already started. And with this consciousness came the fear that he could not play his part. In this mood of self-examination he did not spare himself. What social advantages had been offered him as compared to those which had been his father's birthright, or to those to which Vandever, toward whom he still cherished a bitter enmity, had succeeded as a matter of course? Reid had laughed at his clothes, his way of wearing them, his gross ignorance of all that which the phrase "*savoir-faire*" comprehends. And then some comfort came to him in the thought that this same Reid had decided to help him. There was never a suspicion that in this strange undertaking Reid might wish to use him for financial gains. There was little mystery about the scholar's life after he had come to Cambridge. He was known to drink hard, to play what was said to be the best game of auction bridge there known and to be always ready to lend money. One or two of his pupils had been assisted through troublous times by such help. That he was able to afford

this luxury of monetary aid was due to the fact that he was paid large fees for his work, bigger fees, indeed, than were sought by men of greater eminence but who lacked his specially intuitive gift as to the capacity of the individual.

George wondered why his mentor had given him no instructions or warnings. He felt rather helpless. But he was now master of his fortune, and was later in the day to enter actually into possession of the considerable sum of money which, apart from his annual income, had accumulated during his long minority. Mr. Ames received the intimation of his desire to travel without his usual cautionary instructions. He however felt it incumbent upon him to offer some bits of man-of-the-world advice to the young wanderer. He recalled with a feeling of pleasure that was inconsistent with his position among Presbyterian laymen that once while abroad he had been to the Jardin de Paris, and now proceeded to recount some of his adventures. He might have gone into greater detail, but he rather feared that Meyrick's knowledge of French might detect him in some mispronunciation, so he waved an eloquent arm, which gave George the idea that he had been a sad dog in his day, hurriedly invoked the Deity's blessing and so passed forever out of his ward's life.

To men who have achieved fame in the schools on the athletic fields there is a certain sadness of farewell when the time comes to bid good-bye to the alma mater. The triumphs which may never be repeated in the busier life to come seem very sweet and the young gods descending from their Olympus take their duller way along the plains. To George Meyrick, Harvard with all her traditions, had seemed no loving mother. Dully conscious that it was in a measure his own fault, he left not with gladness but with the fixed belief that those men whom he might have come to know had been leagued against him and that had he gone to Cambridge in any other year Harvard might have been indeed his alma mater. And chief amongst those whom he classed as his enemies Horace Vandevere, the debonair scion

of an old family, was given pride of place.

He had never before been to New York. His nebulous impressions when he made his way to the great hotel by the Park were of a depressing character. It was busier than Boston at its busiest. People jostled him rudely and awakened his antagonism. He conceived an aversion to New York and a low opinion of the manners of its inhabitants. He paused so awkwardly before the hotel desk that the clerks regarded him with disfavor and demanded of him sharply what his business was.

It was only when he met Reid that he recovered his balance. Reid, too, was dressed differently. Here was a man appareled in fashion's garb and seemingly ten years younger. George reflected that Reid in his youth must have been singularly handsome, and was even now a man of distinguished appearance.

"You are late," said Reid; "I expected you an hour ago."

"I walked here and lost my way," said the other. "The policeman could only tell me to take a car; when I said I wanted to walk they laughed."

"Another time remember to take a taxi," Reid said, looking at his watch. "I have arranged that a tailor shall come here and fit you out; he should be here within a few minutes."

The first time that Meyrick put on the evening clothes Reid had ordered for him he passed into the great dining room of the Plaza with the feeling that everybody there was aware of his metamorphosis. His eye traveled to a distant table where a party of ten were dining. "Do you know who they are?" he demanded.

"The man with the beard is a great Hungarian statesman, a scion of one of the noblest families in Europe—a democrat for all his feudal associations," said Reid. "He is giving a little dinner to some of the Americans who have entertained him. The man talking to him now is one of your greatest polo players. That red-faced man next him is of that American family whose heir has just been elected to membership in the English Parliament. At the bottom of the table

sits the first secretary of the German legation at Washington, and the man with the eyeglass is the officer of cavalry who won distinction in many wars and has just married the daughter of one of your wealthiest houses."

It was then that the Harvard student felt his clothes were not built in vain. He looked at the cosmopolitan dinner party with added interest. He was dressed as they were, and their clothes were as his. He was further cheered by the sight of a very pretty girl at a table near them.

"Now don't fall in love with the first pretty face you meet," said Reid. "You are not rich; you are not yet educated and you are socially in the infant class. I suppose you will want to marry some day—this girl if you like—but you have many things to do first."

III

THE impassive countenance of Meyrick, had it reflected the astonishing thoughts within him as he stood upon the dock seeing at close range for the first time a great Atlantic liner, might have warned people that he was not the self-contained young man he appeared to be.

"You have one thing in your favor," Reid commented the night before they sailed, "and that is an immobile face. You present the appearance of a languid, blasé youth, whereas you are a child, eager to taste life and ashamed to let people know it. I counsel you to beware of enthusiasms and early marriage. The two are correlated and lead to plethoric middle age."

While Reid went below and interviewed the stewards, his charge remained on deck and took stock of his companions. Of them all, but one woman attracted his instant regard. She was tall and slim, admirably dressed, and moved among the other passengers as though unconscious of their presence. At first sight he would have called her hair red. The recollection of the pretty girl at the Plaza died away completely.

Meyrick made his way to Reid.

"Didn't you tell me that people, if they tip well enough, can sit where they like?"

"Hardly that," the other returned, "but sometimes it can be arranged. What is she like?" he demanded suddenly.

The boy lowered his voice as the red-haired woman passed. "I'd like to sit next to her."

"We must find out," Reid said, laughing. "Come."

The lady, isolated at the dining table and seeking there, no more than on deck, the quick friendships of shipboard, saw with approval that the quiet youth at her side seemed no more anxious to chatter than she. She thought no more of him and left the table early. In her departure poor Meyrick saw the defeat of his plans. He had been nerving himself to address her, and he hated himself for his inability to acquire an easy social manner. Altogether he had a wretched meal.

Later in the day he found himself near her as she stood leaning over the rail. Suddenly she turned and looked at him. Then she smiled.

"You've been dying to speak to me from the first minute you saw me," she said. "Why don't you? Do I look so like a gorgon, to turn you to stone? It's perfectly deadly not to have some one to talk to."

There had never been a day in Meyrick's life comparable to this one. She was a brilliant talker when she chose, elusive, quick and changeable, and had him in thrall instantly. After dinner, when the wind freshened and adventurous couples paced the deck, she allowed him still to bear her company. "You really must take my arm," she said peremptorily, "if you don't want me to fall down every few minutes."

"There's something you must do for me," she continued.

"Anything," he declared vehemently.

"Before breakfast introduce your companion to me; and don't say anything about me to him tonight. These are commands."

"They shall be obeyed," he declared.

Then she bade him good night and went below.

Reid was asleep when he sought his stateroom. Meyrick looked at him for a moment with a feeling which was almost of affection. But for Reid he might have lived and died knowing nothing and seeing nothing. Tonight all the kingdoms of the world were stretched out before him.

As the two men sniffed the salt air before the breakfast gong sounded the red-haired woman came into view. Reid's eyes rested for a moment approvingly on her smart costume, but the younger man saw only her face as he introduced his companion.

"Do you know my name?" she demanded of Reid when they were alone.

"It is on the sailing list," he said. "And I have seen your portrait too often to forget."

"I don't want him to know," she said. "It's rather nice, after all my notoriety, to find some one so nice and fresh, who doesn't presume to say things—things that are so appallingly true. Will you be generous?"

"I'm rather fond of the boy," Reid returned slowly. "I want some of his *gaucheries* dispelled, but not at too great a cost."

"I like you," she said quickly. "I think you are honest, and I so rarely am. I don't want to flirt with him, but I do want someone to talk to. He's so innocent and clean that it's a blessed relief. Before the voyage is over I shall want to leave off powders and paint and all the pleasant little artificialities and go to church on Sunday and sing hymn tunes. I assure you I can be capable of all these things."

"I know," Reid returned quietly; "that's half the charm of being a woman of temperament. But what about him? On my soul, I think he's never spoken a dozen words to a woman till now. You and I know that one generally gets this sort of thing rather badly the first time."

"This will be different," she argued airily; "I shall be a sister to him from the start."

"That excellent companion of yours," she said to George an hour later, "al-

ready distrusts me. He thinks I shall engage too much of your time."

"All the time I have is yours," he said.

She clapped her hands. "Bravo! Now be truthful: is that the first compliment you have ever paid to a woman?"

He flushed. "I have never before met a woman I wanted to compliment."

"You confess to wanting to compliment," she cried. "No woman likes mere compliments. Next time say you never had such a profound desire to speak the truth. Who is your companion?"

"A professor of mathematics and classics," he returned.

She shook her head. "Hardly my idea of that type of person. Are you sure?"

"He got me into Harvard," Meyrick answered.

"Do get me a cigarette," she said suddenly.

"You don't smoke cigarettes!" he said.

"Alas," she returned, "I have no other use for them." Then she noticed his shocked air.

"My dear child," she said, "for ten years I have smoked three or four cigarettes a day, and I could tire you out at lawn tennis or mountain climbing; and when you hear me sing at the concert the night before we land you'll admit I haven't a husky voice."

"I'm not a child," he said, rather nettled.

"The designing female will call you a man of the world," she smiled back; "and you will believe it. But you are really just a raw, callow boy, quite well dressed and rather good looking, and I shall be a kind elder sister to you."

"Have you ever been in love?" he demanded huskily. Her fascinating beauty was disturbing him in unknown ways, and emboldening him to a singular extent.

She did not answer for a moment. Then she returned seriously: "The designing female would have said no to that question. Pressed for an explanation, she would have admitted that once she was in love, but that it was only a

childish attachment. Now I will be in earnest to prove my absolute honesty. I have been in love lots of times," she smiled at his falling face. "Once there was a boy rather like you, who had money enough to be able to talk about reforming the world without being sneered at as a fanatic. I loved him passionately for eighteen dances and two extras. Then there was a Wall Street man who talked in millions and made what he called 'mergers' all the time. He was rather splendid in his barbaric, primitive manner," she sighed. "I found I could never marry him. Then there was a riding master who sat his horse like a king and had wives in Chicago. There were others whom I've forgotten—perhaps I shall think of them later."

"Don't trouble on my account," he replied ungraciously. "Anyway," he added, "I don't believe it; I think you're only laughing at me."

"Of course I am," she admitted. "I always laugh or—cry; and laughing's better for the complexion. Women of my temperament are always like that. It's better to laugh and hurt people and be happy than sympathize, weep and feel unhappy."

"Then you are unhappy sometimes?" he asked.

"You are trying to get the designing female *motif* from me," she said, "but I sha'n't bring it into my overture at all."

"It's a duet," he said audaciously.

"You are growing up, child," she laughed; "but you are wrong all the same. It's a quartette, perhaps, with the other parts taken by, let us say, Mr. Reid and the man who sits on my right."

"What do you know about him?" he demanded.

"He's evidently very good looking," she said, "in a middle-aged way. I don't think perhaps he is as amiable as Mr. Reid or as refreshing as you, but then you must remember he's rather a distinguished person in his world."

"He doesn't look it," said the boy jealously. "What has he done?"

"Oh, things," she said vaguely—"governed unhealthy islands for his

government, put down native risings, made little geographical discoveries and married a countrywoman of yours, with whom he is said to be on bad terms. Unreasonably he wants her to live in tropical climes, where snakes abound and women grow old or else domesticated."

"She ought to go," he observed heavily.

"Do you know anything about horses?" she demanded suddenly.

"Not much," he admitted in surprise. "Why?"

"A thoroughbred colt," she told him, "when it's old enough to move, gallops along by its mother's side, while a hackney colt trots in a sweet little grown-up manner. It's instinct which prompts them both. So with you. It's instinct in man to condemn women, and directly you hear that this man—his name is Sir Something or Other, I believe, and of course he has a Knight Commandership of St. Michael and St. George after it—wants his wife to go where she will get wrinkles and see only savages, you say in your inherited woman crushing manner: 'She ought to go.'"

She rose to her feet. "Come," she said; "I'll give you points at shuffleboard and beat you."

In all the days which followed, George, attending her faithfully as a shadow, was never given the little opportunities for flirtation which he sought. The duet was more usually a trio with Reid included. On the night of the concert, when she sang in her sweet contralto to the delight of musicians and to his own intoxication, he was unable to avoid letting her see the bitterness into which he was plunged. He told her with the awkward way of a boy that he loved her.

"My dear George!" she cried reproachfully. "After what I have told you? After the solemn warning you have had?"

"I do—I do!" he exclaimed passionately.

"You mustn't," she said. "I don't love you, and you think you are fond of me because you've hardly ever seen anyone except perhaps some frumpy maidens who found you heavy and uninteresting. I've talked to you and walked with

you, but as heaven's my witness and all the fishes in the ocean, I have not flirted with you. I have deliberately adopted an elderly sister air, which is not the real me. Now let us walk the deck, and remember you are just entering life, while I—I am just in the middle of it, and our paths can't cross."

Miserably he walked by her side, sick with the longing and despair of a man who has seen the desired woman and has learned what subconsciously he has already been aware of, that he is but an incident of one of many voyages.

On one of their turns he saw the big man who had governed islands and made discoveries. The woman by his side paused for half an instant, and then made a detour whereby she need not meet him. A few minutes later he was seen again.

"I hate that man," said the boy suddenly.

"He sometimes frightens me," she admitted.

Later, when they were looking over the side at the lighthouses on the Cornish coast, they heard steps behind them; the tall man was bearing down upon them. The instinct of protection came upon Meyrick and he drew himself to his full height, stared the stranger in the eye and then deliberately put his arm about the woman and drew her to him. The elder man looked at the two coldly and passed deliberately on in his promenading.

Gently the woman with the red hair disengaged his arm.

"My dear," she whispered, "that was rather magnificent of you, but was it wise?"

"Why not?" he blazed. "You are afraid of him and I hate him. As he came toward us I felt you hated him, too." He looked at her, misery staring out of his young eyes. "Don't you hate him?"

She did not answer, but led him to the companion hatchway and held out her hand. "Good-bye," she said. "I probably sha'n't see you tomorrow. I always get a headache when I have to pack, and my maid is absolutely helpless."

"I want you to answer me," he insisted, thinking only of the man at whose approach he had felt her tremble. "Don't you hate him, too?"

She looked at him gravely. "Sometimes I think I do, and sometimes I'm not sure." She gave a little shrug of her slim shoulders. "You see, I'm the woman he wants to take to the tropics."

IV

REID was not surprised when Meyrick, traveling to London on the boat train, anathematized himself as a fool for wanting to leave the country where some diligent application to business might have made him rich, to come to one where he felt he would be misunderstood and his projects brought to naught.

"You see, Professor," he said earnestly, "that night when I had had old man Ames's wine and your whiskey I felt it was all so easy; but over here it's a different sort of proposition."

"The unfortunate part of it was that she was married?" Reid looked at him keenly. "My dear lad, episodes of that sort always disorganize one for a time, but I want you to remember that you have not set out simply to annex a wife, but on a certain quest for relations and a certain justification of yourself as a Meyrick. If you are your father's son you can see the matter through. If you are afraid, by all means go back. It will be far the easier course."

"I'm not afraid," Meyrick returned after a pause. He thought of the red-haired woman and sighed. Why didn't you tell me about her?" he demanded.

"It may seem brutal," said Reid, "but to me it seemed necessary as a part of your education. It's a phase through which we all pass, and you were lucky to be so well treated. That type of woman could have made you do anything she chose. Fortunately she was in a kindly mood." Reid shrugged his shoulders. "For all one knows, she may be in love with her husband, after all. She is the sort of woman to do odd things."

"I'd rather not talk about her any more," said George. "It may have done me good, but it's put a bitter taste in my mouth."

When the train first cut into the outer suburbs of London George's mood became less somber.

"What are we going to do here?" he demanded.

"Find out the history of your aunt and her family and—"

"Capture them, I suppose?" grinned the other, feeling a return of his old spirit.

"On the contrary," Reid assured him, "we must make them think they are capturing you, and that you are a prize of value. I am afraid, if my plan is to be carried out, that you must decline at first to receive the advances of your noble relative."

"But we want her," the other insisted.

"We want her, not as a patronizing person, but as one who seeks to know the head of her family—which by all tokens you may claim to be."

"Come off," said George; "you don't expect me to believe that? I couldn't do that, Professor."

"I doubt, with your present manners, your limited vocabulary, your constant use of stupid slang and your irritating habit of calling me 'Professor,' if you could sit down on terms of equality with her housekeeper. After a thorough drilling in talking, walking and lots of other things you may have hope."

The hotel to which the travelers drove was small, far from having the resplendency of the larger ones; but it was not Reid's intention to stay long in town. He had formulated his plans, and his charge was unreservedly in his hands. There had been an arrangement made where Reid, to the undisguised surprise of the younger man, was to pay half of the total amount. He protested that it was unfair, but the elder insisted that he could equally well afford the expenditure. "And you must bear in mind," he said, "that no man goes idly into a venture of this kind. Be sure that in some way what I am doing has a direct bearing on my own desires."

They had not been long at their hotel when a waiter was ordered to bring that volume of the peerage, whose editor is not of an exacting disposition and is averse to inquiring too minutely into the ancestry of those maidens or men of lower station who have married into the great families. He chuckled as he read it.

"I made no mistake, George," he said. "Here is a long account of the noble family of Fairoke, of Fairoke. You may be interested to learn that your father's only sister married the head of that family whose title is that of the Earl of Roskelly. The ancient deeds done by the Fairokes, as recorded by Camden and others, will not yet interest you as much as to know that Reginald Graham Boris Pomeroy Fairoke, Baron Fairoke, of Fairoke, and Earl of Roskelly, married Blanche Meyrick-Glenross—with a hyphen, George, with a distinct and unmitigated hyphen—of Oakham Lodge, Market Harborough, and New York. They have as issue two girls and three boys, the eldest of whom, Reginald Pomeroy Meyrick-Glenross, is stationed at Windsor with the Second Life Guards. This is like your aunt," he concluded with a grin.

"How do you mean?" her nephew demanded.

"I mean that the name is not rightfully hyphenated, being Glenross and not Meyrick-Glenross, and that your grandfather never had a hunting box in Leicestershire. It was your father's house of which she has taken advantage."

"Still I don't see," George said.

"I don't expect you to," Reid answered. "I see, however, very clearly, exactly the sort of woman the Countess is, and that is why I expect your cousin to put you up at his club. Furthermore, Lady Ferendon, in the few of our talks when you were not present, put me *au courant* with much of the news here that I had lost." He put his hand kindly on the other's arm. "I expect you lost your heart there, George, but weren't you running deliberately into danger?"

"She was very good to me," the boy answered presently.

"I sought her out," answered Reid, "and asked her what she wanted with you; and she swore to be good and not make you as she has made others."

"You don't mean," said the boy, faltering, "that she was a bad woman?"

"No woman so beautiful should be remembered by her badness or her goodness, but only by her beauty. There are mothers, here in this country and in yours, who think of her with hatred because their sons went down into deep waters and perished because of her."

Then he laughed. "Foolish talk, my young knight errant. We must go to bed early. There are many things to be done, and we set out for Switzerland tomorrow week. We'll go to St. Moritz for education, winter games and the preliminary courses of the polite sciences."

V

DURING the months Meyrick stayed at the highest village in the Engadine he rubbed off many of the angularities which had made much in his native land for unpopularity. Associated with him in the winter sports at which he became moderately adept were many American and English girls whose fresh charm and *camaraderie* banished the hard feelings that the episode of the red-haired woman had aroused in him. He began to take a zest in life which transformed him from the shy, awkward lad to a man above the average in good looks, and with a manner which attracted men and women to an uncommon degree. To what extent he owed this to the careful coaching of Reid can never fully be determined, but that astute companion grew from the former half-contemptuous acquaintance into an understanding friend.

When spring came they wandered down the Alps into Italy, leading an existence which was virtually that of a peripatetic philosopher and his disciple. Meyrick showed himself assimilative of what may be termed culture in a degree which pleased his mentor exceedingly.

Easter found them in Rome. Meyrick, trusting to Reid's choice of itiner-

ary, had never any suggestions to offer. He was discovering in himself a liking for things at which it had been his former habit to sneer. He no longer felt uncomfortable when in evening clothes he entered a ballroom and had to steer a woman through its tortuous ways. He already had decided views as to art, literature and declarations at auction bridge, and was desirous of being a perfect French scholar. His manner had grown kindlier. Suspicion had begun to drop from him when he discovered that there were men and women in the world who could be pleasant companions without having ulterior views. There was only one hatred that he still cherished of all that had grown about him in those lonely years.

One morning at breakfast he was looking through the *Paris Herald*. "Could we take in Naples later on," he demanded suddenly of Reid, "and go on to Nice now?"

"Why not?" said the other. "Nice is pleasanter now than it is in any month of the year, and I had wanted to see Monte Carlo again."

"I'll go and make the arrangements then," said Meyrick, rising from the table.

Reid watched him in surprise. "What's in the wind now, I wonder?" he exclaimed. But he made no comment. The thought recurred with persistency that there might have been some mention in the paper of Lady Ferendon, but though he scanned the columns he could find none. It would be interesting to find out what was in the younger man's mind. There were amazing possibilities in him, thought Reid. Rome was already getting unbearably hot, and he had not seen the *Salle des Jeux* for twenty years.

Two days later they were walking along the delightful Promenade des Anglais when he happened to make a remark which Meyrick did not answer. Turning to him in surprise, he saw the lad's face had altered. There was the hawklike look of the Indian in him which he had not seen now for almost a year. He was staring at four people who were advancing toward him,

four people who presently passed without even glancing at him.

There was a man under middle height, thick of neck, whose well cut features were too bloated for a man of his years, and whose eyes, tired and lusterless, betrayed themselves as those of a wearied sensualist. Next Reid had noticed a very pretty girl with light hair and a rather pale, dissatisfied face. A face charming in repose, Reid thought, but which would, when vivacity lighted her eyes, seem infinitely charming. The two women were not conspicuous among the many similar types they passed and repassed. There had been in the look of the man something strangely familiar. He turned to ask Meyrick, and saw to his astonishment that the cruel hawklike look was more apparent. There was a look even of satisfaction about him.

"What is the matter?" Reid cried. "What are you looking like that for?"

"Do you know who that man was?" Meyrick returned.

"I was about to inquire."

"None other than Horace Vandever."

"That's an old man," protested Reid. "Vandever is only two years older than you are."

"Whiskey and drugs," Meyrick observed shortly. "He started during his last year in Harvard. His mother idolizes him in her own peculiar fashion, and there's nothing he's ever wanted that he hasn't had." He laughed sneeringly. "His face tells that pretty plainly."

"Who was the girl?"

"That's the heiress from Detroit who is to share his Knickerbocker name with him."

"Is this meeting accidental?" Reid asked, not without a shrewd suspicion that there was a deeper motive in the northward journey than Meyrick had allowed him to suspect.

"How can it fail to be?" the other declared. "All I want you to do is to get an introduction to them. Mrs. Mitchell—that's the heiress's mother—has the reputation of being a wonderful bridge player. You'll be glad to know her."

Reid was still unconvinced. "Where are they staying?"

"Oddly enough, at our hotel."

"Did you know of it in Rome?"

Meyrick laughed. "Never have I known you so curious before," he said.

"Never have I known you aught but crystal clear before." Reid gazed at him apprehensively. "I hope you won't revive your ancient grudge against Vandever and thrash him in the hotel lobby." He looked at the athletic, lithe frame of the younger man. "You'd only kill him, and I should attain undesirable notoriety as the friend of a murderer."

"Am I so poor a pupil?" Meyrick answered. "Have you not schooled me to avoid showing the primitive emotions which, as I may remind you, you call by the names of love and hate?"

Reid reflected for a moment. "I feel I ought to flee over the Alps again or to Paris. You raise in me the fear of strife."

"As you will," said the other. "Perhaps I may come with you, too." He walked for a few yards in silence. "Mrs. Mitchell," he observed at length, "has been said to be the best living woman player of the game you adore. Her aphorisms concerning auction bridge have received respectful attention even at the Bath and Portland clubs, into whose sacred portals she may never penetrate."

"Concerning a question of this sort," Reid said with some asperity, "one should bring to bear a cold scientific truth. How far are you or your informants to be depended upon?"

"I had it from the lips of Mr. James L. Handiforth."

Reid looked eager. Handiforth was a New York banker who had deserted finance for what he felt a higher calling, and was now an international authority. He was of the few upon whom even Reid looked with respect.

"We shall see tonight," he said firmly. Then he turned with a smile to the younger man. "George," he cried, "I retract what I said concerning your disposition and the clarity of crystals."

There was no more mention of the subject, but at the hotel Reid sought out Mr. Handiforth. "What's this I hear

about a player of high order named Mitchell?"

"Nothing but the truth, if you got it from Meyrick," Handiforth reassured him. "She is a remarkable player. If she has any weakness—and I am far from allowing it is a weakness—"

"You mean," Reid interrupted him, "if there is one way in which her play differs from yours."

The banker smiled. "I decline to be drawn out; tonight you shall see. We are to play—Mrs. Mitchell, you and I and someone from the English Embassy at Paris. I knew you would be glad. The diplomat is a first rate player, but like so many of you Englishmen does not wholly approve of the heart convention."

The bridge party was held in Handiforth's gorgeous suite, and there were other tables for players of lesser brilliancy, among whom Meyrick was numbered. The New York banker, socially prominent in many capitals, had gathered in his rooms some people well known in New York, London, Rome and Paris. It was the first time that Meyrick had met so many distinguished persons.

Reid, fastidious to a degree, admitted that there were no men of the many who thronged Handiforth's room who bore themselves with an ease and poise in a more conspicuous manner than Meyrick. The breeding for which his father had been noted, and that instinct which had persisted through many generations of the Glenrosses, helped him to shake off the rougher manners gained through his lonely years with what was really astonishing quickness.

Mrs. Mitchell, who had neglected dinner in the contemplation of the fact that she was to meet two very famous players, Handiforth and the diplomat who had written the first elaborate treatise on auction bridge, was excited by rumors that the third was a yet greater player. All she knew of him was that Mr. Handiforth had met him at St. Moritz and dubbed him great. For the rest his origins were obscure. He seemed to be traveling with an American youth of an old New England family, but was in no sense dependent upon him. She insisted upon making his acquaint-

ance, and her daughter, following close behind, was included in the introduction. Meyrick was also presented.

In the intervals of his replying to Mrs. Mitchell's rapid fire questions, he observed the entrance of Mrs. Vandevere and her son. Their host, remarking that Harvard men abroad should know one another, effected an introduction between Vandevere and Meyrick. Vandevere scowled a moment as he glanced at Meyrick, and with little cordiality remarked that he knew Mr. Meyrick slightly already.

"I'm afraid you are mistaken," Meyrick said with perfect politeness.

Vandevere gasped. This from a man to whom in other days he had administered verbal reproof! "If you wish to deny it," he answered, "of course you can."

Miss Mitchell gazed at him in astonishment. A quality which she insisted upon in man was the very *savoir-vivre* in which her fiancé was for the moment deplorably lacking. She felt herself taking an interest in the stranger, and wondered whether the other's rude manner would ruffle him.

"I don't in the least wish to deny it," Meyrick answered pleasantly. "Very possibly I did meet you."

He resumed his conversation with Vandevere's fiancée. In a few minutes two or three Americans asked Reid if Meyrick was indeed socially ostracized at Harvard. Vandevere had spread the story recklessly in his anger. In answer Reid looked at Vandevere's dissipated face and then at his questioner. "What do you know about Vandevere?" he demanded.

"Nothing good," said the other with a laugh. "I suppose he is the perfect American homologue to your own worst specimens of aristocracy. Cocaine and cocktails aren't good for men of his age. Why?"

"Mr. Meyrick does not care to associate with his type. One need not be overparticular to desire other companionship."

The American nodded comprehendingly. "Quite right," he said. "My own boys are at Yale, and I should be

sorry to see them in that class." He assured these who spoke of the subject that Meyrick was perfectly justified in his Harvard estrangement from Vandever, and most of those who heard him concurred. Thus it was that Vandever, finding a larger world without the sympathies for breaches of Harvard etiquette which were so dear to him, became bitter and incurred his fiancée's displeasure. Womanlike, her revenge consisted in electing to take Meyrick as her partner, and when the younger players were wearied and danced in another room, of giving him many dances.

"Why don't you like Mr. Vandever?" she asked during the interval between the dances.

"If I remember," said the other, "he bores me rather."

"You shouldn't say that to me," she retorted.

"You don't find him boring, of course," he returned. "It's all in the point of view. You possibly may be able to liken him to Dionysus."

"And who was he?" she cried.

"The god of the vine." His eyes wandered and hers followed to where Vandever, his face unduly flushed, was dancing with Muriel Handiforth.

"That's hateful of you," the girl returned.

"I can't think why," he said. "I suppose you think classical allusions are out of date, and I suppose they are. As to boring and being bored, there are only two ways of looking at people, only two categories in which to place them, whether they bore or whether they don't."

"How do you know you don't bore me?" she demanded. The brilliant smile was for the benefit of her jealous fiancé, who was watching.

"I don't," he said, "because you are wondering whether I mean what I say; and if I don't mean what I say you wonder what it is I do mean. The people of whose meaning you are always certain inevitably bore."

"I don't know whether that's clever or not," she said.

"I expect it is," he smiled back, "be-

cause Mr. Reid told me so. It's a direct quotation from him."

"You must admire him very much," she exclaimed.

"More than anyone I ever met," he answered sincerely.

"Who is he?" she demanded.

"Heaven knows!" he returned. "An intellectual, esthetic man with a past."

"Mother will tell me more than that," she said. "After three hours of bridge she will know his play to a nicety and then all about him. I'm afraid you will find mother a bore if you are so fearfully particular."

"I'm afraid I shall," he confessed.

"One-idea people always produce a great feeling of weariness."

"I don't think I have ever met a more unpleasant person," she said. "Of course I bore you."

"Not a bit," he said. "When I passed you on the Promenade des Anglais today I thought you would, because there was no trace of animation about you; to-night I see that you are absolutely different. I like mixed personalities like yours."

"Are they so rare?" she asked, not knowing whether to be dignified and close the conversation or to draw more from this odd young man.

"I suppose not," he returned; "but one doesn't often meet them. The only other woman who has interested me so far in life was a certain Lady Feren-don."

"That woman!" she said. "Really, Mr. Meyrick, I'm not too flattered!"

"You'll admit she's beautiful?" he asked.

"Unluckily for her, she is."

"But you don't know how charming she is," he declared.

"It is reserved for men to know that," she returned, her head in the air.

"I like you at that angle," he said.

"She used to sit like that looking out at the open sea for the white birds Maeterlinck wrote about somewhere."

"I'm glad *something* pleases you," she said stiffly.

"I suppose it's a sort of instinct with women to know when their poses are artistic and when they're not. Lots of

women look well when they are standing or sitting, when the chin and throat aren't in profile; very few look like you and Lady Ferendon."

She answered him nothing. Since she was but nineteen it was natural for her to wish to appear thoroughly sophisticated. She was afraid that an exhibition of great dignity might make her appear too like an ingénue. Furthermore she was interested. Horace Vandever had little conversation, and she had been told she possessed a talent for it. She had complained in her diary that one could not be conversationally brilliant with those who answered yes and no at irregular intervals.

"Was Lady Ferendon beautiful?" she asked after a pause.

"Yes," he answered decidedly; "that's one of the reasons I decided to know you—you are so like her."

"That is not flattering," she said a little angrily—"merely to be like someone else!"

"Why not?" he demanded. "It's the way of everything. Ten years later some other man will tell some other girl that she reminds him of Mrs. Horace Vandever; and if Mrs. Vandever has been a perfectly decorous matron the girl may be flattered; if she has experimented in matrimony the girl may show her profile and betray the haughtiness which the covers of magazines have taught her to assume. No beautiful woman should be remembered by her goodness or badness, but merely by her beauty. Nothing is so rare."

"That sounds like Mr. Reid," she said. "Is it plagiarism?"

"It is," he admitted. "Some day I shall attain to a style all my own."

"Of course I don't believe you," she answered. "I don't suppose Mr. Reid ever talks so absurdly." She betrayed some of the irritation of one who fears she is being laughed at. This she felt it wiser to conceal. The fear of being classed as lacking in understanding had not yet passed away.

She met Vandever as one leagued against a common enemy. "I don't wonder you detest him," she cried; "he is perfectly unbearable."

Meyrick watched this unexpected *rapprochement* with a dismay which was not apparent. For the first time he began to doubt the wisdom of Reid's dissertations on women and the ways in which they must be treated.

He wandered into the card room. Mrs. Mitchell was regaling herself with a sandwich and glass of wine during her term of dummydom. She turned on him enthusiastically.

"The man's magnificent," she said, pointing to Reid, who was playing her hand. "He and I play a perfectly ideal game together."

"He loves bridge," Meyrick answered.

"That's nothing," said Mrs. Mitchell; "all the bad players love the game, too. My daughter loves it, and probably plays no better than you. If you want to see real bridge, watch us."

"Who's the best of the men?" he asked tactfully.

"Mr. Reid," she returned; "he plays his hand no better than the others, but he's a genius at placing." With a nod she hurried back.

When they were back at their hotel Reid talked enthusiastically of Mrs. Mitchell. "I had not thought that a woman could be so good," he said. "Handiforth said not a whit too much. I shall track her from place to place and thoroughly enjoy myself." He turned to the younger man. "By the way, how do you like her chestnut-haired daughter?"

"I don't think I care for her much," George answered. "I quoted you so much that she has gone away fearing I am laughing at her."

"What made you want to know her?" Reid demanded.

"She is like Lady Ferendon," he answered evasively. "Is there any likelihood of Vandever remembering you?" he added.

Reid shook his head. "I think not," he said. "Such gilded youths as he preferred more reputable teachers. I shall not be distressed if he does." Then he spoke more seriously.

"I never deliver moral lectures," he said, "because I am not of those who have the right to cast stones; but if your

plan in getting to know the Mitchell girl is what I suspect I do not commend it."

Meyrick flushed. "I have a purpose," he said slowly, "and I admit it."

"I don't seek to know it," Reid returned, "and I don't wonder that you dislike Vandever; but the stone that kills two birds generally sends an innocent as well as a guilty thing to its fate."

"Have you ever hated anyone?" Meyrick demanded.

"Hate ruined my career," Reid returned gravely. "You know that I avoid preaching or uttering banalities, so you may reasonably conclude that I am sincere when I say that hate is more like a boomerang than anything I know."

Laura Mitchell, after listening to her mother's opinion as to Reid's abilities, declared that she did not like his companion. "He seems to be laughing at one," she asserted.

"What has he to laugh at you about?" her mother asked.

"I don't know," the girl admitted.

"He's one of those superior young Harvard men," the elder woman said; "they aren't all at Oxford, remember, although we don't see many of them at Ann Arbor."

"Horace hates him," the girl reminded her. "He says nobody knew him at Harvard."

"Horace is a fool," said his mother-in-law-elect scornfully. "On general principles I like what he hates and hate what he likes."

"You liked him well enough once," said the daughter.

"When we went to New York from Detroit the name Vandever had a kind of magic ring for me," the elder admitted. "Somehow it doesn't sound so important four thousand miles or so away. If he forbids you to know Mr. Meyrick, I shall still insist on playing bridge with Mr. Reid, whether his mother likes it or not."

There was armed neutrality between Mrs. Vandever and the mother of her future daughter-in-law. Remarkably shrewd, the Western woman had never capitulated to the arrogation of social eminence claimed by the other. But

since Laura seemed to like Horace and the match was one which would bring her unquestioned into the exclusive sets, she had not offered the other battle.

"Horace wouldn't dream of such a thing," her daughter declared. And when her mother smiled unbelievably, she cried: "I am going to ask him to tea tomorrow." She regretted this statement as it was uttered, but would take the opportunity to insist that Horace should clothe himself with that repose which stamps the caste of Vere de Vere.

Unfortunately Horace stormed in the manner of an irate plebeian. He asserted that a person of Meyrick's evident ill breeding was no fit acquaintance for his future wife and declined to allow it.

Laura exhibited some of her mother's spirit. "You are acting absurdly," she cried. "I never choose to dictate the friends you should make."

"So he's your friend already!" he sneered.

She turned on him like a flash. "Horace," she said angrily, "I sometimes think mother is quite right and that we shall never get along together well."

Horace tried to placate her. He was, so far as his nature permitted it, fond of her, and only a distant lawyer and himself knew to what an extent ignoble pursuits had exhausted his exchequer. He attempted to laugh away her fears that there would be a scene. "I'll see that Meyrick behaves," he said loftily.

The girl looked at him steadily. Now and again she felt something of contempt for him. Why would he not realize that it was for fear of him and not of the stranger that she had spoken? Perhaps Mrs. Mitchell had said but the truth when she asserted that the Vandeveres had no sense of humor.

All this discussion of Meyrick had the effect of bringing him constantly to her mind, and it was almost with a feeling of nervousness that she awaited his coming among the other guests who had received invitations a week before.

Vandever drew himself to the limit of his five and fifty inches and gave a

dignified bow. She admitted that Horace bowed really well. Meyrick acknowledged the greeting with one less marked, and passed, with a wisdom born of Reid's coaching, over to speak with Mrs. Mitchell. Presently he came over to where the girl was looking very charming in pale blue and drifted into a conversation on musical matters. It so happened that he was congenitally unable to whistle a tune and in no sense a musician, but he had not listened to Reid for nothing. It was of "Elektra" she talked. "Don't you admire Strauss?" she asked.

"I know two Strausses," he answered; "which one do you mean?"

"Not the 'Blue Danube' man," she said with a sudden sense of superiority. It was inconceivably silly of him, she felt, to ask whether she admired Johann.

"There are two Richards," he answered, "the Richard who composed those delightful *lieder* and the Dr. Strauss who magnifies cacophonies and seeks almost a century later to out-Berlioz Berlioz."

"I'm afraid you are frightfully clever," she said; "I had no idea you were musical."

"I'm not," he said; "I have the veriest smattering of it and no more."

"Of course," she declared decidedly, "I don't believe you."

"Then let us talk about something else," he said cheerfully.

"Of what?" she demanded.

"Of how your fiancé behaved when he knew I was asked here."

"What should he say?" she asked with an appearance of innocence.

"There are so many things," he murmured, "which would naturally occur to his mind. He probably said that I was a parvenu, ill bred, presumptuous and so forth."

"Would you say unpleasant things about him?"

"No," he declared. "I regard him with amiability even."

She looked over to where Vandever sat by a little table, at which a man-servant presided over a trayful of Manhattan and Martini cocktails. He had two in rapid succession. She became

suddenly very furious with both representatives of Harvard—with Vandever because he insisted on getting red in the face at whatever function he visited, and with the keen-faced superior person at her side who had the impertinence to laugh in a quiet manner at them both.

Without a word she moved from his side and commenced an animated conversation with a man who had just come into the room. But she was not wholly comfortable. Might not her manner be rather too much that of the young girl, instead of the assured, collected manner of the woman of the world? It was an unhappy doubt which often dwelt with her.

Ordinarily free from nervousness, she presently sang in a very sweet mezzo some of the very Strauss *lieder* he had spoken of. Directly she remembered this, she thought he must be criticizing her and she would sing no more. He thought he had rarely heard singing which pleased him more.

Mr. Handforth and Mrs. Vandever left the Mitchell villa as Reid and Meyrick did, and the banker, who had no liking for Mrs. Vandever, basely deserted her and walked with Reid. Thus it fell to the lot of that imperious lady, since she was accompanying Handforth to another function, to permit the objectionable Meyrick to pace by her side.

She did not permit herself to address a word to him until two gentlemen in passing raised their hats, as she supposed, to her.

"I don't know those persons," she said half indignantly, and turned fiercely on her companion. "Perhaps they were your friends?"

"I have met them before," he returned.

"That accounts for it," she said with an air of relief. Later in the day she saw the two strangers again and pointed them out to Mrs. Mitchell. "Those are friends of your daughter's new friend," she sneered.

"Are you sure?" the other demanded.

"I never forget faces," returned the haughty dame. "Of course you don't know them?"

"I don't," said the other drily, "but

I've tried to get introductions. The one with the gray hat is the Prince of Thurn and Taxis, and the other the Hereditary Prince of Oettingen-Spielberg."

Mrs. Vandever thought for a moment. "It is always possible to make mistakes," she observed. "Possibly I made one, too." Then after a pause: "He would have told me their names if they had been the personages you mention."

"Why?" demanded the other. "Not all our young men are vulgarians."

"What do you know about that Mr. Reid?" Mrs. Vandever presently inquired.

"Nothing," said the other; "and I want to know nothing except that he will make a fourth at bridge when I ask him."

For a pretty, spoiled girl who had hitherto received as her due the attentions of eligible men of many races, Laura Mitchell allowed herself to be more disturbed over George Meyrick than seemed reasonable. He had not betrayed any particular admiration for her, yet insisted upon monopolizing her society when it chanced that they met at any functions or in the streets of Nice. She raged inwardly when some man with whom she was talking after a few minutes withdrew and left her to the quiet, good looking youth who was so disliked by her fiancé. And yet she was compelled to admit that he interested her more than any man she had ever met. She supposed, she told herself after mature consideration, that it was not because he was nicer but because he was different.

A little distressed to see with what persistency Meyrick continued to pursue her, she felt she owed it to Vandever to be more amiable than of yore. In some civilizations, she reflected, the latter would have had no alternative but to call his adversary out and transfix him with due formalities. She had met, in Vienna, a girl—it was true she was married—who had attained a great fame by becoming the heroine of many duels. She had admired the Viennese immensely, and was not sure but that something of her notoriety had increased this.

She could hardly imagine Horace as meeting at so many paces on a cold morning the cleaner limbed youth whose eyes and hands were steadier than his. She determined to freeze Meyrick with superb haughtiness. It was a pose not unsuited to her style. Unfortunately she found him hardly conscious of this silence. At the end of the walk he declared that he had enjoyed it immensely. Altogether he was puzzling in the extreme, and her diary grew to an alarming size. Originally conceived as a vehicle for epigram, and later amended in the Marie Bashkirtseff manner, it fell away to the expressions of those thoughts of life which come to all of us and seem for a moment fraught with the whole purpose and meaning of existence.

Vandever had gone away for a time. In reality, he was for a week an inmate of a sanitarium in the suburb of Neuilly whose proprietor concerned himself principally with the treatment of drug takers. Soon the craving for those stimulants which his neurasthenic nature called for—as much the fault of his ancestry as to acquired vices—compelled him to return. He did not immediately go back to Nice. For a week he hid and indulged himself with drugs, and then, looking worse than ever, made his way back to the Riviera.

To Miss Mitchell his absence was strange, and to his mother a matter of deep concern. The former bluntly asked Meyrick what he thought of a swain who would thus desert his Phyllis. She had by this time grown to like him.

"It's the proverbial manner of making her heart grow fonder," he said.

"It's very plain to me," she began quietly, "that you dislike Mr. Vandever."

"You are not advancing this as a new discovery are you?" he asked.

"You admit it, though?" she cried.

He shrugged his shoulders. "Why talk about him?" he demanded.

"There may be many reasons for disliking him," she went on loftily. "You may be jealous of his social position."

"Very probably," he agreed.

"Or of the fact that his position in England is assured by reason of his

cousin having married the younger son of a viscount."

"I wonder how you guessed it?" he cried.

"You are thoroughly odious!" she exclaimed. "Anyhow, I wish our acquaintance to cease."

"What shall I do?" he asked, unruffled. "Go away from here?"

"You can do no less," she replied.

He shook his head. "Altogether too melodramatic. Why should I? I've never pressed your hand or tried to steal a kiss or sent you bouquets which talked florally. Why should I go away like a rejected lover?"

She threw him a look of scorn. "Of course you have not. The very idea is insulting. Suppose I tell you that I share my fiancé's suspicion of you? Suppose I believe that your past is not very savory? Doesn't that make you feel *de trop*?"

"If you meant it it would," he returned; "but you don't. As to pasts—since you resurrect them—it hasn't been worth writing about, but it's a fairly clean one."

"I hate you!" she cried.

He shook his head, still with a smile. "You don't," he answered; "why should you?"

"We are the merest acquaintances," she began, when he interrupted her.

"Of course; did you imagine I claimed friendship? My dear Miss Mitchell, that's rarer than love. I merely looked on you as you have looked on me, as a person not in the least boresome."

"No one has ever dared to talk like that to me!" she exclaimed.

"Probably not," he agreed; "so few of us are honest." He looked at her keenly. "More than relieving me from feeling bored, you interest me. You are storing up for yourself heaps of trouble."

"That is my affair," she said.

"It should be your mother's too," he said. "If she only knew half as much about you as she does of auction bridge, you'd have a fiancé with another name and something in him that you could trust. It's no good looking so angry," he assured her; "I know you're very

young, and it isn't easy to control one's emotions at nineteen, but why let dislike for one man—the unfortunate me—fill you with a blind faith in another?"

"How cowardly of you," she cried, "now he is away!"

"That isn't the reason," he protested, "as you should know. I'm not at all sure that this fear of speaking out what one knows isn't really more cowardly. You are making a mistake and you already know it. Is it his name that appeals to you? Are you women of the West just as those of the East?"

"Of course I shall tell him what you say when next I see him," she said.

"As you will," he returned. "It won't be wise of you. He'd probably do something outrageous and make you more ashamed of him than ever."

"You make me very miserable," she said, as one suddenly crushed. It was indeed a sudden drop from her lofty airs, but Meyrick had spoken truly in that she constantly feared some outbreak. His mother had said, when on an occasion in Paris he had struck a cabman, that it was due to high spirits, but she had known differently. There had never been a moment until now when she had dared to confess to herself that she might lack the power to reform the man whom she was to marry. Young, accustomed to adulation, a believer in that worn theory that a good woman may redeem the man she loves from his grave faults, she had not until Meyrick's persistent, quiet pursuit of her been troubled with any doubts.

She owned herself absolutely puzzled when her thoughts turned to him. Unlike other men in that he did not seek to flirt or talk of love or indulge in any semi-tender familiarity, she yet felt in a sense helpless as some frightened bird with a wheeling hawk in the blue above her.

"I'm sorry to make you miserable," he said in the same even voice he had ever used. "I'm not sure why I have done so either. Perhaps it's because I rather like you, or it may be because I detest Vandevere. On my honor," he added almost confidentially, "I don't know which. If it's because I rather

like you, I suppose there's a feeling tucked away in some brain cavity that it's rather too bad to see an American girl about to sacrifice herself to a degenerate." He spoke more earnestly. "Don't get angry, Miss Mitchell. He is all that. I'm perfectly willing to tell him so to his face."

During this speech the girl had pulled herself together. It was impossible to anger him, it seemed, so she sought to assume a certain mature wisdom despite her doubts as to its ringing true.

"I suppose," she mused, "that you always interest yourself in other people's affairs. If so, I can fully understand why Mr. Vandever and men of his standing loathed you."

He laughed quietly. "That's rather neat of you," he exclaimed, "but not wholly true."

She affected a shrug of the shoulders and yawned deliberately.

"That's one of the refuges man mustn't avail himself of," he said. "I sha'n't bore you much more, though," he added. "I'm going soon to some other part of the world; it's getting too hot here."

"My mother will miss Mr. Reid," she said carelessly.

"You'll miss me, too," he said.

"I?" she laughed. "What delicious conceit!"

"Not in that way," he said. "But you'll miss meeting a disagreeable man who made you think that you weren't being honest."

When Meyrick looked down at her he saw there were tears in her eyes.

Swiftly walking back to his hotel, he passed Reid without noticing him. The elder man saw he was white-faced, older, unhappier than he had seen him. He was reminded of that night in Cambridge when he had read his father's letter.

At dinner the lad was himself again, with no trace in his face of the look Reid had seen. "I'm sick of this place," he said; "can't we go?"

"As you will," returned the other. "Where?"

"What about the conquest of the magical aunt?" he asked.

"We'll seek her at the end of the week," Reid declared; "I can't very well leave before. There's a worthy doctor here who understands my complaint; I desire to get his prescriptions before the Odyssey commences."

"You're not ill?" the other cried, astonished.

"Not of mumps or measles or hepatic trouble," Reid replied, smiling, "but you may have noticed that I never take any violent exercise."

"Not the heart?" Meyrick demanded, feeling suddenly that he cared very much for this kindly, worldly wise man before him.

"Creaking gates hang longest," Reid reminded him. "It's in the family, so to say, and one has to be careful. I shall undoubtedly outlive you. Regular hours, plenty of bridge and pleasant companionship are remedies not to be despised." He looked at the younger man keenly. "I have often wondered why you have not told me what was in your mind concerning my seeming forgetfulness of the original purpose."

"What do you mean?" Meyrick asked, almost uneasily.

"I'll tell you your thoughts," Reid answered. "You've said: 'This man Reid, splendid in the cup of his drunkenness, became possessed of a fool idea; and instead of carrying it out has succumbed to auction bridge and the society of kindred souls.' You've said just so much, George."

"Well," the younger admitted after a pause, "I confess I thought you had forgotten."

"Never," said Reid decidedly. "I am preparing you as a trainer does for a contest. You are to be my pentathletic triumph. By the way, you have also decided that the gates of society are easily stormed."

"Well, I confess I did," the other said with a smile. "I thought so when I was walking along the *salons de jeux* the other day with Mrs. Vandever at the Casino."

"You further experienced it when those princely Germans permitted an introduction at St. Moritz?"

"Yes," said George a trifle defiantly,

"I did. Wasn't it so?" Reid shook his head.

"No greater heartburnings visit social strivers than to find that such courtesies at foreign spas or winter resorts are worth nothing. When the young Marquis of Trelowarren permitted himself to beat you at billiards last week he seemed to take a fancy to you. He even hoped he would meet you again. *Eh, bien, mon vieux*, go, if you doubt me, to his historic mansion on the upper reaches of the Fal River and announce yourself and see what he does. Will he ask you to meet county notabilities? Will you march in to dinner with the wife of the neighboring noble on your arm and be mentioned as an acquaintance of St. Moritz, Menton or Nice?"

"Why not?" said George. "He seemed a thoroughly democratic person."

"Out of his environment, yes, but put him in the sphere to which by birth he belongs and his social fastidiousness returns. He knows nothing about you. You may be a card sharp or an adventurer, and while you serve excellently well as a billiard room acquaintance, he wants no suspicious characters at his house parties."

"Suspicious!" George exclaimed indignantly.

"We're both of us suspicious," said Reid. "Nothing is known about us, and we are rightly judged as suspicious characters."

Meyrick was nettled. He had experienced for the blithe young Marquis a feeling of unwonted liking. There had indeed been in his mind the idea of traveling at some distant day to that western mansion of which Reid had spoken, the great house looking steadfastly as it had done for centuries over scenery as beautiful as any the British Isles possess. "You forget," he said acidly, "that my father was a gentleman."

Reid smiled. "And mine a tradesman. I hail thee, Democracy, and admit my natal error. To continue: If, when you pass through the dominions of the exalted rulers of tiny principalities you apply to the highborn chamberlain

and tell this functionary that you have already had the honor of an introduction he will deny it. He will inform you that to gain admission to his court you must be presented by the American minister, or have been previously introduced at the court of some other ruler, preferably that of St. James. Very well; you call upon the representative of the United States, who has grown gray hairs in trying to explain to each and every tourist from his native shore that the fact of eminence in political, banking or commercial circles at home does not of itself constitute grounds for presentation to a prince who may be poor but undeniably is a member of exalted families and intolerant of commerce. The minister will never have heard of you. You will be told some diplomatic lie and bowed out."

"They all seem friendly enough," said Meyrick, who was aware that Reid was not given to idle speech.

"They are—here," he returned. "At Cannes you may meet a democratic grand duke in the golf club, who may, if he be in a good humor, ask what you think of the hazards. Approach him in the realm of the Czar and you will find yourself so bunkered by etiquette that never a niblick in the world will take you safely over."

"Then I've been wasting my time!" the other said briefly.

"By no means," Reid assured him. "You are now housebroken, and in my trainer's power I take due pride. I am informed fully as to the doings of that blood relation who will waft you at a breath into a place where your minister will no longer scowl, or Lord Trelowarren forget you, or Mrs. Vandevere withhold her frigid bow."

"You're a wizard then!" Meyrick cried.

"I'm a connoisseur in human weaknesses," said Reid. "Where other men study strength of character, I study weakness, and thus arrive at the soul of man; where they study man as he has sought to be, I study him as he is. Only a sense of humor keeps one from becoming mad. Max Nordau and his Lombroso were co-disciples with me. Unfortu-

nately they went mad and wrote books."

"I feel sometimes that you regard me as a specimen on a dissecting room table," said George. "It isn't always pleasant."

"Why not?" Reid demanded. "Are you the worse off because, from a dull, shy, awkward youth I've transformed you into a man who can meet other men of position on equal terms? I've taught you to smile when you're hurt and not to give way to your natural desire to fight or answer a polite insult with a coarser one. Are you the worse for it?"

"Why, no," Meyrick answered, "certainly not. I've enjoyed it, but it's been a bit lonely." He looked almost wistfully at the elder man. "You see, I've had to be so devilishly well on guard all the time."

"It's getting second nature," the other answered. "As to loneliness, I'm at heart your friend, even though the scalpel seems too much in my hand and the faint odor of the dissecting room haunts me." He changed his tone abruptly: "So you and little Laura have quarreled at last?"

Meyrick regarded him seriously. "I don't know," he said. He looked at the toe of his shoe earnestly. "I wish I'd never seen her," he said. He sighed. "She'll get over her temper," he concluded.

"I think not," the other returned drily; "you played your game rather well. I've always believed in heredity."

"What do you know about it?" Meyrick demanded.

"The principles of heredity?"

"No; of Laura—and me."

"I think you broke your training. It was no part of my campaign."

"Would you see a girl like that sacrificed to Vandever?"

For a moment Reid made no reply. "I have, like a wise man, always tried to avoid having a philosophy of life," he said at length, "because one has to invent so many ingenious excuses for deviation from it. I have only one old-fashioned kind of belief left. It is that when we are judged, if ever the day comes, credit will be given for the good

that was in our hearts to do and not what our actions show."

"How does that answer my question?" Meyrick asked.

"Was it anxiety for Laura Mitchell's future or for Vandever's?"

"You are right," Meyrick said more soberly. "I went into it to spite him, and I stayed in to help her."

"And you got out—to use your idiom—you got out for what?"

The lad looked at him hopelessly. "On my soul, I don't know. If you could have seen how she looked! If you could have understood as I did that at last she was frightened at the prospect of marriage with him, you would have been tempted to take her up in your arms like a kid and kiss her and tell her it would all come out right."

Reid looked at him curiously. "And what, if one may ask, did you do?"

Meyrick looked at him miserably. "Oh, I didn't do anything primitive, as you'd call it. I remembered all my lessons in *savoir-faire* and I said something in a calm and collected fashion and left her."

"To him?" Reid asked.

Meyrick shook his head. "No; I think that's over."

"Why run away then?"

"She hates me," said the boy; "and I don't blame her."

"And you believe her?" Reid demanded.

"Of course," he was told. "She said a number of unpleasant things to which I listened in your manner." He looked almost angrily at his mentor. "Yes, it was the half-bored way you taught me. If I'd been playing the plain part of George Meyrick, I should have gone down on my knees and kissed the hem of her skirt instead of saying the half-sneering things I did."

"There'll come a time when you will thank me for my mantle of wisdom," Reid declared. "You presented to the girl—who's been outrageously spoiled—a new type. Unquestionably many charming young men have tried to kiss the hem of her skirt—I judge you to speak in metaphor—and she has sent them away uncomfited. So much, my

dear George, for art's triumph over elderly, garrulous, impetuous nature."

"It's made me miserable," George declared doggedly.

"It's offered you the only spark of light that has yet crossed your path."

"Do you ever let people know what you mean?" Meyrick cried.

"Who runs may read," the elder man assured him, "but he must have fleet feet than yours, my dear youth."

"Oh, well," George said after a pause, "I'm glad we are going away. I'm sick of all this."

VI

WHEN the Honorable Reginald Fair-oke, second son of the Earl of Roskelly was on the world tour to which his father had condemned him, he stayed for a short time in New York. In those days the city, still proud of brownstone dwellings and still undisfigured with elevated railways or spire eclipsing skyscrapers, offered him a hospitality which was hearty enough, though, in the nature of those days, modest. There was even more ignorance at that time as to the order of precedence and the relative rank of earls' second sons than is displayed now. Since he was merely Mr. Fairoke, although his brother was a courtesy viscount and his sisters the Lady Vivien and the Lady Elizabeth, and he did not sport upon his possessions a coronet or emblazonment of rank so largely affected by members of the Continental nobility, his advent caused little sensation. The city was agog over the betrothal of one of her fairest daughters with a scion of the ducal house whose residence is the palace donated by a grateful nation to the victor of Blenheim.

Reginald Fairoke enjoyed himself immensely, and made the acquaintance of a young man named Glenross Meyrick, who was in a way setting the pace for his New York companions. Meyrick *père*, a conservative merchant of a long since forgotten type, preferred his estate near Boston, and had little sympathy for his son's way of living. It was a clean way of living, he was forced to admit, but—and this was his especial

grievance—his son, though not lazy, seemed constitutionally averse to any profitable expenditure of his energies.

He heard of his friendship with the young English aristocrat with displeasure. And when his only daughter Blanche announced her engagement to Fairoke, he was convinced she was prey to a scoundrel of the conventional type. As a matter of fact, the Honorable Reginald was a simple soul whose heart went out to a good horse or hound far more readily than it had ever done to *demi-mondaines*. It was this weakness for horseflesh which had led to financial disaster and a year's banishment from the paternal home.

Blanche married him—a second son without prospects—and in due time made her modest debut into London society. With a comfortable fortune he took a house in Berkshire and followed Mr. Garth's hounds with admirable consistency. But his wife found that her position as one married into the great Fairoke family was assured, and realized with amazement the ease with which she might brave the portals of the great and gain welcome. The staggering luck for a woman of her temperament of finding that she had married a man who was able to gratify an ambition she had cherished since nursery days was eclipsed by her wonderment that he had said nothing of this. She had not known that her father-in-law was entitled to his stall in St. George's Chapel in Windsor as a Knight of the Garter, or that her mother-in-law was of equally distinguished family. She regarded her husband as one might a blundering child.

"If you had only talked about yourself," she declared, "you might have married anyone in New York." She thought of those heiresses whose fortunes far outdid hers.

He bent down from his great height and kissed her. "Didn't want anyone but you, old girl," he said simply.

When the Countess of Roskelly found that her daughter-in-law was of distinguished appearance and guilty of no *gaucheries*, she condescended to congratulate her son Reginald. "You might have done worse," she said affably.

Within two years of her marriage Mrs. Reginald Fairoke had become thoroughly well posted on all those confusing points of etiquette, inherent in Englishwomen of the aristocracy, but difficult for a daughter of democracy. She became in a sense a mentor to her husband's countrywomen of the social status of those Americans to be seen in London. The Lord Chamberlain allowed her to revise his lists of transatlantic guests.

Then happened the turning point in her career. Viscount Suffenton, the heir to the Roskelly earldom, shortly before his projected marriage desired to cast off the weariness induced by Parliamentary labors, and started for a southern cruise, intending to drift lazily down the Mediterranean. Alas, for poor Suffenton, he did more than drift down the Mediterranean; he sank to its depths through the wreck of his yacht, and thus robbed the House of Lords of a model legislator. Incidentally Reginald, no longer a mere country squire intent on his horses and the wily ways of foxes, became at a bound the heir to the earldom and the seat in the upper chamber. To be frank, the prospect bored him intensely. He grumbled instantly. There would be speeches to make at charity affairs, chairs to be taken at church and hospital meetings and all the weary round of drudgery that is open to the conscientious.

He was partially soothed by the tremendous joy of the new Viscountess Suffenton, who had by the help of an untimely squall been offered that lot for which she most craved.

It was then that her father—now dead—became, not merely the father of a respectable family, but the descendant of two great families, the Glenrosses—an extinct barony, *tempus* Henry II—and the Meyricks, whose domain impinged upon the eastern border of the New Forest. She claimed no directer relationship than the late sixteenth century, when scions of these families—a genealogist had declared it—sailed with Greenville for Virginia. Then the families intermarried and finally amalgamated as the Glenross-Meyricks. She was therefore Blanche Glenross-Meyrick, while

her only brother, by this time attached to the train of a New York singer, became no less a person than Glenross Meyrick.

There it was in the peerage for all the world to see. The world, except that it was glad she was not plebeian, cared little, but Blanche, Countess of Roskelly, treasured it as of prime importance. People said of her, commenting on the way she bore her honors, that it was all due to her blood. They reminded one another that she was a Glenross-Meyrick, one of the most distinguished families in America. Once, and once only, her lord laughed at her foible and received the severest rebuke he had ever had from a woman. She did not speak to him for a week, and he understood that the unspoken price of her smiles was an agreement to genealogical assertions. His soul loved peace and he could care for her no less had she been a peasant's daughter. Never again did he express sympathy for old Mr. Meyrick's family tree.

Ten years had elapsed since Blanche Roskelly's husband had succeeded to the earldom. Secure in her unquestioned position, she, as was her wont, was spending a month of the winter in Rome, where her brother-in-law, Boris Fairoke, was second secretary at the British Embassy. She had many friends in the Eternal City, and her husband liked it because across the rolling plains of the Campagna he could follow English foxhounds.

Until she could find a house to suit her she took a suite of rooms at the most fashionable hotel in Rome. As soon as she had taken her seat in the great *salle-à-manger* for dinner a young man passing her chair—clever Reid!—had the awkwardness to knock her fan from the table. He picked it up, apologized and passed on his way.

"What's the matter, Blanche?" her husband demanded, seeing her face was white. "You look as if you'd seen a ghost."

"I thought I had," she exclaimed, "I thought it was my brother."

The Earl looked across to the table at which she was gazing.

"Jove!" he cried. "It's just as he was when I met you! I wonder who it is?"

The deferential headwaiter, hovering about the table of his distinguished guests, when appealed to, told them. "A Mr. Meyrick," he said, "a gentleman from America."

"Do you think it is his son?" demanded Lord Roskelly, not without fearing he was upon dangerous ground.

"Quite impossible," she retorted firmly. "He had no children." She spoke with an attempt to appear at ease. "These stray resemblances are most unconvincing evidences."

"But the name," persisted her husband—"the name is the same!"

"I think the name was Meyrick simply," she observed suavely, glancing at him with a dangerously sweet smile.

"Oh, yes," he returned. By this time he had grown to accept the hyphenated name as a fact. He paid no more attention to the young man from America, but his lady from time to time cast rapid glances at one who was so extraordinarily like her brother in face, bearing and figure. When she had said that Glenross Meyrick had died without issue she was repeating what she had told Lord Roskelly and not what she knew to be true. She had kept herself very thoroughly informed of what had transpired concerning her brother since her marriage. She knew and extremely regretted that that countrywoman of her own whom he desired to marry had refused him because of his affair with a woman of another class whom he had subsequently married. When she had learned that there was a child of this marriage she had been perturbed. Taxing her brother with this during his last visit to England, she was relieved to find that the boy was to be brought up obscurely.

When finally assured that he was not to be her charge, as she had feared, she read the erring brother a lecture on the higher moralities and the duty of parents. All these years she had rested comfortably in the belief that George Meyrick was not in very truth blood kin of hers. Had he been of another

physical character she could have denied him with ease. But here, not ten yards from her, sat the lad with the eyes, shape of head and bearing of the brother to whom she had once been attached. But where, she wondered, had he acquired this same ease of manner which stamped him as being well bred?

Not without certain natural shrewdness, she instantly conceived herself the victim of a plot. He had deliberately sought her out. As the Countess of Roskelly, a leader in society, his aunt would have a value a shrewd person would make capital of.

Next morning her husband, taking his morning walk on the Pincio, saw before him a tall, well-built man who reminded him of someone he had once known. Of course it was his poor brother-in-law who had broken his neck years ago! And of course it was the young man Meyrick from America, relationship with whom his lady had disdained. He had been very fond of Glenross. It was a grief to him that Lady Roskelly disliked to talk of him. He supposed it was because he had fallen from grace and married a woman who was notorious. But then, the kindly peer reflected, many a man had done the same. It was not unknown in his own class.

He was in this train of thought for some minutes. Then, coming back to the immediate present, he looked about him for his dog. A great lover of animals, he cherished most the Airedale terrier, the most companionable of beasts, largest and noblest of the terriers. Since the quarantine laws of his country forbade the easy importation of dogs into it, he kept two or three on the Continent to be companions in his walks and rides. The old dog Robin with whom he was today had grown old and gray about the muzzle and his breathing was not good. The Earl looked about him, but Robin was not there. Instead, the young man stepped up to him.

"I think your dog isn't very well, sir. He is standing panting near that carriage." The young man indicated the spot and passed on. The old dog, suffering, as do so many active animals,

from some affection of the heart developing late in their lives, had exhausted himself by the tumultuous welcome he had given the master he loved.

Wise in canine ways, the Earl saw that it was one of the indications speaking of that unkind old age which creeps too quickly upon dogs. He sat down and the dog lay comfortably at his feet. "Poor old Robin," said the Earl, "we're both of us getting old."

Then, as he saw the man who reminded him of his dead brother-in-law repassing, and remembered that he had not thanked him for his courtesy, he beckoned to him. Meyrick came over and was motioned to the seat.

"It was very kind of you," Lord Roskelly said heartily. "This poor old chap is twelve years old and has a touch of rheumatic heart." He patted the animal's head. "He's the best dog I ever had. I brought him over three years ago because the vet said he'd suffer less from rheumatism—kennel lameness, you know—if he lived in warmer climates. I'm not at all sure that I should have come over this year if it hadn't been for him." He smiled. "I suppose this all seems very silly to you. I don't think many people have had such good four-footed friends as I, and perhaps they don't understand." He sighed. "I've had some astonishing good pals who could only whinny or bark."

Meyrick, who had been traditionally prepared to find a British aristocrat monocled, languorous and decadent, felt drawn to this kind-hearted, clear-eyed man who had no trace of affectation in him. "Perhaps it's a privilege not given to everyone," he returned.

"Curiously enough," said the peer, "you set me thinking of the best horse who ever carried a heavyweight over a stiff country. Sixteen hands high, chestnut, with a white blaze and such shoulders as one doesn't see every day. Thoroughbred of course, with clean, flat bone and the greatest jumper I ever saw in a hunting field. He put his foot in a rabbit hole and snapped the cannon bone off sharp, and they had to send for the village blacksmith to kill him.

There wasn't anyone else. God, I can't bear to think of that event now, and it's all done with these twenty years."

He was silent. "But," said Meyrick quietly, "how do I remind you of him?"

"Do you know a family in your country called Glenross-Meyrick? There's a hyphen between the names."

George shook his head. "I have never heard of them," he said.

"He was a brother-in-law of mine," returned the peer, "and a corking good rider, although he had a way of rushing his jumps that one sees so much in Ireland. He'd been out with the County Carlow and the Meaths before I knew him, and that's how he got the style, I suppose. We were out with the Brocklesby. It was a wonderful scenting day, and we had a splendid run at Cottager's Dale, by Limber Double Gates, past Bluegate Wood and John o' Gaunt's and a finish due to a sudden turn down wind. I was on the big chestnut I spoke of, and Glenross-Meyrick on a boring bay he'd bought a few months before at the Dublin horse show, a brute well known with the Kildares, and with a mouth of iron. He'd a mania, poor chap, for hunting on a snaffle, and the beast got away with him and fell and rolled on him. It was a black day that."

It was very strange, thought the younger, that he should thus hear in a disjointed manner the last tragedy of his father's life. When, after a courteous farewell, his uncle left him, followed by the Airedale, he went off to seek Reid. He was rather elated at the incident. Sometimes it annoyed him to think that he was a pawn merely, moved in the game at the dictates of a master. There was a touch of arrogance in his manner which amused the elder. Meyrick finished with the remark that he thought his uncle a kind, manly, generous Old English type of gentleman.

"He was always that," said Reid meditatively; "never as brilliant as Sufferton or Boris, but a better man by far."

Meyrick looked at the other with some surprise. What right, he wondered, had a tradesman's son like Reid, even if brilliant and amusing, to put himself

upon terms of intimacy with the family of Fairoke, of Fairoke? He himself was nephew to an earl, and his uncle, another relative by marriage, was first secretary of the British Embassy. There came a certain thrill of satisfaction at finding himself the peer of Vandevere at least. He had acquired by this time some of Reid's sub-acid mannerisms.

"You must have met a great many men of my uncle's class when you held that tutorial position," he remarked quietly.

Reid smiled. "Yes," he said, "my study was a recognized meeting place of all that was best and most brilliant in the aristocracy."

VII

THERE were others who noticed the resemblance of George Meyrick to that popular young American brother-in-law to the Earl of Roskelly who had lost his life in a lamentable hunting field accident. The Honorable Boris Fairoke, driving through the Pincio, had not failed to observe his brother in conversation with a stranger, who proved on a closer examination to bear a marked likeness to the Glenross-Meyrick who had on an occasion taught him much of the science of poker at a cost which seemed at the moment incommensurate with the advantage gained. He met his sister-in-law before the Earl had time to speak of the chance meeting.

"I was not aware," he said carelessly, "that there was a chance of your springing transatlantic relatives on us."

"What do you mean?" she demanded sharply.

"I met Roskelly this morning with a man who was markedly like that good chap, your brother, who smashed up with the Brocklesby twenty years ago."

Lady Roskelly decided not to pin herself down to accurate statements. Boris had married a woman whom she hated, a Lady Cynthia Morningside, who had designed originally to capture Roskelly himself. She had refrained because, as a second son, he had no prospects. At Suffenton she had set her cap, to be

robbed of her coronet by a Mediterranean squall. Boris would some day be an ambassador, and he served *faute de mieux*.

She was wise enough not to antagonize the head of the Fairokes, but Blanche, Countess of Roskelly, had frequently detected enmity, to be read between the lines, as it were, in her smiling looks.

At the time of Meyrick's descent on Rome the Countess had lost her early beauty and developed into a large, arrogant woman. But she had less regret for this than she had fear that the fluent lies in Blank's Peerage might be confuted some day.

Society papers often mentioned her as a scion of great English families whose ancestors had crossed the ocean in the days of the first settlements in Virginia. And no woman seemed more interested in these fictitious stories than Cynthia Fairoke. The honorable position her father had won by hard work seemed strangely obnoxious. She regretted the American influence in the British press which gave predominance to scurrilous reports of titled people. She saw herself laughed at from John O'Groat's to the Land's End as the American woman who, not content with her station in life, had so far fallen from her tradition as to invent great relatives and assume hypophens. In all else a truthful, kind woman who lived up to the duties entailed by her high position, she had sought unnecessarily to bring with her youth and beauty genealogical traditions from a country which has no need of them to one which expected none of her.

"He is staying here," she told the diplomat. "Beyond the fact that I saw him at dinner once, I know nothing of him. By the way, has Cynthia told you that she wants to give a big dance next month?"

This, she knew, would banish everything from his thrifty mind but the nightmare of the expenditure attendant on a big function in Rome.

"Good Lord!" he cried dramatically. "How can I save any money if she will try to outdo everybody like this?"

"Your position demands it," she retorted unkindly. "Last year your uncle

obligingly died and put you into mourning."

"Unfortunately I have no other relative ill," he mused, and took his leave.

From inquiries Lady Roskelly learned that George Meyrick had already made useful acquaintances in Rome, although not yet in any sense in society there. She had been debating on what method to pursue when she observed, during her passage through the great lounge of the hotel, Handiforth, the New York banker, greeting with affection the quiet, good looking elderly man who was generally seen with her nephew, a man, she learned of whom no one knew aught but that he was English and a remarkable player at auction bridge.

She knew Handiforth and returned his bow. He, for his part, felt a pride that a fellow countrywoman of his should hold such a social position. He was not without a feeling that her aristocratic lineage was a triumph of republican institutions. He loudly disclaimed any pretensions to birth, as is but wise in a man whose family tree stretched back with commendable clarity for but three generations, but was willing to recognize it in others. He had found that graduation from a great American college was a first rate bridge, and backed by thirty million dollars, he found few obstacles to his social progress.

With friends such as Handiforth Lady Roskelly recognized that her nephew might not unreasonably be met in some houses where she herself went. Democracy, she reflected bitterly, was not an unmixed blessing.

An hour later a servant sought out George Meyrick and said that a lady wished to see him. It was his aunt. Assuring the man that he would come, he instantly sought out Reid. The elder laughed. "Good," he said. "The time is at hand for which I hoped." He gave the young man a few final admonitions, and sent him to the interview.

The Countess of Roskelly was a tall, majestic woman who had the faculty of awing her inferiors. Cynthia Fairoke was no more adept at this glacial work. "I have sent for you," she began, "because Lord Roskelly has been so struck

with your resemblance to a relative of mine."

"He told me so himself," the other said quietly.

"Furthermore," said Her Ladyship, "there is a possibility of our being distantly related." She felt that already Cynthia Fairoke might have wormed his family history from him.

This astonishing young man shook his head with firm politeness. "That is quite impossible," he said. "You see, we have different surnames."

"What do you know about that?" she cried.

"I make a study of the Peerage and the Almanach de Gotha a part of my daily work," he returned with a smile. "Otherwise the American traveling abroad is liable to confuse genuine with spurious coins, just as one does these five-lira and five-franc pieces."

"Who are you?" she said abruptly.

"My grandfather was of the merchant classes," he said, "who gave his only son a very large allowance for those days. He became rather a social favorite in New York, and was not unknown in England. His death occurred on the hunting field. My aunt, I hear, married an Englishman."

The Countess looked at him, perplexed. Events were shaping themselves untowardly. The young man gazed calmly at her—her dead brother's expression, she declared afterward—and proceeded. "You, of course, are a Glenross-Meyrick, descended from the Glenross family, whose peerage became extinct in the reign of Henry the Fourth. I have reason to believe that Meyrick was not really my grandfather's name at all. He assumed it from a loyal tradition to the family which his father had served as butler. I have documents proving that my name should, but for this loyalty, be Muggins. I can't help feeling a certain debt of gratitude to a man who chose a more euphonious cognomen."

She looked at him acidly. "Do you make a point of airing the odd behavior of your relatives?"

"It has never passed my lips before," he said earnestly. "What compelled me

to do so was the necessity of assuring Your Ladyship that by no chance could I be related to the Glenross-Meyricks. I hope you will remember," he added, "that it is not a claim I made. I shall of course deny such if referred to."

Still his aunt said no word. For the one time of her life she had no refuge left by that silence which is dreaded by fools and welcomed by the wise.

"I am sorry," she said, with a slight inclination of her head, "to have troubled you."

He rose to his feet. "I beg of you not to mention it."

Her hand was on the bell, but she suddenly motioned him to the chair again.

"There is nothing served in playing at cross purposes," she cried peremptorily. "Please sit down."

"One cannot easily grasp your meaning," he hazarded.

"Will you answer me something truthfully?" she demanded.

"I prefer not to," he returned. "I have been taught that it is unnecessary and often leads one into trouble."

She stamped her foot angrily. "Will you?"

He hesitated. "If Your Ladyship really desires it."

"I do," she said earnestly. "Mr. Meyrick, do you know who I am?"

"Yes," he said.

"What are we to do about it?"

"What should we do?" he returned.

"I am not desirous of knowing any of the Glenross-Meyricks, and I am sure you are not eager to become intimate with the Meyrick-Mugginses. Furthermore, I do not take the world into my confidence as to the very few branches on my family tree."

There was a sound at the door, and a moment later a tall, slight woman, followed by Lord Roskelly, came in.

"I've brought Cynthia in for a cup of tea," said the peer's cheerful voice. Then he stopped and looked questioningly at the stranger. Cynthia Fairoke gazed at him, too.

Lady Roskelly welcomed her effusively.

"I'm so glad you came," she exclaimed. "You are in time to meet the only living relative left to me." She

placed her hand affectionately on George's shoulder. "George Glenross-Meyrick—Lady Cynthia Fairoke." She looked at her husband with a smile. "Reginald, you already know him."

Cynthia Fairoke, who liked personable young men, speedily betrayed affability. "So glad to see you," she said. "You must come to the dance I'm giving. One needs really nice dancing men nowadays, when so many of them are lazy."

"I shall be delighted," he said suavely.

Presently she asked him whether, since he had confessed this to be his first visit to Europe, it was not to the descendant of a Glenross and the scion of the Meyricks in a sense a homecoming.

Lady Roskelly listened with tragic uneasiness to his answer.

"That's all so long ago," he said.

"You see, the barony was extinct in Henry the Fourth's time, and I don't even remember where the Meyricks live. My aunt"—he saw her face relax as he glanced quickly at her—"has the family history at her finger tips, but I am shamelessly ignorant."

"It's so odd," ruminated Lady Cynthia, "to find these old family traditions in democratic countries. 'I actually met an American peer the other day; isn't the name Fairfax, or something like that?'"

"Yes," he said; "I believe he's a stockbroker or banker or something of that sort, besides Mr. Handiforth knows him."

Mr. George Muggins-Glenross-Meyrick had the pleasure of walking with Lady Cynthia as far as her house. On the way he met Mr. Reid. Later Mrs. Vandever swam into sight, and later that lively peer, the young Marquis of Trelowarren, met them and stopped to speak. From his company he instantly decided that Meyrick was socially all right and greeted him in friendly fashion. Lady Cynthia was not unimpressed thereby.

"What a lot of people you know!" she exclaimed.

"Trelowarren is teaching me English billiards," he returned. "So far it costs about a hundred francs a lesson."

"One must live," she said sympa-

thetically, "and poor dear Trelowarren's family has been hard up since the first crusade."

Reid listened with deep attention to Meyrick's account of his interview. "It went off far better than I expected," he said at length. "There is only one thing to do more."

"What's that?" asked the other.

"Write her a letter. I'll dictate it."

When it was finished the younger man aired his objections. "I don't see that it's at all necessary," he objected. "She may take me at my word."

Reid exhibited a trace of impatience. "Please do as I say," he insisted.

This is the letter the Countess of Roskelly received:

DEAR LADY ROSKELLY:

I am well aware that circumstances so conspired this afternoon as to cause your adoption of me as a member of your family. You are probably sorry now that you had to do so, and I am anxious to let you know that what was forced upon you fortuitously need go no further. I am shortly to leave Rome, and it is improbable we shall need to meet again. Rest assured, dear Lady Roskelly, of my silence on all subjects of family history.

Yours faithfully,

GEORGE MEYRICK.

Within an hour this answer came:

I was very fond of my only brother, and do not propose to lose sight of his son for any reasons whatsoever. Your uncle and I both want you to dine with us *en famille* tonight. Two cousins, who will arrive in time for dinner, will be charmed to meet you.

Affectionately your aunt,

BLANCHE ROSKELLY.

He took the note straightway to Reid.

"You're a wizard!" he cried impulsively.

"A connoisseur in human weaknesses," Reid returned with a smile. "I had my first lesson in studying my own and my last in watching yours."

"I think you might have had slower pupils," Meyrick said. He was not without a certain feeling that the relative positions of himself and mentor had undergone a change. Here he was suddenly accepted by his aunt and practically assured by her that he was so like her brother as to make any doubts of his paternity superfluous. It was absurd, he thought, that he could ever himself have entertained doubts.

"Quite so," Reid said suddenly, divining accurately the other's thoughts in his uncanny manner. "But you did not look the part when I found you, most rapid of pupils. Do you call to mind those clothes with rectangular outlines and your constant employment of tooth-picks? Have you forgotten the way you walked and the scowl of noncomprehension with which you greeted one's sallies?"

George smiled. He was so different from the awkward lad he had been that he could afford to laugh. "I'm a firm believer in heredity," he commented.

"And I, too," Reid rejoined. "Also in environment. I am anxious to see how heredity will help you in the etiquette of the first important dinner you'll ever attend."

The younger man looked disturbed. "But it's to be a sort of family affair," he said.

"With you as Exhibit A paraded for the curious. The two cousins, as the *Tribuna* announces, are the Lady Violet Fairoke and her brother Geoffrey, who is in the 17th Lancers, commonly known as the Death or Glory Boys. Lady Violet is a great horsewoman, a noted golfer and a tennis player of rank. She will instantly put you through your paces, find you ignorant of quadrupeds, boasting an eighteen handicap at golf and a freshman at tennis. I see that, unless your *beaux yeux* affect her marvelously, she'll drop you without a pang. Heredity may enable you to discourse with intelligent accuracy on conditioning hunters, the prospects for the Grand National and the requisite amount of 'slice' to put on a ball when playing against a side wind. I'll wait up to hear how you make out."

"That's the worst of those English girls," the other cried; "they're always talking about games or horses." He looked at Reid doubtfully. "But in the case of a small dinner there isn't much etiquette to be observed, surely."

"I doubt if your ambitious aunt has sat down to a dinner of less than twenty covers since she became a countess," Reid told him. "As to etiquette, there are certain tables of precedence to re-

member. You, for example, would never go into dinner before Trelowarren; and—"

Meyrick looked at him unhappily. "What folly!" he cried. "As if one man isn't as good as another!"

"This is not an argument on the equality of man," Reid reminded him, "but of certain fundamental rules to be observed in all civilized countries. They are known even in Washington."

"I always forget," said the younger. "All I can remember is that the eldest son of the younger son of a peer has the precedence over the eldest son of a knight. That's stamped in my brain."

"Don't worry," Reid said; "these tables of precedence are for women and lord chamberlains and not for you. Your aunt will assign you to someone, and you must take your cue when to go in. As an American born, she probably remembers such details better than, say, her sister-in-law, the Lady Cynthia."

It was the first function to which Meyrick had gone unattended by Reid. Previously he had been able to watch what the elder man did. There had been a time when the uses of the numerous knives, spoons, forks and glasses made him abjectly nervous, but such minor details were mastered now. And although he was ill at ease when he was announced in his aunt's *salon*, it was not, thanks to his mentor's training and his own cautious reserve, obvious.

Lady Roskelly thought it rather nice of him to give his name to the servant who announced him as Mr. George Glenross-Meyrick, and felt that a marriage with a woman of birth and breeding would be a fitting reward for her good looking relative.

Lord Roskelly, after humorously upbraiding him for denying the relationship on the Pincian Hill, demanded the reason.

"I didn't want you to feel that there was a possibility that I had spoken to you for any ulterior motives," he said.

This instantly established a sympathy between the two. Honesty in men, horses and dogs was the peer's ideal, and it is to be regretted that the

quadrupeds had less often deceived him than his own species.

Lady Violet was a rather pretty girl. He took her in to dinner. As Reid had prophesied, she soon found him to her expert mind woefully ignorant of the grammar of sport. He fenced with her cleverly enough and left the impression merely that he was rather bored. Internally he was furious that he could not discuss the things with which he was certain his father had been perfectly at home. He thought gratefully of Laura Mitchell, who never talked sports at him, and was unable to determine whether he more deplored a woman who talked horses and games or a man who understood nothing of them.

"What is your occupation in life?" his newly found cousin demanded.

There was a sudden lull in the conversation and it seemed that the whole table listened for his answer.

"I am a connoisseur in human weaknesses," he said in the best Reid manner.

"That sounds dreadfully improper," returned a lady on the other side of the table. "Couldn't you lecture somewhere for charity and tell us all about it?"

"Whenever you please," he said with cheerful alacrity. "I suggest the Forum by moonlight."

"What are human weaknesses?" another woman demanded.

"All the pleasant sins you habitually commit," he returned gravely.

"I'd rather pay you to repress your lecture," she laughed.

"What on earth was this new rotter talking about?" Trelowarren demanded of his particular friend, Geoffrey Fair-oke, later.

"God knows!" said that young man sincerely. "I didn't get the hang of it at all. Where did you meet him?"

"St. Moritz, I think," said the volatile Marquis. "I can't quite make him out. We played billiards—"

"You didn't expect him to be up to your form, did you?" the Honorable Geoffrey demanded.

"He played so very badly, missed such easy shots, that I think he's got something up his sleeve."

Geoffrey looked at his cousin with greater interest. "Some of those quiet looking chaps are as deep as the devil," he admitted. "He was rotting Vi all through the dinner about horses. You know, she's always got some old gipsy recipes for broken wind or spavin cure or something of that sort. When she asked him, he told her to give sick horses cheerful surroundings and paint their boxes with bright colors. She says he talked nonsense by the yard."

"Why haven't I ever heard of him before?" asked Trelowarren, who had known the Fairokes from infancy.

"His father's particular wish," said Geoffrey. "He was my mother's brother, and no end of a decent chap. Crumpled up in the hunting field all because he rode a hard-mouthed, evil-tempered horse with a snaffle."

From this they passed on to discuss in detail the gentle art of biting horses and thought no more of Meyrick. But later they came to find him a pleasant enough companion, and it was Trelowarren who put him up at that one exclusive club in London whose members have little difficulty in winning the most desired club in New York. Geoffrey Fairoke accepted him as a member of the family without hesitation. He was very fond of his mother, and she had talked seriously about the necessity of behaving well to his cousin, sole representative of the great American family of Glenross-Meyrick, which had sprung from such an honorable source.

Reid listened with interest to his description of the dinner and congratulated him on his success. "You have a natural gift for social life," he admitted. "You could never have done it alone any more than a natural fine voice can be great without training. But one mustn't forget that no amount of training can make a poor voice or an inapt pupil become successful."

Reid so rarely praised even by indirect methods that George, who was still very young, felt a certain warm glow of pride within him.

"I shall always be grateful to you," he said. "Sometimes I think of that night—" He paused for a sense of

delicacy as the image of the singer of the "Carmen Sæculare" floated back to him. Never since then had he seen Reid wearing conspicuously the vine leaves.

"I owe you something, too," Reid said quietly. "You stirred up in me the desire to see before I died some more of my own continent. Almost more easily than I had hoped you have gained what we set out to seek. I shall take my lonely way to Bad-Nauheim or one of those spas suited to my complaint."

"Have you had any more of that? Isn't it cardiac trouble?"

"Now and again," Reid said carelessly. "It isn't really so very painful. When the final triumph of carbonic acid gas comes—which we term death—it won't be in the least unpleasant."

"It isn't as bad as that," laughed Meyrick, deceived by his manner. He looked at the elder man more closely. "By the way," he demanded, "is that why you haven't been playing bridge lately?"

"Even so," Reid admitted. "I was told to rest for a week or so, and as resting is only another kind of death, it's a kind of preliminary training."

"You're all right," Meyrick asserted with the cheerful brutality of youth. "Probably it's indigestion."

"Quite likely," murmured the other. "It's odd it never occurred to me before. To change the subject, a lady called here tonight to see you."

"Aren't you mistaken?" George asked.

"I had the supreme pleasure of telling her you were dining in this same palatial hotel with your aunt, the Countess of Roskelly."

"But who was it?" His thoughts flashed back to Laura Mitchell. He had hardly realized until now to what an extent he desired to see her. He remembered her white face when he had taken his leave of her.

"Mrs. Vandever," returned Reid.

The other looked at him in surprise. "To see me?"

"You will wait upon her at the Hotel de Russe tomorrow at ten thirty."

"Is her son here?" demanded Meyrick.

"We did not converse at any length; of her affairs she said nothing, only that she hoped you would not fail her."

"But what can it be about?" persisted the younger.

Reid shrugged his shoulders. "I'm tired," he said. "You shall tell me all about it at luncheon."

"Good night," said Meyrick, rising to his feet. "You do look rather ill. Oughtn't you see a physician?"

He went to his room feeling that he had not of late sufficiently considered his companion. His way of life had not made for unselfishness, and of late Reid had occupied less of his thoughts and come to be regarded less of the mentor than formerly. Once or twice he had felt that it was his native wit more than Reid's tuition which had led to his social victory.

Mrs. Vandever received him next morning with an air which puzzled him. She seemed feverishly anxious to conciliate him. Heretofore she had regarded him with distinct disfavor. He inquired without geniality as to her son.

Mrs. Vandever essayed a smile. "Ah, Mr. Meyrick," she said, "I'm afraid you are one of those naughty young men who for mere sport of it try to flirt with engaged girls."

Reid had often urged upon him the necessity of abandoning the retort obvious. His natural protests were still-born.

"It is my invariable custom," he said with a light air.

She gazed at him sourly. "I am afraid what I have to say will be very difficult," she exclaimed.

"Then why tread these hard verbal paths?" he asked.

Mrs. Vandever became suddenly sententious. "I have my mother love to aid me."

"Ah, indeed!" he said politely.

"Mr. Meyrick," she said, changing her tone, "you have unwittingly done my son a great injustice."

"How?" he demanded.

"You have alienated the affection of his fiancée; but we are willing to believe it was done unwittingly."

"Therein you make a great error," he

said, still calmly. "I did it wittingly. I came to Nice especially for that purpose. When it was accomplished I left. I hope, my dear lady, you see it was design and not accident, and that all platitudinizing about the thing is futile."

"Did you need money?" she demanded. She was a shrewd woman, and instantly abandoned her formulated plan of campaign. This insufferably selfish, cynical young man was to be moved by no appeals to his better nature.

"Thanks," he returned genially. "I am moderately well supplied, and my tastes are simple."

She felt herself flush with rage. "You are an unprincipled adventurer!" she cried.

"I *am* an adventurer," he corrected; "and those few principles I do possess have kept me so far from drink and drugs."

She made a well calculated gesture of despair. "Have you no sympathy?"

"With Miss Mitchell, who was to be sacrificed, yes; with your son, none."

"I suspect some blackmailing scheme," she retorted, almost beside herself with rage.

"One can't be too careful," he said. "Italy is the home of the Black Hand."

"I see plainly," she told him after a pause, "that the errand I set out to accomplish is one in which I have failed. You have insulted a woman. You have taken advantage of my powerlessness to say abominable things. Why, heaven only knows."

"If I have insulted you," he said quietly, "I apologize. It was not my intention. And perhaps heaven does know why I have thwarted you. I think I should be the happier for believing that it did help to prevent a marriage between that debased, drugged, bestial son of yours to a young girl like Laura Mitchell. Mothers always say they know their sons as no one else knows them. If that is true, you deserve punishment no less than those unspeakable procuresses the law delights to hound. As to my needing money, why, all the world knows your fortune has gone and your New York real estate,

mortgaged to the hilt, looked to the Mitchells' money for the lifting. No, Mrs. Vandevere, don't think your moves were not open for all the world to see."

He left the woman, foiled in her heart's desire, and went back to Reid. He felt the need of the elder man's sane counsel.

Reid listened carefully. "You speak with my mouth," he said, "and you use my idiom, but whether you have a heart beating under that calm exterior I'm hanged if I know. At your age I was human, George, but you seem like a calm inscrutable male Gioconda, 'older than the rocks amongst which you sit.'"

"I'm not too happy," said the other.

"You really love that little Mitchell girl?"

Meyrick moved to the window and looked out. "What good can it do me?" he asked. "If ever a girl had cause to loathe a man, she has with me. I laughed at her, sneered at her, and then suddenly left her." He looked at his watch. "I am walking to St. Paul's Beyond the Walls with Lady Violet after luncheon." He looked at Reid a little shyly. "I suppose you think I'm pretty much of a fool?" he said.

"It's a tragedy of youth that one never knows how to behave youthfully until one is too old to play the part. Of course," Reid added gravely, "the love interest complicates the plot. We set out—well, I think we've succeeded in what we set out to do; and perhaps you'd be more human if you were caught and tamed by some nice little girl like Laura Mitchell."

"More human?" Meyrick queried.

"I mean it," Reid returned. "You're uncannily apt at absorbing the elderly ways that have grown with me gradually. People are already afraid of your polite sneers. There was a crab once, you remember, who sat at the bottom of the sea perfectly content with his crustacean mental outlook. One day a dead man floated by, and the crab ate of his brains and found his environment hideous. He climbed a swaying seaweed ladder to the sea surface and crawled onto a rock. It was moonlight, so, being a super-crab,

he wagged his claws at the moon, cursed God and died raving mad."

"Well?" queried Meyrick. "What have I to do with the mad crab?"

"You've climbed your seaweed ladder. Beware of wagging angry claws at the moon."

VIII

IN after years, when Meyrick was well known as a man of affairs, he looked back on the weeks that followed with a suspicion that he had not played his part as his father might have done. Suddenly accepted as Lady Roskelly's nephew, there were none of the envious queries as to his antecedents which would have followed a less sure social rise. Trelowarren, finding him indeed the cousin of his boon friend Geoffrey, no longer exacted a hundred francs a lesson for billiards, but gave of his knowledge freely. He was at a bound admitted to an intimacy with members of the aristocracy, that charming and cosmopolitan aristocracy which haunts at certain seasons the fascinating capital of Italy.

There were members of great Italian houses whose ancestors had been princes in medieval times, and the German notables with whom he had spoken at St. Moritz, meeting him again, remembered the incident with affable charm.

His aunt, observing this, was gratified exceedingly. Certain incidents of her early life came back to her, and in a sense her brother lived again in his son. One day the lad turned to her suddenly.

"Do you think I am my father's son?" he demanded. "Is there any likelihood, as he feared, that I am not?"

"It's too preposterous a question to need answering," she retorted. "Every gesture of your body is his and there are a hundred indefinable little things which remind me of him. Why?"

"I set out to prove to myself that I was his son," he answered, "and now that it is proved as well as it need be, I'm not so happy as I thought I should feel."

"You're hard to please," she said. "There are some ways in which you

don't resemble him, though. He was much more genial than you. He enjoyed everything, while you seem terribly elderly."

"That's what Reid says," he told her.

"Who is that man?" she demanded.

"I have told you all I know of him," he returned.

"I am a little suspicious," she replied.

"He has done you good, undoubtedly, because he was once in a position to pick up the right kind of style from the right kind of people; but that, after all—now you've graduated, so to speak—does not bind you to him with everlasting bonds. I think you had better drop him."

It happened that at the moment George was smarting under some satirical remark of Reid's. It irked youth to be reminded that obscure middle age should know more of the points of certain noble families than he, a member of them, did. "I think I've outgrown him," he assured Lady Roskelly solemnly.

"I agree," his aunt returned. "I have no doubt he is clever and has excellent manners, but then Smithson, our town butler, has the most perfect manners of any man I have met so far as his sphere of action goes, and yet one would hardly care to face him across one's dinner table."

So Meyrick saw less and less of Reid, and forbore as of yore to retail to him the incidents of the days that were passing. But one night he found the elder man as nearly excited as he had ever known him.

"When is Lady Cynthia's ball?" he demanded.

"Tomorrow," said Meyrick. "It's to be the biggest thing of the whole season. Boris fears bankruptcy after it."

"George," said Reid almost nervously, "I want to go."

"You!" cried Meyrick with unconscious brutality. "It's absolutely impossible. You don't know her even, and if you did—" He broke off with the feeling that he had been ill-mannered. "I'm afraid it's out of the question," he concluded.

Reid looked at him for a moment and smiled. "For a minute I thought you

were going to wag your claws at the moon," he said.

Meyrick strove to appear more considerate. "I can't possibly help you," he assured him. "I'm very lucky to go myself, and then it's only because I'm related to the family. A stranger would hardly be welcome. You see, everybody there more or less knows the other people, while you, by reason of being out of health, have seen no one."

"I shall only say this," Reid returned quietly: "If you owe me anything at all for the trouble I took with you, for the care with which I trained you for what happened, you will spare no pains to get Lady Cynthia's permission. Tell her, if you like, that it is the whim of a poor gentleman just once before he dies to see a brilliant gathering again. Say, if you will, that he is honest and wants no introductions to men and women of better birth than he, but merely for half an hour to look at the faces of Lady Cynthia's guests. I think," and he looked at Meyrick with a slight smile, "that since her accession to her present social sphere commenced with her birth, she will understand."

The other felt himself flushing a furious red. And he was conscious that he had behaved ill toward a man who had been his only friend in those barren gray days of the past.

"I'm sorry," he muttered; "I didn't mean to say anything rude. I'll ask her."

Lady Cynthia Fairoke raised her eyebrows a trifle when Reid's message was delivered to her, but granted the permission readily enough. When the night came and Reid bowed over her hand, she experienced a certain relief that this last invited guest was not the man she had pictured him, but a man of almost noble aspect, silver-haired, with features as fine as any man's in the ball-room.

From the moment that Reid passed from the side of his hostess no one took any notice of him, for the reason that he ensconced himself quietly in the gallery that ran round the room and watched very earnestly those who were announced.

Then, when they had all come, he crept down from his gallery and made his way home. Those who knew him well might have seen an unusual pallor on his face and a certain weakness in his carriage, but there was none to care.

Two hours later, George Meyrick, intoxicated with the brilliance of the scene, the beauty of the women and the richness of their dress, was suddenly summoned by a footman to a small drawing room where awaiting him was a tall, beautiful woman, middle-aged indeed, but to whom the years had lent but charm and softness. She was very slim, he noticed, and about her, despite her beauty, was an air of sadness. He knew her for the Duchess of St. Mabyn, but recently come to Rome, whose presence had very much gratified Lady Cynthia.

"I am afraid there is some mistake," he murmured, as the footman closed the door.

"No, no," she cried, "there is none. You live with Mr. Reid, I think?"

"Yes," he said, puzzled, "I do. Why?"

"I have a note from him," she said. "He is ill, and I must see him for a few minutes. He says you are to be trusted absolutely. How can I explain anything now?" She made a despairing gesture. "Every minute is so important. A carriage is waiting. Please take me to him."

They were nearly at the hotel when she spoke again.

"He is probably dying," she said, "and I have not seen him for twenty-four years."

"Dying!" he exclaimed, sick at heart. "Surely, surely not dying!"

"Even so," she returned quietly; "and he wants to see me."

There was a doctor in the room when they arrived; Reid was propped up on the sofa still in his evening clothes. The doctor with tact withdrew and left the three together. Meyrick, still almost stunned by the unhappy news, stood still, not knowing what to do. The Duchess paid little regard to him, but bent down to the side of the stricken man and kissed him.

"Oh, my dear, my dear!" he heard her say.

Then he slipped quietly into the other room.

The doctor was there. He was an old man, profoundly touched with that sentiment which appeals to the Latin. He had already evolved a romance out of the thing—the strange visit of the beautiful highborn woman to her dying lover—it was superb, he said.

But to George there was only ineffable sadness. Here was poor David Reid dying, and at his side, after four and twenty years, this gracious woman. He knew as certainly as if she had told him that it was the slim girl who many years before had passed down the great staircase, the girl whose little handkerchief of lace the poor tutor had found.

In half an hour she came out and spoke to the doctor. "You must get the best skill your country affords," she commanded. "I fear he is very ill." Then she turned to Meyrick. "You must stay with him. I will tell Cynthia why. I shall be back again in an hour's time."

Very silently he stole into the room where Reid lay. The invalid looked up with a faint smile. "Do you see now what that invitation meant?" he asked faintly.

Profoundly affected by the imminent presence of death, Meyrick took a chair by the couch. The mask of cynicism he had been building up was stripped from him, and he cried, as men do sometimes, unrestrainedly, with sobs not to be controlled.

"Poor old chap," said Reid. "Don't worry. It isn't painful, you know, and I have had my reward tonight." He shut his eyes for a minute, and then looked at the other and smiled cheerfully. "And think of it, George, I may sleep by the side of the sweet singer of Endymion. On the whole I am living and dying triumphantly. I've always wanted to die with the serene paganism of old Greece. One always admired the second Charles for that remark of his." He held out his hand. "I think I can sleep now, my dear lad." He looked at him with his old quizzical smile.

"Never, never wag your claws at the moon. Let the doctor come. *Addio*."

Later the doctor assured the lad: "Oh, yes, most certainly he knew it was his moment, and he sent you away so that you might not be distressed. He was a man, if one so old as I am can judge, who had attained to a certain greatness of soul."

IX

THE DUCHESS and Meyrick alone accompanied the coffin to the English cemetery where lies the body of Keats and the ashes of Shelley are interred. Some tourists, staring with the strange lack of respect which certain of that class do at sights which in their own land they might respect, watched the tall, slim, veiled woman and the white-faced boy and thought that here was mother and son.

When it was over and they were driving into the city she spoke. "I cannot talk now," she said. "If you will come to my hotel tomorrow morning early I should like to see you."

The hours that intervened were bitter ones for the young man. It was not until Reid was gone that Meyrick recognized the affection which he had experienced for him. The thought that he had been content to leave him alone so soon as he had found new friends brought a strange poignant grief in his soul never entirely to be forgotten.

The Duchess of St. Mabyn received him in friendly fashion. He did not realize how the fact of his being Reid's nearest friend raised in her a singular envy for him.

"He wished me to tell you," she said simply, "that you are his heir. I think he never told you that he had grown very fond of you and proud of you."

"You don't know how badly I behaved," the lad cried. "After all he did for me I practically deserted him."

"I know everything," she said gently. "He was able to tell me. Don't be discouraged, Mr. Meyrick; he said it was a stage of your development through which you must pass before you found yourself." Her voice took on a deeper

note. "Oh, how I envy you! How I envy you all those months with him!"

Meyrick found himself at a loss for words. That she was deeply affected he could not but notice.

"Have you any idea as to what you are heir?" she asked presently.

He had forgotten for the moment that he was his dead friend's beneficiary.

"He left you," she continued, "an estate in western England and a considerable sum of money."

"An estate in England?" he cried. She looked at him with a strange smile. "Do you suppose his name was David Reid?" she asked. "Do you suppose he was the poor tutor your ignorance of the world allowed you to believe him? Do you suppose a man like that came from the humble family of a provincial tradesman?"

"Then who was he?" he demanded, bewildered.

"You will have to know," she said, "although he desired it not to be noised abroad here or at the places he lived in your own country. It was to escape the notoriety which a man of his name would attract that he adopted the name he bore. He was my husband's brother. You are not old enough to remember the meteoric career of Lord Denzil Launceston, who after leaving Oxford entered Parliament and resigned after one of the most brilliant speeches ever heard there." She covered her face with her hands. "I and I only know why he left his country and wandered about the world till he settled most oddly near Boston. I can but tell you, Mr. Meyrick, that fate or Providence or call it what you will robbed us both of all the golden years that were ours by right." She held out her hand to him. "The lawyers will attend to the business, and perhaps later in England I may ask you to tell me more about him. I am hungry for news of those dead years."

"Are you going back?" he asked.

"I have had a telegram," she answered, "a telegram from the Duke, who needs me at his side during a temporary indisposition."

"I hope it's not serious," he blundered.

Her smile was a bitter one. "Thanks," she said; "I think not. The Duke habitually overeats, and these little illnesses are not serious. It is my privilege—gained by five and twenty years of fidelity to him—to be allowed at these times to minister to his needs."

"Good-bye," he said simply, -dumb in the presence of tragic irony.

"There's one thing more before you go," she said more brightly. "He told me that there was some girl, some rather sweet American girl in Nice, who was better fitted than anyone else to take you in hand now."

"I wonder?" he said eagerly, his thought turning to Laura Mitchell.

"Don't you trust him?" she said gently. "Wasn't he very wise, and wasn't he very fond of you?"

Strangely enough, there was stripped from him, now he was alone in the world again, some of that self-sufficiency which had enshrouded him previously. He was able to cast aside his mantle of reserve and suspicion and enter once more on life as a younger man. The shock of his benefactor's death had left him kinder and less self-centered.

There were details to settle concerning the Somersetshire estate, and his presence was requested in London for the probating of the will. It was a golden evening in June when he first beheld the great house which had been left to Lord Denzil by his mother, a vast Elizabethan house with diamond-paned windows, set among trees on rising ground above a little stream that stole down to the sea from Exmoor.

He walked up the oak staircase and through the galleries and great rooms and out into the garden no less beautiful and no less old. It was the rose month of the year, and the air was filled with exquisite odors of early summer. The presence of Reid seemed very close to him, a comforting, gracious, friendly presence which gave him a sense of strength. There were good resolves born in his heart, and a certain determination that it would have been Reid's final aim to prepare him to take his part in the world of men and take it creditably. And his thoughts turned insen-

sibly to Laura. How insufferably he had behaved! With what affected airs of worldly wisdom had he not regaled her! He experienced the helplessness of a boy when he thought of her, his ardor checked by the certainty that she must hold for him only contempt. Where, he asked himself, on God's fair earth could he meet with one so charming as she?

He sat on the stone terrace till the sun set, and pictured, as the moonlight won its gentle victory from the day, how she and he might stroll along this same terrace and about the garden walks and through the oak coppice together.

Assuredly Reid was wise and tender withal and had his ultimate happiness at heart when through the lips of the slim, tired, sad woman he had sent him this message.

Within a week he had finished his legal business and found himself in London at the season's height. He had little difficulty in finding that the Mitchells had taken a house in Upper Brook Street. Once, before he could gather courage to call, he saw Laura and her mother driving down Old Bond Street. He was almost glad, so had his nervousness obsessed him, to find that they did not see him.

When finally he called, Mrs. Mitchell received him graciously. She was shocked at the death of Mr. Reid, but even more impressed by what news she had learned about her fellow countryman.

"Why didn't you tell people you were the Countess of Roskelly's cousin?" she demanded. She chuckled. Mrs. Vandever refused to believe it at first.

Meyrick looked at the lady he ardently desired to possess as a mother-in-law, and was gratified to find her regarding him with a sense of pride. She did, indeed, excellent lady, often boast that at her house Mr. Glenross-Meyrick had always been welcome before she had learned of his association with people of rank.

"Did you know that Mrs. Vandever came to see me in Rome?" he asked.

This time she was genuinely surprised. "For what reason?"

He hesitated. "One can hardly tell,"

he said, "but it had to do with her son's wooing."

"It's ended, so far as Laura is concerned," she answered. "I never liked him, and when Mr. Mitchell ran over unexpectedly and found exactly what sort of a person Horace had developed into, he said Laura shouldn't have a penny of his money. That ended it. Mr. Mitchell is crude, but he says Laura sha'n't marry until he's been satisfied."

"How is your daughter?" he asked with an appearance of carelessness.

"Enjoying every minute of her life," said the happy mother. "At present she's lying down. There's a performance of 'Elektra' tonight at Covent Garden, and she's going to a dance afterward. There's some young Englishman here who has paid her a lot of attention. It's to his mother's house she is going afterward, in Great Cumberland Place. You'll like him."

He raged inwardly, but enough of Reid's influence remained to stifle the answer that nearly escaped him. "I am sure I shall," he remarked, and took his leave, promising to dine with them next day.

That night he was fortunate enough to get a returned stall at the performance of Strauss's extraordinary work. From a distance he saw Laura in a box with two girls, an elderly lady and a young man. Eagerly he gazed through his glasses at her. Formerly he would have instantly gone, with his air of insolent superiority, to her box and monopolized her whether she willed it or not. But this manner seemed no longer at his command, and instead he devoured her with his eyes.

Presently she seemed conscious of his persistent gazing, and borrowing glasses, looked for a few seconds at him. Then she shifted her seat so that for the rest of the performance the back of her head only was visible to him.

As he walked back to his hotel there was no more miserable man in all London than he. He felt he had offended her irretrievably. His former manner came back to confuse him like a long forgotten crime, enormous in its aspect and inevitable and far reaching in its effect.

He felt hot and cold when he thought of those days not so far distant when he had sneered at her ambitions and treated her altogether with abominable arrogance.

One of her girl friends, losing nothing of the persistently gazing stranger and the changed position, rallied her about it. "Who is your ardent admirer?" she inquired.

"A thoroughly odious young man named Meyrick, whom we met at Cannes or Pau or Nice or somewhere. He had the effect of irritating me almost beyond endurance whenever we met."

"Then why did you keep meeting him?" demanded the practical youth at her side. He was a barrister, already distinguished, who looked confidently forward to "taking silk" and a career. Such a girl as Laura Mitchell would be a great help to a man of affairs, he felt. The master's elaborated cacophonous treatment of his tragic themes had, without his knowledge, disturbed his usual evenly balanced temperament. A sense of insecurity took hold on him, and in the distance there loomed up, in the presence of this stranger, a man who might easily disturb those pleasant plans he had dreamed of. Questioned as to his silence, he remarked that it was loathsome music.

X

It was not without a certain trepidation that Laura awaited the coming of the guest her mother had invited. The reason for which she had come to cherish an aversion to him had never been confided to Mrs. Mitchell. It was perhaps, had she chosen to analyze her emotions more accurately, less a feeling of aversion than of resentment. Oddly enough, she had been rather overpowered in Nice by his careless assumption of superiority. This difference from the other men she met could not but put him in a different class. It seemed to her that he was always laughing at her lack of knowledge. She had long ago made up her mind that, when he said he was reproducing Mr. Reid's attitude toward the world, he chose from mere contrariness to cloak his manner thus.

But although he stood apart as a superior, intolerant person, full of unkind gibes at the man who was once her fiancé, she had felt a very marked interest in him. There had been a time when she thought that he was growing fond of her, and the idea had been singularly pleasant. And when, during the last interview they had had, his manner had suddenly become softer and kinder, she had felt confirmed in her suspicions. It was because of the rude awakening at the hands of Mrs. Vandever that she now cherished a flaming contempt for him.

Young Barham and his sister, who had been bidden to the dinner—Barham was the barrister with a future—telegraphed from a remote part of Essex that their motor had broken down and they would not be in town until ten o'clock. This left only six guests, four confirmed bridge players, of whom her mother was chief, herself and Meyrick. Nothing could have fallen out more unhappily. It had been her intention to devote herself with marked amiability toward Barham, leaving Meyrick to try his worldly airs on that sophisticated maiden, Margaret Barham, who was peculiarly anxious that her American friend should become a sister-in-law and was her brother's good ally.

A *l'le-à-l'le* being inevitable, she bore herself with becoming hauteur, to the growing discomfort of her visitor.

"You've been in Rome I hear," she said.

"For some months," he answered.

"I read a rather amusing account of it," she returned maliciously.

"Surely not," he exclaimed. "Perhaps you mean in a letter?"

"Oh, no," she declared; "in cold print. It was in a society weekly published in America."

"About me?" he asked. "Are you sure?"

"Oh, yes," she returned; "there was a most amusing account. I think the article was called, 'Japhet in Search of a Father.'" She saw with no tinge of regret that he was flushing. "It detailed your life at St. Moritz most clearly. On the whole, it wasn't kind to your early career."

"I wonder you read such a thing!" he cried hotly.

"One must be amused," she said; "and it was interesting to be able to laugh at one who always laughed at me."

"I didn't," he said earnestly; "I never laughed at you."

"It really doesn't matter now," she returned carelessly. "I am years older than when we were in Nice."

"I don't see it," he said bluntly.

"One is hardly to blame for your lack of perception," she replied, still with her carefully calculated air of carelessness.

He felt suddenly that he was self-condemned of having behaved very badly. Never had he been so anxious to placate anyone as this girl by his side.

"But all the same, I don't see it," he insisted.

"It's not in my appearance," she exclaimed. "Must one always show everything? I have too good a maid to allow me to go with my hair hanging down like Ophelia's to denote grief, or to let me dress untidily."

"What do you mean?" he entreated. "I get the impression that I am being vaguely accused of something unpleasant."

"I wasn't thinking of you," she returned; "I was thinking of myself. How can I feel the same about anything after what I went through? Everyone conspired against me. I was to have married a man like Horace Vandever. The very people who were buying presents for the wedding knew that he was unspeakable."

"Your mother did not like him," he urged.

"She should have told me why," said the girl. "I make it a point to like what other people don't." She shrugged her shoulders. "I shall be more conventional in future."

"I warned you," he said in a low voice, a little uncertain as to whether he should remind her of this. "I told you what sort of a man he was."

It was for this she had waited.

"And why?" she snapped. "I'll tell you. It was because you hated Horace and always had since that time at Harvard when you wrote a letter to him

apologizing for some absurd infraction of a ridiculous custom, and he had copies of it printed and sent to every man of your year. If it hadn't been for your revengeful nature, I might have been sacrificed without another thought on your part."

"That is false!" he cried. "You know in your heart it is false."

"Have you any sense of honor?" she demanded suddenly.

"Do you deny me even that?" he exclaimed bitterly.

"I want you to give me the opportunity to judge," she returned. "I want to put you on your honor to answer yes or no to one question I shall ask."

"I am ready," he said quietly.

"It's this," she returned: "Did you say to Mrs. Vandever when she came to see you in Rome: 'I came to Nice especially for that purpose; when it was accomplished, I left'—did you say that, Mr. Meyrick?"

"Yes," he admitted.

"You will understand then," she said, with what calmness she could collect, "that I have been singularly unhappy in my choice of men friends."

"But it wasn't true," he cried passionately.

"In any case," she said, "it proves you unreliable. Really, what does it matter to whom you lied—to Mrs. Vandever or me?"

"May I tell you everything?" he burst forth eagerly. "If only you would listen, you would understand."

She rose to her feet and yawned slightly.

"I'm afraid it would bore me tremendously," she returned, and sauntered slowly to the table at which the other guests were playing. She was determined to hear Meyrick's story later, for the reason that it would, so far from boring her, interest her supremely; but he was not to suspect this. She felt herself disillusioned in all that pertained to love and life, robbed of the bright outlook a girl of her age should possess. And in common with women passing through this phase of disappointment, she felt that hers was an original thought arising from a unique circumstance.

But she was none the less unhappy, and young Barham, had he known it, might have done well to look for a loving heart elsewhere.

During an interval in the playing Meyrick excused himself to his hostess and left. Along Upper Brook Street into Park Lane he took his way, where he met his cousin Geoffrey descending from a taxi before the Bachelors' Club in Hamilton Place. From this newly discovered relative he learned that Lady Roskelly was disturbed at his defection and was anxious to see him. "That means," said the sapient Geoffrey, "that she wants to marry you to someone. Come and have a drink and tell me what you've been doing."

Glad to have company, the miserable George, a victim to thoughts that depressed him almost beyond enduring, smoked innumerable cigarettes, drank sundry glasses of cooling fluids and spoke darkly and bitterly of humanity.

Feeling somewhat responsible for his cousin in London, Geoffrey sought to engage him to go to Hurlingham on the morrow and see a picked team of the Household Cavalry oppose the English team which was shortly to journey to America to seek possession of the polo honors won by the American team from them a couple of years previously. But Meyrick, knowing nothing of the game, and being in no mood for enthusiasm, declined, betook himself into Hyde Park, and sitting down on a penny chair, watched fashion, rank and beauty pass by.

While apparently intent on this idle occupation, he noticed a barouche draw up before him, and saw that its occupant was smiling at him. It was Lady Ferendon, looking as lovely as ever, and dressed in keeping with her reputation for smartness.

"Why, Lady Ferendon," he said as he bent over her hand, "I'm awfully glad to see you. I was never feeling bluer."

"I'll take you for a drive," she said, making room for him at her side, "and diagnose your case. By the way," she added, when they were started, "I am not Lady Ferendon just at present. I'm

Mrs. Jerome Bennet, of Stanhope Gardens."

"Then—" he began.

"Exactly," she retorted. "It all happened without any kind of scandal. He went back to his malarial home in the tropics, and I met and married this Mr. Bennet, who has proved so far rather disappointing. You don't want to hear my trials, but I do really and truly want to hear yours."

"They're nothing," he declared.

"I don't believe you," she said. "I was watching you for a long time before you saw me. What has happened?"

"Mr. Reid is dead," he answered evasively. "That naturally upset me."

"I am sorry," she said gently. "He was a most remarkable man. One got from him the sense of power in reserve. I have often thought it odd that he did no better with his life."

"I think he did what he wanted to," the other said, his thoughts dwelling on the last scene of it. They drove for a time in silence.

"I wonder if you think I'm your friend?" she asked. "I hope you do. My reputation for friendship is not as high as it might be, but on my life, Mr. Meyrick, I've always stuck to my friends."

"I am sure of that," he returned gratefully. It was very pleasant to have this charming woman to talk with again. For a little while he had been desperately in love with her, but now that his whole heart was elsewhere engaged he could only look on her as a friend. On her part she was rather weary of adulation and not too happy in her new *ménage*. The lad had interested her, and she was sorry that something had saddened him and robbed him of the superb enthusiasm of youth.

"I am leaving town in a few days," she said, "for a Goodwood house party, and after that it is to be Cowes and then Mr. Bennet's place in Perthshire for the grouse. If you can't come to tea with me this afternoon I don't suppose we shall meet for years."

To herself she said: "He will tell me. It is some girl that he's miserable about, and I can tell him what to do."

For all that reputation she had acquired or with which she had been endowed, Mrs. Jerome Bennet was not always a disturber of domestic happiness.

"I shall be charmed to come," he returned, and registered a vow to keep his troubles to himself.

But herein he was wrong, for within half an hour after entering her drawing room and sitting out on the shaded, flower-filled balcony, he was bitterly berating himself for his treatment of Laura in Nice. He was young enough to feel that these weeks could never be undone, and to assume that his future must be desolate. She listened to his confession with the discrimination of full worldly wisdom. "It is very sad to confess," she said, "that this wonderful girl would have much preferred a little white lie to the truth."

"You don't know her," he said reproachfully.

"I know all women through myself," she returned. "If only you could have told her that you loved her from the first, or some equally comforting remark of that kind, she would not have entertained any such bitterness toward you. We women feel ourselves robbed if these little assurances we should deride upon the stage are not offered us in real life. All amateurs make these mistakes."

"I don't think you understand how much it means to me," he said, with the feeling that she was not sufficiently sympathetic.

"My dear child," she retorted, "it is because I do that I am not offering you silly, helpless platitudes, but plotting to restore you to her good graces."

"That's impossible," he said soberly.

"Not a bit of it," she cried cheerfully. "It can be done, and it shall be done."

"You don't know how grateful I should be," he said, "how eternally grateful."

"There's something better than being grateful," she answered. "My husband—my late husband, I mean—knew many men who asked him to lend them money. I think he never refused. But he always asked them to regard it neither as a loan nor a gift, but something to be passed

along the line when they could afford it to some other decent man temporarily down on his luck. If I can help you you must pass it along, too."

"How happy I'd be if I could!" he murmured.

"Very well," she said. "Now you must answer very closely some questions that may seem rather impertinent. They are about her as well as about you. Don't be too enthusiastic; I want cold facts."

"Very well," he answered; "I will."

Very rapidly she cross-examined him as to the girl's habits, appearance, friends, likes and dislikes, then as to the various attitudes he had adopted with her; and finally he was made to repeat in as far as he could remember it what had happened at their last interview.

She listened attentively. "I am a great diagnostician in affairs of the heart where young people are concerned. I have put my finger on the cause of the trouble."

"What is it?" he demanded eagerly.

"We women with flame in our hair like strong men," she said. "You gave her the impression of strength, and I think she loved you for it. Also you assumed those lordly airs which we women in our secret heart rather like. It's some far-away echo of the times when our lords wooed us with clubs, I suppose. Then, finally, when you should have conquered, you descended to the groveling attitude of any lovesick swain anywhere. One of my husbands, who was a racing man, would have called it a reversal of form."

"I can't agree with you," he said.

"Of course you can't," she admitted with a smile. "It's to your credit that you can't, but it's the truth all the same. My explorer," and her face softened, "came to me with that masterful, quiet manner, and though I stormed and swore I hated him, he knew it was all a pretense." She was silent for a minute. "I don't think I should be Mrs. Jerome Bennet now if he hadn't had a reversal of form. I said I would not go back to his snake-infested country. I said it would ruin my complexion. Of course that was absurd." She sighed. "Any-

how, he took me at my word, which was very silly of him, for, after all, good men are much rarer than good complexions."

"Still, I don't see what I am to do," he said.

"I'll tell you," she answered. "You are to go back and say you have decided to marry her. Tell her that you have a charming country house all ready for her, and you insist that she accept nobody else."

Poor George looked thoroughly shocked. "Oh, Lady Ferendon," he said, forgetful of her new name, "it is impossible."

"Will you bet on it?" she demanded, taking a little gold-covered betting book from its slender chain at her side.

"How could I?" he returned. "It's too personal a thing to bet on."

"If you were a little older," she returned, "you'd be cheered to hear me make the offer, for women only bet on certainties."

He rose to his feet, his face suddenly cleared. "I believe in you," he said simply; "I'll try it."

She looked at her watch. "Go now, and tell the taxi driver you'll pay him double fare to take you quickly."

"How can I ever thank you?" he said, clasping her hand.

"You are to pass it on," she said. "Good-bye and good luck."

XI

LAURA MITCHELL had watched Meyrick's departure with outward composure. She had, indeed, assured herself that she hoped it was the last time that she would see him. But there were unusual signs of disquietude about her that did not deceive her mother.

"It's a funny thing," said Mrs. Mitchell, when her guests had gone, "that you and Mr. Meyrick always seem to quarrel. I have always liked him."

"Have you?" rejoined her daughter acidly. "I remember your saying he was one of those superior persons who were sometimes found among Harvard men as well as Oxford graduates."

"To tell the truth," said her mother, "I like superior persons."

"So do I," said the daughter; "but Mr. Meyrick is merely odiously conceited."

So Mrs. Mitchell, being a well trained parent, which is simply one who admits tacitly that a daughter is a unit unaffected by any considerations for her family, smiled placidly and said no more.

She did not even permit herself to show surprise when Meyrick was announced at four o'clock the next day.

He had learned from a polite butler that there were two drawing rooms, one used by Mrs. Mitchell and the other by her daughter. He had further learned that Mr. Barham was coming to tea at four thirty.

"You will render me a great service," said Meyrick, with his most magnificent air, "if you'll prevent Mr. Barham's entrance until five o'clock."

"Sir," said the functionary, with the grave courtesy of the English servant which rarely approximates to familiarity, "if I may be permitted to say so without disrespect, I have been young myself."

Meyrick shook hands with Mrs. Mitchell gravely.

"Did it ever occur to you," he commenced, "that I loved your daughter?"

"Never," she returned promptly. "Do you?"

"Inveterately," he responded. "I'm not here yet to ask your blessing, but to beg you to allow me uninterrupted conversation with her."

"I don't want to be a spoil-sport," said the good-natured woman, "but I warn you Mr. Barham is coming presently."

"I don't fear him," said the wily Meyrick.

She laughed. "You know where the room is?"

"Thanks, yes," he returned; "your butler showed me."

Laura was reading a magazine when he opened the door. She rose to her feet with a gesture of haughty surprise.

"How well you're looking!" said Meyrick, his heart beating madly at the pic-

ture of her loveliness and the temerity he felt he was evincing. He steeled himself to betray no nervousness, but coherent words would not come.

"Just seen your mother," she heard him observe casually. "Jolly old lady, your mother."

"Indeed!" she replied. "One hardly expects to hear her so described."

"Just seen your butler," he said, his manner alone saving him from a betrayal of the rampant nervousness that obsessed him. "Jolly old chap, your butler."

She was overcome with amazement. Here he was, cool, imperturbable and absolutely different from the abashed youth of the previous night. Something of the contempt she had felt for him then left her.

"Really!" she said quietly. "I am sure it would cheer Pearson to hear you say that. Did you come to talk to me about Pearson, Mr. Meyrick?"

"There were other reasons," he admitted.

"Such as, if one might ask—" She would beat him at his own ironical manner.

"You principally," he returned; "then me—and lastly us."

"You'll have some tea?" she asked.

"Not yet, thanks," he said. "Later perhaps."

"I am expecting some people in for tea," she said, glancing at the clock.

"He won't be here for twelve minutes," returned Meyrick.

"How do you know?" she demanded, flushing.

"I asked your mother," he returned.

"I went in to ask for her unofficial blessing, so to speak."

"On what?"

He looked at her with affected amazement. "Have you never guessed," he said, "that I intend to marry you?"

"I am not fond of such jesting," she returned icily.

"Nor I," he said calmly. "It's not a jest. I made up my mind a long time ago. Naturally I couldn't ask you while Vandever was engaged to you, although I don't see just why I couldn't." He mused for a moment. "Have you ever

thought how one is hedged about with foolish conventions?"

"Would you mind touching the bell?" she said quietly. "The button is at your elbow."

"I don't want any tea," he said. "Thanks all the same."

She stamped her foot. "Will you ring the bell?"

He looked her full in the face. "No."

More than anything else she feared to be undignified. A scurry for possession of the bell was not to be thought of, and he sat too near the door for her to take a majestic leave of him.

"Mr. Barham will be here in a few minutes," she said, beating her foot angrily on the rug. "At least his presence will save me from insult."

He looked at the clock. "Add thirty minutes on to your calculations. My lifelong friend Pearson has sworn by all he deems sacred not to let anyone in here till five o'clock."

"It's abominable of you!" she cried.

"It's unusual," he admitted, "but no more. I am not going to permit convention to rob me of you or you of me. You couldn't be happy with any other man but me."

He looked at her with that debonair manner she had always secretly admired, and she gazed back at him with what bold front she could assume. She thought of Vandevveer, and she thought of the estimable Barham, whose legal mind she admired with reservations. The man looking down at her was so overpoweringly certain of himself that insensibly she came in a sense under his dominating influence.

"Of course that is absurd," she declared.

"And what is more," he continued, "I don't intend that any man shall be happy with you but myself."

"I did not think an American man

would place a girl in this position," she said with dignity.

"An American man may be calculated to do anything," he told her genially, "when he is determined to marry the woman he loves. That would sound rather well in a melodrama, wouldn't it?" he asked. "I'm an American and I love you and I'm going to marry you. Let's consider that settled. I've a charming country house in Somersetshire, all ready for you, with latticed windowpanes and red brick and ivy and a terrace and rosaries and all the usual things that go with the stately homes of England."

"You don't suppose for a moment I believe you, do you?" she asked.

"You shall test that later," he said lightly. "The question now is to get you to consent in the presence of a reputable third party."

She faltered, and he thought there were tears in her eyes. This implacable man seemingly had the power to bend her to his will. She found herself regarding the prospect without horror.

For the life of her she could not summon that dignity to her aid which might have shown him the folly of his ways. When he sat by her side she missed the opportunity to rise on some pretext or other and so leave him. In another instant he had taken her in his arms and was raining kisses on her face and hair, and she was dimly thanking some beneficent Deity that she had not missed her happiness.

A few minutes later Pearson, imperturbable and suave, wheeled the tea equipage into the room. He did not glance in Meyrick's direction at all. He placed the tea before his mistress, and as he was leaving the room broke the silence.

"I ventured to tell Mr. Barham," he said quietly, "that you would not be able to see him today."



MOSES came early, but he didn't avoid the rushes.

THE VICTORY OF LOVE

By Rex T. Stout

S *CENE—House of the Soul. PHILOSOPHY seated on a throne. Enter LOVE.*
LOVE—Whose soul is this?

PHILOSOPHY—"Tis that of one well pledged to Reason.

LOVE—I mark him for mine own.

PHILOSOPHY—It cannot be; already has he signified his part
To be the realm of thought.

LOVE—The circumstance of parting doth withdraw
My ally fair; and I would not give fight
Against such odds alone. I will return.
Farewell. (*Exit.*)

SCENE—The same. PHILOSOPHY lying at the foot of the throne. Enter LOVE.

LOVE—The time is chosen well; while Reason sleeps
I snatch a soul—an easy victory.

PHILOSOPHY (*starting up*)—Who goes there?

LOVE—Thy conqueror.

PHILOSOPHY—No!

Mine enemy perhaps; but conqueror? No!
This field do I select as one on which
The final test of strength will find decision.

LOVE—"Tis well. These little skirmishes I've had
With thee of late but whet my appetite;
And I have won so easily in them,
I welcome this.

PHILOSOPHY (*aside*)—I fear his valor.

(*Aloud*) Hold!

This poor unconscious soul for which you strive
Is favorite of mine; I tend it well.

From me it doth receive a tenderness

Which I do e'er bestow upon but few.

The mental crumbs of bread and dregs of wine,

Sufficient for the common ones I serve,

Are never given here.

Some love me for the riches they desire,

For which they need my help—

For fashion, glory, triumphs of the earth;

Some court me for the sake of spiritual gain;

But this, the one you now would ruthless tear

From out my grasp, doth love me well

But for myself alone.

And in exchange you offer—what?

But this: uncertainties,

THE SMART SET

The fires of passion, jealousy and hate,
 The fears and hopes and tears and sighs
 Which always follow you.
 And this poor soul, which hitherto hath known
 The quiet of my uneventful reign,
 Will now see devastation, fire and sword,
 And only so that you may more extend
 Your hateful empire.

I ask you not for pity, but declare
 That if you yet persist in this design,
 To death will I uphold my prior right.

LOVE—In truth, 'tis not surprising that you plead;
 Of all things on the earth it is the one
 That thou dost well.
 But who has ever heard of Reason conquering Love?
 On guard!

(They grapple. After a long and fierce conflict LOVE throws PHILOSOPHY to the ground and mounts the throne)

LOVE—Another soul!
 And now, in truth, there's reason to be proud!
 'Twas not a victory so cheaply won
 But took my breath.

(Addressing the House of the Soul)
 Courageous thou hast been? Prepare to fear!
 In quiet thou hast lived? Thou now
 Shalt boil in fury!
 Thou hast known the placid happiness
 Of peaceful contemplation, quiet thought;
 But peace and quiet nevermore shalt know,
 And in the days to come shalt measure well
 Delights of Paradise and pains of Hell!



AUTHORS AND THEIR WORKS

By Warwick James Price

SOME writers never get over their greatest fault—the covers of their books are too far apart.

After “breaking into print” some authors stay broke.

The real hero of many present-day novels is the publisher.

Some men write for publication; others, seemingly, for circulation among editorial offices.

SAVED FOR LUCILE

By Lee Wilson Dodd

WHEN I got past thirty without having married, my friends began to be restless. They seemed to feel that a man who had inherited a big income ought to give some charming girl a chance to enjoy its possibilities. My Aunt Caroline agreed with them, and spoke to me severely about it. This settled the matter for another ten years. But on my fortieth birthday I met Lucile.

Now Lucile, if she will permit me to say so publicly, is all that woman ought to be but never has been before the creation of Lucile. To have married any other woman than Lucile would have been an irreparable blunder. Daily and nightly do I thank the high gods for having kept me a bachelor until we met. Or rather, to be precise, my thanks go out to the high gods, to Aunt Caroline and to Wiktorija the Magnificent. But chiefly to Wiktorija. In fact, had it not been for Wiktorija, I should now be the unhappy husband of Cecily Prentice, instead of the lyrically contented husband of Lucile.

Now let me clear up any confusion which the hurried reader may at present be feeling.

I was twenty-two at the time I am about to recall, and that, now that I pause to think of it, was longer ago than it in any way feels. A good deal can happen in eighteen years. One can, for example, be born and grow to be eighteen years old during that period. And yet there are people so constituted that eighteen years, lived through as they must be, one by one, do not greatly alter them, whether for better or worse. I am one of the people I have mentioned. It is true that eighteen years have

passed since I landed for the first time at Naples; but they might as well have been eighteen months so far as I am concerned. At twenty-two I was already as grown-up as I am ever likely to be. And this, Lucile tells me, is really the secret of my charm. It is also, my Aunt Caroline tells me, the secret of my worthlessness. Between these two ladies there is a great gulf fixed, and I in some measure symbolize that gulf.

If one cannot be an Active Force in the world, it is at least comforting to be a Symbol.

But I am finding it curiously difficult to begin the narration of what the high gods let happen to me eighteen years ago, come a week from Sunday. Possibly if I plunge into the middle of the adventure and then work cautiously backward—or else—

After all, one *does* change—after eighteen years. My liver is certainly not what it was eighteen years ago. I, who used to find golf amusing, now find it merely therapeutic. Ah me! *Autre temps*—Eighteen years ago darling Lucile was only six years old!

And Wiktorija Somaroff was—at least, I then believed that she was—just twenty-seven. Of one thing I am certain—no more beautiful creature has ever existed. I was certain of it then; I am certain of it today. Magnificent Wiktorija! Thou taughtest me to pronounce thy name *à la russe*, and I swear to thee I have smoked none but Russian cigarettes ever since!

One's first landing at Naples! The famous panorama, so long familiar from bad photographs and worse water colors, suddenly made actual and discovered

to be too superbly beautiful for reproduction! Then the immense clamor of the harbor! The little boats with the bad singers! The long poles with the stiff bouquets! The diving urchins! And then the infernal regions of the Dogana, where they steal your temper with your cigars! And beyond—the indescribable yell of the Naples streets! And what a bore it all is on one's second landing! Oh, Jupiter!

But naturally one cannot always expect to meet, on entering the Hotel de Véruve, so beautiful a creature as Wiktorija. Or should one confront so beautiful a creature on entering the Hotel de Véruve after one's second landing, it is at least a safe bet that she would not smile and hold out her hand.

For this is what Wiktorija did. She smiled—and held out her hand.

But what, you are wondering, did I do—eighteen years ago, having lately graduated from Yale, come into my inheritance and set off upon my travels—when Wiktorija smiled and held out her hand?

This is what I did: I seized her hand, and then, stammering with embarrassment, achieved:

"Oh! I beg your pardon. It's a mistake, of course. You thought I was someone else!"

Then Wiktorija leaned forward swiftly and whispered in my ear: "For God's sake—help me!"

It was the first, and the only, conventional thing I ever heard from her lips.

Conventionality! How afraid we all are nowadays of being conventional! It amounts to a positive cowardice. I sometimes think my dear Aunt Caroline is one of the bravest women yet living. She alone of all my acquaintance can carry a conventional attitude through with an air of triumph. For example—

But I am neglecting to tell you what happened eighteen years ago when Wiktorija Somaroff leaned forward and whispered in my ear the only conventional thing I ever heard from her lips: "For God's sake—help me!" It would doubtless amuse you to know; and I

promise to reveal it just as soon as I have explained a few preliminary matters.

It will not, I think, take very long to explain them.

On the other hand, I am not particularly good at succinct explanation, and it may take rather longer than I in any way contemplate. But these are the ordinary risks of authorship and readership, and must be suffered at times by all of us, in either capacity.

What, then, I wish first to make clear is, that at the time Wiktorija leaned forward, etc., there were standing about me the following individuals: two porters, bearing my hand baggage; the *maitre d'hôtel*, and—Cecily Prentice, her mother, her father, and her kid brother. The two porters were close behind me; the *maitre d'hôtel* stood at my right hand, haughtily obsequious; and Cecily and her family I felt to be hovering somewhere in the background diagonally to my left. Moreover, it was my left ear into which Wiktorija had chosen to whisper.

The situation, you now begin to realize, was an awkward one. But just how awkward you cannot possibly imagine until I add, as I am about to do, that Cecily and I, while on the boat, had had certain tender skirmishes in the moonlight and—with the cleverly dissimulated assistance of her mother—were feeling our way toward a definite engagement. You will now, quite without effort, be able to appreciate the delicacy of my position.

"For God's sake—help me!"

Let me assure you that I instantly felt like repeating the phrase on my own account. My knees responded to the melodrama of the occasion and knocked together. My tongue clave in the most approved manner to the roof of my mouth.

It took the combined address of Wiktorija and the *maitre d'hôtel* to save me from instantaneous collapse. He remarked suavely, yet with authority: "This way, sir!" She remarked, this time for all to hear: "I beg your pardon, monsieur. I mistook you, as you say, for another." And with a slight inclination of the head she moved away.

My eyes followed her—and encountered Cecily, who had stepped forward quickly into my range of vision for some feminine purpose of her own.

"You promised to engage rooms for all of us," said Cecily, biting her underlip. Then Cecily glided suddenly close to my side. "What," whispered Cecily into my left ear, "what did that flashy woman whisper to you?"

"Flashy?" I fenced. "Why, she's dressed in black!"

"Huh!" remarked Cecily—then added: "But what *did* she—"

"This way, sir," commanded the *maitre d'hôtel*. And I instantly and gratefully obeyed.

I have always been a successful traveler, for, as I always take what is offered me, and as the best is always offered first, I invariably sleep in the bridal chamber of inns and eat the more delicate specialties of their cuisines. This, to be sure, is rather costly; but that does not annoy me, for I am what the world calls "comfortably off." And being so, I have never been able to understand why I should act as though I were not. Aunt Caroline has not yet given up her attempt to modify my extravagance; but her efforts are futile. I am too old a dog to change my diet from lotos to locusts. And happily Lucile is particularly fond of lotos, too.

But this is not the point at which, on beginning the above paragraph, I hoped ultimately to arrive. I began it merely to lead up to the fact that between my first and second meeting with Wiktorija—an interval of forty minutes precisely—I had been installed by the *maitre d'hôtel* in his very finest suite overlooking the Enchanted Castle of the Egg and the Enchanting Bay. Virgil, the Wizard, had, as perhaps you know, something to do with these sorceries. He is buried somewhere up on the hill named Posilipo, and there have been strange goings-on in all this region ever since.

Witness my meeting with the beautiful, tragic-eyed Woman in Black!

She it was, and not the glistening wonders beyond the Venetian blinds, who filled my eyes and my thoughts as I

hastily removed the stains of travel from my person and the memory of Cecily from my heart. *She* it was! And my poor twenty-two-year-old brain became a sort of black swimming mist, and again my knees and my tongue played their dutiful parts in this little drama. "*For God's sake—help me!*" Help her! I seized my straw hat, gasped three times, swallowed hard twice and then descended blindly to the foyer of the hotel.

And the first person I met there was the dignified, the innerly contemptuous and outwardly obsequious *maitre d'hôtel*.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said he in his perfect unaccented English. "Would m'sieu permit me one word of advice?"

I was astounded at the fellow's impudence. But he interpreted my astonishment as assent. "M'sieu is very good. The lady who spoke to m'sieu when m'sieu entered—does m'sieu know her?"

Confound his impertinence! Did he think I was a schoolboy? I attempted a glare.

"It seems to me," said I, with rather a futile effort to be polished, biting, world weary, withering, ironic and scornful in a breath, "it seems to me you are meddling with what does not concern you." And I turned on my heel.

But I assure you that I, with the back of my neck, felt the *maitre d'hôtel* shrug his shoulders in a quite specially irritating way.

I presume that is why I was blushing as I walked back into the writing room and found myself once more face to face with Wiktorija.

Of course I had not at that moment the faintest notion of her name. So I could only stand rather stupidly, with the blood humming in my temples, and at last blurt forth, after what seemed a cosmic interval:

"Madame—I—what can I do for you, madame?"

Her face was pale enough at all times, but as I lamely ejected these words it went moon white against the dusk of the room, and I sprang forward, fearing she would fall. But a small, strong hand pressed against my shoulder and repelled me.

"Wait, monsieur! I am not of those who faint. If you are generous and would help me—" She paused. "But first I must tell you," she went on, searching my face with her wonderful eyes, "that you will gain nothing by your generosity—nothing but my friendship."

Well—there is no use concealing the fact—I am proud of the response I made to this extraordinary speech, for in making it I had suddenly to leap beyond the Anglo-Saxon barriers of my nature.

"Your friendship," I achieved—having first, however, carefully noted that we were alone in the writing room—"would repay any sacrifice. Or rather," I plunged—and this was my inspiration—"the one sacrifice possible to me now would be *not* to gain your friendship."

She smiled a little—for, after all, a Latin or a Slav would have turned it more neatly—and then she said: "Sit down, monsieur. You are fortunate to have fallen into my hands."

I was too excited at the time to realize the truth of this remark. But I have realized it since—not without a certain soreness of retrospective humiliation.

Magnificent Wiktorija! Shall I ever forget the tragic beauty of thy face as thou toldst me the sad, the bitter tale of thy unparalleled misfortunes? Shall I ever forget the quaking horror in my heart as I learned bit by bit from thy lips what thou hadst suffered and endured? H'm! But, as a matter of fact, after eighteen years I find that I *have* forgotten much you told me in that memorable hour. The dry sponge of the years has somewhat blurred the sharp impression.

But this much I recall: That you were the daughter of a Russian revolutionist long an exile in Siberia; that your mother was dead; that you were yourself a fugitive from Russian justice; that—in short, you had struggled against fate for twenty-seven years and at last fate had proved too strong for you. Not a rouble remained in your purse; nor in your heart the least hope of recovering a single kopek of the fortune spent for liberty. And yet, if you were to save the life of a man, a noble

Russian upon whose head a price had been set, you must contrive to send to Russia within a week—the equivalent of a thousand dollars. For yourself you did not care. So long as you had strength left to scrub a tiled floor you would not starve—or there was always the grateful possibility of slipping quietly into the Bay of Naples and drinking the dark wave of oblivion. But the cause of freedom in Russia was sacred; you could not rest in your grave unless you had exhausted every effort to save the life of a man who had for years been the secret leader of that cause.

As you ended, your divinely pale cheeks were stained with tears, and I had drawn from my purse five banknotes of a thousand francs each.

And then it was that in the sacred name of liberty you kissed me on the brow—and I heard the shrill treble of the kid brother of Cecily exclaiming "Oo-oo-ooo! I saw yer! I'll tell on yer!"

And he did tell—that is the best of it! The little devil even told about seeing the banknotes pass from my hands. It led, of course, to certain scenes which I would rather not describe. They were painful in content, and even in retrospect they are not amusing.

So that was the end of Cecily.

Ah, well, hers was not a heart to be broken—at least, not by me. Exit Cecily. Exeunt her father—who smoked cheap cigars—and her mother—who wore a false front; also her kid brother—who, I love to fancy, has since been stepped on and obliterated. But, heavens and earth, he is no longer a kid brother; he, if living, must now be twenty-six! For him, too, perhaps, some Wiktorija. No! Banish the vision! *Exeunt omnes.*

All, that is to say, but Wiktorija, the tragic-eyed. A week had passed, all too quickly, before she too went off, smiling a little sadly, into the wings. Her going was, she told me, imperative. Certain spies of the black-hearted Czar were abroad. And for the last time she kissed me, still in the sacred name of liberty, on the brow.

She did this gravely, with a divine candor, in the face of all the world—in

fact, on the pavement before the hotel; then she stepped quickly into a *vettura* and was driven rapidly away. I gazed after her with blurring eyes. I felt like a martyr to the sacred Cause. But at last I found strength to step back out of the pitiless sun into the shadowy foyer; and there I encountered the *maître d'hôtel*. I shall never forget the expression on the face of the *maître d'hôtel*—never.

Eighteen years later, when Lucile and I had been safely married, we sailed away for France. And after much delightful wandering we found ourselves on the *plage* at Dinard, seated before a little tent broadly striped with white and red, hand clasped in hand, at peace with life. And then—a tall, dark, queenly, if somewhat matronly, woman

of indeterminate age, richly dressed, immensely distinguished, crossed the sand before us, accompanied by a small exotic-looking dandy wearing white spats and vivid yellow gloves. I leaped to my feet.

"Wiktorija!" I cried. "Wiktorija!"

The tall, dark, queenly woman turned her head, looked me full in the face, shrugged her ample shoulders and continued on her way.

My face went crimson. I sat down again beside Lucile.

"Would you mind, my dear Bob, telling me—"

"She might have remembered me," I protested. "I only wanted to thank her—"

"To thank her?"

"Yes, darling, to thank her!" And I began to explain.



SERENADE

By Sumner Williams

WITH the evening breezes sighing
From his dusky wings,
Night, the minstrel, warmly tender,
To the roses all a-bowing
In the garden, sings;
And their scent they gladly render
For the joy he brings.

Unto thee, most roselike maiden,
Must it be confessed,
That, though roses give their lover
All—with scent alone they're laden—
I sing uncaressed.
Why should night, the wanton rover,
Only, be so blessed?



"I WONDER why these Washington streets are so abnormally wide?"
"It was a matter of necessity, and was done in order to permit the newly elected Congressmen to pass the recently appointed postmasters."

AN ORDERLY NATURALIST

By Blanche Elizabeth Wade

A MAN with sense of order started out to run a zoo,
And had not only animals, but birds and fishes, too.
The ants in anterooms he kept, with antelopes so gay;
A weasel in a wee cell of the cellar had to stay.
A dormouse hung on hinges, and a walrus on the wall;
A gnat up in an attic did not like to stay at all.
Some dogs were kept in wagons, but the setters all in chairs;
His birds were sorted neatly, and the parrots grouped in pairs.
The toucans were in two cans—his canaries, too, were canned;
We might just say in passing that he had his panthers panned.

He'd several swallows in a glass—nor here do wonders cease,
For in his larder, lo, he had his turkey next to grease.
He'd magpies on the pantry shelves and crocodiles in crocks,
And there were trunks for elephants, and rocking chairs for rocs.
In tool chests there were yellow-hammers, yes, and sawfish, too,
While flickers and flamingoes with the fireplace had to do.
For spiders there were frying pans, and candlesticks for tapirs,
While butterflies in firkins stayed, and paper wasps in papers.

In cupboards there were cubs, of course, likewise in cubby holes.
The man had sieves for civets rare, and fancy molds for moles.
On pillars caterpillars hung; the perch on perches perched;
On roosts were roosters, and for cats in catalogues you searched.
Then there were bucks in buckets, many bass in baskets fine,
And hogs in hogsheads, too—a hamper held a porcupine.
The rams were kept in ramekins, an old ewe in a ewer;
While woodchucks and small chipmunks in a woodbox seemed secure.

He kept hyenas hung up high, but placed the locusts low;
The swordfish all in scabbards made a most impressive show.
The bugs were snug in buggies, and some queer raccoons in racks,
And centipedes in purses with some frogs—quite old greenbacks.
To keep the goldfish in a safe the man thought common sense,
And likewise placed with care Alaska seals on documents.
Yet in that zoo but one was pleased—the chambered nautilus;
He had an entire suite of rooms, and therefore made no fuss.



PRACTICE makes perfect—but one needs no practice to make a perfect fool of himself.

THÉRÈSE

By F. Berkeley Smith

NO wonder the Infant fell in love with her. He was not the only one in the Latin Quarter who had fallen in love with Thérèse.

From that first afternoon, in the stuffy little Café du Dragon, just across the street from the Atelier Julian, where they had met by chance at the *apéritif* hour among a crowd of painters, the Infant's elastic heart had changed. None of the dozens of models he knew, and whose addresses he kept scrawled in charcoal on the wall of his studio, any longer interested him—not even the few he had grown serious over in the last two years. Thérèse was everything to him now. He found himself in odd moments drawing from memory her exquisite profile on the paint-smear wall—well away from the addresses; one does not instal a goddess among the common herd. At night he lay awake thinking of her. By day he dreamed of her in a brown study as he walked through the Luxembourg Gardens these late afternoons in September. At Julian's he forgot the living model before him daily, and half consciously drew Thérèse, until old Vacinet, who corrected, was forced to remind him that mademoiselle before him was not spiritual, but on the contrary as sturdy and muscular as a Norman peasant.

Thérèse had promised to pose for him. When? He had pleaded as eager as a child across the crowded table in the Café du Dragon, but she had only smiled—and promised—those vague promises that women give when they are in earnest.

Ah, how his heart beat as he left that noisy crowd in the stuffy little Café du

Dragon after she had gone! She had pressed his hand on leaving—a frank pressure of *camaraderie* which the Infant wholly misunderstood, but which warmed him, elated him and sent him back to his work proud and happy.

When the Infant was happy he grinned. He was a stocky little chap, hard as oak and quick as a cat. He had come to Paris fresh from the saddle in Montana, where he slept under the stars and ranged cattle for a living and nurtured a longing in his chest that he wanted to paint. His voice was pitched low; his jaw, when shut with decision, was as hard as a bent nail; but you had only to look into his clear blue eyes to see that he was reeking with sentiment. I think it was Marie Vinet, a little model, who used to come to the Café du Dome, who first nicknamed him the "Infant"—yes, I am sure it was Marie; and being only twenty-four, the Infant accepted the sobriquet with a grin.

Thérèse! The image of her tall, lithe, slim figure—her brilliant almond-shaped eyes, her intensely black hair, which she wore in a bandeau half hiding the tips of her small pink ears, the ivory whiteness of her skin, filled him with a memory as fascinating as that seductive smile of hers which displayed her white teeth and accentuated when her features were in repose the shortness of her upper lip. Thus Thérèse always appeared to be smiling; she had but to half close her eyes to make the illusion complete.

When she walked she seemed to glide, scarcely lifting her slim feet from the ground; and when she sat it was with all the subtle modeling of her lithe, erect figure, her chin slightly elevated, gazing

at you with the gracious reserve of an empress and the sauciness of a *gamine*.

Thérèse was twenty-three years old. It was amazing to the Infant how much she knew, but not to Davidge and myself—granted she could talk upon many subjects that were intellectually too far advanced for either Mimi or Marie. She knew a *little* of medicine, a *little* of sculpture, a *little* of surgery, and spoke of technique—of impressionism and the modern school. Davidge and myself were too old rats in the Quarter not to be able to distinguish this clever varnish she had picked up here and there from knowledge; but you could not convince the Infant that it was simply varnish—he knew better.

It was the week after she posed for him as she had promised that the Infant strolled into Davidge's studio for a chat. Poor Infant! He had found Thérèse as difficult to make love to as the rest of us. She was very, very serious with him, and kind—more like a sister than anything else; and that was all. He had told her he loved her, like many another, and she only smiled and patted his cheek with that same *cameraderie* with which she had pressed his hand. It was that friendly pat which kept the Infant from despair. And so in this state of hopeful misery the Infant had come over for a chat with Davidge. He was lonely and wanted someone to talk to.

"And you say you consider Thérèse wise? You baby!" chuckled Davidge. He gripped his red-pointed beard and peered down between his long dangling legs from his painter's scaffolding at the Infant squatting on his studio floor, gingerly knocking the ashes from his pipe against the sole of his shoe.

"She knows a lot," he returned slowly with conviction, "about—well, take for instance what she knows alone about medicine—and—and—operations—and—"

"Of course she does; a superficial varnish, Infant, nothing else," interrupted Davidge, "not real knowledge." There was old Poubonet—one of the most skillful surgeons in Paris; he adored Thérèse. Mademoiselle could

not help gleaning from his companionship a few household hints and remedies.

"Tell me she is beautiful," continued Davidge, "and I'll agree with you. She *is*—very beautiful. You're a lucky dog to have got her to pose for you, but the profound knowledge you imagine Thérèse possesses is pure unadulterated *vernis*—Parisian varnish of the best quality, and as deceiving as the enamel on a false pearl. Scratch through it some day and see for yourself. The oracle you rave about will prove to be a myth, and you will find beneath that enamel the brain of a coquette and the simple heart of a *blanchisseuse*. That is really what Thérèse once was, my boy, like a thousand other models in the Quarter. The Bois de Boulogne is full of them any afternoon; you can distinguish them by the crests on their victorias."

The Infant jumped to his feet.

"That's it; go on!" he cried. "Davidge, you're too blasé; you're an ascetic old cynic. I tell you, there is not a human being in the world who as not his or her interesting side, and I'm glad I can see some good in everyone. You're wrong about Thérèse," he insisted.

"Thérèse and Courtois and myself dined together at the Chat Rouge last night," continued the Infant. "Most of the old crowd were there—René Cassin, Anette, Forbes, Billy Anderson, the Empress, Dutoit and the rest. Thérèse kept them listening for hours. She has her theories, you know, about the psychology of love, and talked a lot about jade cutting among the ancients and the technique of the Dutch school."

"Gave you a little of each, eh?" queried Davidge, "while she helped you to the *hors-d'oeuvres*?"

"And her memory was something surprising," continued the Infant, undeterred in his enthusiasm. "There is hardly a verse of Paul Verlaine's Thérèse does not know by heart."

"There you go again," interrupted the painter, squeezing a fresh pat of Chinese vermilion onto his palette; and turning to the big canvas squared up in front of the scaffold, he proceeded to

lay in the flesh tones of a flying cherub among a bevy of nymphs still in a stage of charcoal and smudge.

"How's that? Too strong?" he called down to the Infant, referring to the pink smear on the fugitive God of Love.

"It's all right," replied the Infant, eyeing the canvas. "Wait until that ceiling decoration of yours gets in place; you will need all the forced color you're slapping into it now to carry it."

"Thérèse displayed the keenest insight into characters," the Infant went on. "Why, she described Courtois and myself to a T!"

"Ho, ho!" roared Davidge, wheeling around from his work. "That was the easiest problem you put to your adorable sphinx? It was like taking a watch to a watchmaker."

The Infant reddened.

"No offense, old boy," added Davidge by way of apology, as he climbed down from the scaffold for a rest and a cigarette; but you can see exactly what I mean. When you touched on the question of men you were in the presence of an expert."

"She did not roast either of us half as much as we expected," confessed the Infant, gouging the bowl of his pipe into the remnants of a sack of Virginia.

"And you and mademoiselle will of course dine again at the Chat Rouge?" laughed Davidge.

"Thursday night," confessed the Infant, brightening. "Will you come?"

"Delicious!" exclaimed the painter, bending over in his voluminous corduroy trousers, as he scooped a scuttleful of coal from the bottom of his coalbox and sent the contents clattering into the small stove.

"Yes, I'll come," he said after a moment's hesitation; "but you'll have to stake me through, if I do. I'm not eating this week—that is, not in public; I won't have a sou until the twenty-third. Bartet and I have been dining here in the studio. We've got trust at the grocery in the Rue de Rennes; the fellow who keeps it is a pal of Bartet's—they were in the same regiment together."

"You can have anything I've got," said the Infant. He meant it, although he was then carrying the remnant of his monthly stipend in the corner of his vest pocket.

"Good, I'll be there," promised Davidge as the Infant took his leave.

A narrow flight of stairs wound in a spiral about an iron column and served as the sole means of access to a smoky, genial little room above the café of the Chat Rouge, where many of those who entered nightly were greeted with a welcoming cheer and often with a kiss from some Berthe or Mimi or Celestine. They were like one big family, those good boys and girls, and their hearts were of gold.

Such hours as these often came at the end of a hard day's work or worry. It is never all play in Bohemia; it is the most serious land I know.

These stairs were a spiral flight that led to Paradise. How many brutal hobnailed shoes of idle painters had polished those steps! How many frou-frous and trim ankles had flashed up them! The high heels of Celeste and the tiny boots of Marie, all up those stairs, all joyously tripping up to a *bouillabaisse* fit not only for a king but for a latter day grisette and her sweetheart, both of whom are as good judges of a *bouillabaisse* as any of the crowned heads, and quite as exacting. Madame Jolivet, who cooked the famous dish, knew this. That is why this famous potpourri of lobster and little fishes, of spices and herbs and things tart and sour and sweet and peppery, was often delayed in the smoky little kitchen below stairs for a final touch of this and a pinch of that before the beaming Adolphe, his white apron reaching to the toes of his cracked but carefully polished boots, came stamping up the spiral flight with the noble dish at last ready to serve, steaming, savory and fit for the gods, and was greeted as soon as he thrust his head in the door with cries of: "*Oh! Que c'est beau!*" and a clattering, banging, yelling bedlam of like badinage, all of which the smiling Adolphe, his broad, honest face red

from the glare of the kitchen fire, enjoyed hugely and returned this good-natured chaff with timely repartee all out of his bald head.

For Adolphe was a Marseillais, and a Marseillais, they say, is never at a loss for a word. What he said was merry, good-natured and respectful, and guarded with as much tact as if he were addressing his own children, if he had any—and they say he had five.

Verily it was a dinner *en famille*.

How many such families grow up in Bohemia—until one by one this one and that one drifts away, and one wonders whether if ever again life will seem as dear and as sweet.

The café shutters of the Chat Rouge were battened in place and the chairs stacked on the tables for the night, when the party of four, consisting of Thérèse, Courtois, Davidge and the Infant, opened the door at the head of the spiral flight.

Down the quartette came, Thérèse singing one of Delmet's ballads, Courtois lending a noble bass, Davidge a wavering tenor and the Infant filling in the gaps mostly off the key.

It had been a beautiful dinner, and they had remained long after the rest of the old crowd who shared the dingy little dining room had gone.

It was after two in the morning when the quartette closed the door of the Chat Rouge behind them. A winter fog hung cold and damp in the chill air, a fog that had a chill in it like the air from a refrigerator. For some minutes the four stood chatting on the pavement. An open *fiacre*, prowling for a late trip, came clattering up to the group, the small rawboned horse sliding most of the way to the gutter on the fog-slimed cobbles.

Courtois wrapped his coat about him, and saying good night, swung off in the direction of his studio, Davidge accompanying him as far as the Impasse du Maine. Thus Thérèse and the Infant were left alone.

Now that they were alone—for a *cocher* does not count any more than his horse—the Infant had grown strangely silent. He would have said much,

but he dared not. The truth was, he did not like the idea of Thérèse going home alone at that hour, and she had stayed with them late under the distinct understanding that none should be bothered with escorting her. Even the Infant's insistence had been in vain.

"Please," pleaded the Infant in a final appeal as they stood beside the nighthawk; but Thérèse shook her head.

"You are not going to take me home," she added with final decision. "I live, as you know, in Montmartre; it is nearly three miles from here."

"Nonsense," replied the Infant; "I shall get back to my studio before daylight. I am not going to let you go home alone. Please be reasonable. It is too far; it is too late; besides, the horse cannot go to the top of your street. I know the Rue Lepic; when you leave your *fiacre* you will have to walk alone hurriedly, and keep in the shadow out of the way of any nocturnal vagabond who comes along at this hour."

"But I am not afraid," insisted Thérèse; "the police walk up my street in pairs. Besides, there is a good lamp at my corner, which makes it bright to the door."

"And correspondingly deepens the shadows," replied the Infant. "No, Thérèse, you are not going alone."

Thérèse closed her eyes smilingly and laid her finger on the Infant's lips.

"There is no use arguing the matter with me; I insist. You are tired, my dear friend," she said. "You have a slight fever; and you will leave me and go immediately to that box of yours with a skylight and go to bed. You will then get up in the morning and write me a little word, saying you are much better, and will I come and dine with you tomorrow night; and I will send you a little word saying I will. We shall dine alone, you and I, at Père Moret's. We shall get a good dinner—and cheap. You will see."

Her foot touched the step of the waiting *fiacre* with its coachman swathed in his blanket.

"*A bientôt!*" she said, and suddenly she bent and kissed the Infant on both cheeks.

"À bientôt," replied the Infant, elated and dazed.

"To the Rue Lepic, Number 19," she said to the coachman.

"Bien, madame."

And they were gone in the raw mist.

For some moments the Infant stood gazing down the deserted street; then he turned back in the direction of his studio. He felt a certain consolation in doing as she had wished.

The route from the Chat Rouge in the Quartier Latin to the steep hill across the Seine leading to Montmartre is complicated and long, until it reaches the Rue Lepic, hidden among scrubby trees, which lies like a scar on the cranium of Paris. At night along this tortuous course is disclosed the gamut of human comedy. Here a senator is hurrying home from a late dinner; there a vagabond slouches along seeking a night's lodging; at another corner a lady in an opera cloak steps into her waiting coupé; at the next a girl shrugs her shoulders at poverty—and waits. In the early morning it is like a weird and ghostly voyage in the chill mist. The crooked streets, the lights, the mushroom growth of chimney pipes and uneven gables appear as if suspended in a mirage.

The horse that Thérèse had drawn in a lottery for *fiacre* at so late an hour click-clicked on with a swinging gait. He was a willing little beast, and the fat coachman swathed in his horse blanket chirruped to him an encouraging "*Hue, Cocotte*," at the beginning of every street they turned into. Right and left they swung through deserted byways of the Quarter. Now they zigzagged, first left, then right, all in a twinkling through a crooked ravine of a street flanked by the somber walls of the Institute de France; it is called the Rue Mazarine, and it brought them out to the river.

Thérèse was thinking of the Infant. She began to compare him rapidly with other men. He had been considerate; she felt a certain confidence, a certain respect, for this young American. That is why she had posed for him—she felt safe with him. "Yes," she said to

herself as the *fiacre* swayed on, "he is a child—a big child—fine and simple. One does not meet one like him every day."

She recalled his honest eyes, his earnest naturalness, his enthusiasm. "I have been cruel to him," she thought; then she checked herself. "*Non, non*; I must not be a fool," she said to herself; "he is too serious for that."

Thérèse shrank back in the moist dust-smearred cushions of the *fiacre* and dozed.

When they crossed the Pont du Carrousel she opened her eyes; the black river swung beneath the bridge; colored ribbons of light from the lantern of the sister bridge above waved deep down in the inky water. In a few moments they had rattled over the vast cobbled court of the Louvre and had turned into the Rue de Rivoli.

"Hurry, my old one," cried Thérèse, starting again out of a nap.

"It is understood, madame," replied the coachman.

Thérèse fell asleep. When she awoke again the *fiacre* was rattling along past the markets, down into that damp valley occupied by the great market east of the Boulevard Sébastopol, one of the roughest quarters at night in Paris. The long line of vegetable carts that had crawled half the night from outlying farms into the city with their swinging lanterns and their drivers asleep now stood with the horses out of the shafts. Tons of cabbages, carrots and potatoes were heaped in square piles even with the curbstones, and groups of men in blue blouses were talking in low tones about them in the dim light of the cart lanterns. The air hung heavy with the reek of vegetables.

"Where are you going, *cocher*?" cried Thérèse, now thoroughly awake.

Either the man was asleep himself, drunk or misleading her.

"Madame said she wished to go to the Rue Delique; this is the shortest way."

"Rue Lepic, I said, stupid—Number 19."

"It is understood, madame," answered

ed the man muffled in the horse blanket; "then we shall turn back."

He rattled into a side street, one of a dozen lying between the market and the Boulevard Sébastopol, swung through a black slit of a street, turned into an alley, rumbled through a passage and emerged into a straight thoroughfare lined with business houses, and taking another turn to the left, roused his horse into a smart trot.

It seemed impossible for Thérèse to keep awake. The very effort of lifting her eyelids pained her. When she awoke again she was beyond the limit of the Rue Vaugirard and among the ruins of deserted factories. The horse was running and the man was lashing him. Thérèse was awake now—very much awake, with every nerve in her lithe body quivering. It would have been useless to have jumped out. Out! Where? In that road where every shadow might hold a footpad only too glad to have encountered a pretty woman away from the assistance of the police? She recalled the Infant's words. The police seldom ventured out there, and when they did they walked by fours.

Suddenly the steaming horse stopped. Thérèse instinctively sprang to her feet, but the ruffian on the box was too quick for her.

"Not so fast, my little lady," he leered, thrusting his face close to hers.

"I understand," she said coolly. "Well, what do you want?"

The eyes of the man glinted for an instant at the heavy silver and jeweled necklace about her throat—the one the sculptor Targelle had once fashioned for her, and which Thérèse wore in his memory.

"That's good merchandise you've got there, my chicken," he leered. "I don't want that; I've got plenty of my own. I'm good to my woman, I am."

"Thérèse grew cold all over; for a moment she labored for her breath.

"Ah, *surt!*" snarled the man, leaning back over his box. "Who are you, little *blanchisseuse*, that you should give yourself the airs of a *grande dame*? So you think I have run my good horse

over here for nothing? You might play that on your prince, but not on me, *gamine*."

A something akin to the accumulating strength a leopard feels before springing rose within her. She was no longer cold; she became hot with sudden frenzy. The sinews in her lithe body under this sudden tension of desperation became like steel. She slipped her hand into her pocket and wound her slender fingers with a tightening grip about the handle of her night key, its old-fashioned steel shank protruding from her clenched fist. Simultaneously the horse gave a sudden start and the ruffian half lost his balance; the next instant he regained his equilibrium and his coarse red hand fell like the paw of a bear on her throat. Then it was that all the pent-up desperation broke within her. In a frenzy she struck her assailant a swinging blow that sent the steel key ripping in a jagged gash from the eye to the jaw. The horse bolted, and the man, losing his balance, tumbled from his box. As he did so his right leg slipped between the spokes of the wheel.

Thérèse jumped and was thrown into the ditch by the roadside from the momentum of the lurching *fiacre*. She crawled to her knees. The *fiacre* was fast disappearing, swaying away in zigzags in the gloom of the road, while the ruffian screamed in agony at every revolution of the wheel of torture that mercilessly wrenched and snapped his bones as the frightened horse bolted on. Presently the man's cries grew fainter and a bend in the road hid the runaway from view.

Thérèse staggered painfully to her feet. She dared not cry out for help in that deserted district where every second shadow might screen some cut-throat. Keener than the physical pain and the fever her experience had caused was the agony of fear. She trudged on in the direction of the city limits, the screams of the man linked to the wheel ringing in her ears. The man was evidently dead or nearly so. Should the police chance to discover him mangled by the roadside they would scour the district for his assailant.

These things terrified her as she stumbled on. The rough stones in the road cut through her light slippers into the flesh. There had been no witness. Would the authorities take her word for what had happened? Suddenly she became conscious that she was still gripping the night key. She looked at it; there was blood upon it. She dared not throw it away; she felt it better to explain frankly when the time came. Perhaps the *commissaire de police* would believe her.

Just beyond her now, close to the road, lay a squatter's settlement. From a ramshackle window a light shone out. Thérèse shunk by this hovel in the shadow of a factory wall. As she did so for some moments her heart again seemed to stop beating. There were men inside the cabin; she could hear their oaths and laughter. The remaining hovels in the group lay tucked away in small truck gardens. These low shanties, patched with stray boards and roofed with odds and ends of the scrap heap were notorious shelters for a colony of Apaches, part of a vicious band smoked out of their stronghold on the outskirts of Menilmontant, where they had lived the year before in a deserted quarry. The girl moved on as in a nightmare.

Thérèse's high-heeled slippers were now in ribbons; a little farther on she discarded them, then turned back, picked them up and put them in her pocket. It was easier than stumbling in them, and she dared not leave them as a clue.

With the fast approaching daylight a new terror seized her. To be found by the police in the pitiful plight she was in meant arrest. Her thoughts came incoherently now. Her head seemed on fire; yet there was one dominating longing above all others, and that was to reach the Infant's studio. She had regained the Rue Vaugirard now, clenching her teeth to stifle the pain; vaguely she followed it block after block until she reached the side street in which the Infant lived. Twice she hid in an alleyway to avoid the passing police.

Half an hour later Thérèse found

herself at the doorway leading to the Infant's studio.

Madame Martin, his sleepy *concierge*, having opened the front door by pulling a cord suspended above her bed, had not even questioned the tired broken voice of the intruder. Thérèse crawled slowly up the narrow stairs leading to the Infant's door and grasped the bell cord, then fell unconscious beside the door.

And there he found her—her whom he really loved. She dimly realized the warmth of his strong arms as he carried her and placed her upon his bed—and Madame Martin weeping—and the quiet doctor giving that good soul orders; and for weeks she lay in the Infant's bed and the Infant bunked on the divan in Davidge's studio during the odd hours when she fell asleep and released his hand.

Almost any sunny afternoon if you chance to cross the Luxembourg Gardens you will see in the shadow of a statue, close to the fountain, a laughing little girl playing hoop with an English nurse; and not very far away sits a slender mother with her hair in a bandeau, reading. Sometimes the Infant joins his wife after work and they remain until the drum taps to close the gates. The Infant has been very successful. He has a new studio now in the Rue des Dames—a big studio with a sunny apartment above and plenty of room for Thérèse and the baby. Davidge painted the frieze in madame's boudoir as a wedding present. Davidge is a good fellow at heart, and since he received the decoration of the Légion d'Honneur he is getting quite dignified and his cynicism is a thing of the past.

In a corner over the divan, in the shadow of the big skylight downstairs, hangs a framed clipping from *Le Matin*, dated five years ago:

The agents of police, Grenard and Ravonneaux, discovered at daylight yesterday morning in a ditch in a deserted quarter on the outskirts of the Rue Vaugirard one named Jean Martin, *cocher de fiacre*, face gashed, internal injuries and leg broken. Crime? Or accident? At the Hospital Cochin; condition desperate. Monsieur Bouvais, the sympathetic *commissaire de police*, has opened an inquiry.

NICOTINE

By Stuart B. Stone

NICOTINE is a little god of the universal mist-ology, son of Morpheus and Memory, half-brother to the Muses and no farther removed than a third cousinship from the deity Bacchus.

Nicotine is the god of dreams and whimsies, varying moods, impossible resolves, more or less sober reflection, blissful inaction, self-reproach, sit-by-the-fire sentiment and philosophy of never a school.

The god manifests himself in various shapes. In Missouri and Kentucky he takes the form of a corn-cob. In the Latin countries he appears in a white dress of rice paper. Around Wheeling and Pittsburg he is garbed in funereal robes and poses more as a god of strength. In Turkey he is classed as a water deity.

The temples of Nicotine are the first passenger coaches on all railroad trains, the variety theaters, the bachelor apartments and a good proportion of the air castles of the land. To the little gray god are sacrificed a substantial part of the income, the respect of wives, New Year resolutions, nerves, digestion, doctors' admonitions and the epidermis of the first and second fingers of the right hand. The favored time of sacrifice is the after-dinner hour. The great annual festival of Nicotine, called the Irresolutionalia, is celebrated between the fifteenth of January and the first of February, and is marked by imposing processions to the temples, during which the devotees fall or leap from the wagons.

Nicotine is worshiped devoutly by a majority of the male element, and indiscreetly by an ever-increasing number of women. He is the special friend and patron of the solitary and the sociable, the raconteur and the grump, the fiancé and the jiltee, the globe gadder and the stay-at-home, the fool and the philosopher.

The smokeless age may be near at hand in the world of industry and engineering, but there is no visible indication that the fires of Nicotine will ever die out.



BRISTLING

By Mrs. J. J. O'Connell

THE tender-hearted, clinging maid
Has now departed, I'm afraid.

She's been supplanted in life's whirl
By the undaunted modern girl.

Her hatpins bristle, eight or nine;
She's like a thistle, not a vine.

THE END OF THE PATH

By Katharine Metcalf Roof

"**W**HERE are you going, Bertie?" Winifred had sighted him from her exalted position on the roof of the sheep barn. Pemberton answered without turning.

"To the river."

"Take me with you?"

He glanced up in the direction of the voice. A long pair of tan-colored legs dangled from the low eaves. The owner of the legs leaned over at what seemed a perilous angle, her eyes pleading, her mouth anticipating a little sullenly her fear of refusal. Winifred's eyes were blue under dark brows and lashes; her skin was tanned brown; her hair was very fair. The quality of her beauty was dramatic. But Pemberton's eyes, accustomed to her appearance, went to the robin's egg in her hand, from which a thin golden stream was flowing.

"Robbing birds' nests again, Freddy? I thought you had given up that collection."

Winifred frowned, but a loose strand of hair blew across her clouded brow like a ray of sunlight. "Donahue was going to take down the nest anyway," she muttered.

"Don't you know it is wrong to take life?" Then Pemberton smiled strangely at his own sardonic thought. "Think how the little bird worked all spring to make that nest, how she sat day after day on those eggs. Then all in an instant a great rude creature comes along and makes her little life a tragedy."

Winifred brushed aside a tear when he was not looking. "I don't care."

"Winifred—" The child stared. He seldom called her that, and his tone was grave. "Will you promise me right now that as long as you live you will never

hurt any helpless creature? Why we have the power to, God knows. It is another of the mysteries." He was talking more to himself than to the child, but Winifred, because her heart was swelling within her, set her lips obstinately. "No, I won't, either."

Pemberton turned. "Think it over. Perhaps you will afterwards. Remember I asked you."

She started. "Are you going away, Bertie?" He nodded. "Where?"

"On the river."

"Take me with you."

He shook his head. "You wouldn't promise."

He went on slowly down the path that led to the boathouse, and Winifred sat looking after him, breathing heavily. The one human being she adored—for her mother was dead and her father a busy remote person—was Ethelbert Pemberton. The reserve of approaching maturity had begun to modify the frankness of her worship, but her allegiance had not grown less. The adoration had begun when Winifred was three and Pemberton sixteen. Pemberton's father, an enthusiastic sportsman, had bought an old farmhouse near the Cartwrights' summer home in the mountains. They had no other neighbors.

But Bertie had been different this summer, Winifred mused. After his first greeting he had hardly noticed her. He had been absent-minded, unsmiling. She had not been on the river once with him this summer. He had permitted her to accompany him once or twice on his long tramps, but he had scarcely spoken.

She became aware of the broken bird's egg in her hand and threw it from her passionately. She hated the sight of it.

She could still see its vivid blue spot on the ground—rifled, despoiled, reproaching her. Bertie was offended with her because of it. He thought her cruel, childish. Bertie was so strong, yet he never hurt anything small or weak.

He had disappeared now around the turn between the trees.

She slipped down from the stable roof and walked quickly in the direction he had taken.

II

He had set the canoe in the water and was about to step into it when he remembered that he had forgotten to lock the boathouse.

He had planned it all carefully. It should seem an accident. No one could suspect him of intention now so long after the tragedy. The talk his sister so much disliked would be avoided. He had made a mess of his life. The golden bowl was cracked. The wrong that he had done could not be undone. The lives lost through his unfitness for responsibility could not be given back. They had all loved life no doubt, the poor victims of the disaster, but through his criminal carelessness they had lost it. He had been a boy trying to live a man's life. He was unfit—that was all there was to it; and there was no place for the unfit in the scheme of things. Yet how he had suffered! Almost enough to atone. He had never intentionally hurt a human being in his life. He had been too full of the joy of living, that was all. One might be careless a dozen times and not pay the price. Men took risks all the time and nothing happened. No one thought them unfit.

He turned the key in the lock. Life was a wretched business, anyway. Once he had thought it all sunshine. Well, he would leave no train of consequences. There was no one to be hurt. Evelyn was a worldly little thing. His mother was dead, thank God. His uncle would be glad to be rid of the rankling remembrance. He had never forgiven him. He had taken him into the firm—given him, a boy, the chance of a man's lifetime; and the tragedy had proved his worthiness of the trust!

He slipped the key into his pocket and turned to the canoe. As he did so he caught sight of a blue gingham dress between the trees. It was Winifred running pellmell down the path. He frowned and turned to step into the boat as if he had not seen her, but her penetrating young tones arrested him: "Bertie—wait!"

He hesitated between impatience and a restraining sense of their long comradeship. "What is it, Freddy?"

She came up slowly then, almost as if she feared him. Suddenly Pemberton seemed to see Winifred with new eyes. In a few years now the child would be a woman. Life must begin for her; it must hurt her, too. His tone became more gentle.

"What is it, Winifred?"

"What do you call me that for today? It sounds so funny."

He moved impatiently. "What do you want? I am in a hurry." Then a grotesque sense of his words struck him and he smiled.

She dropped her eyes; her red underlip quivered. "I am sorry about the robin's egg." She looked as if she were going to cry. He wondered at it a little indifferently. He knew that she was a child who felt intensely, yet locked her emotions in her heart with the fierce reserve of a boy.

"I won't ever rob a nest again, I promise." She raised her eyes, black with the dilation of the pupils. He foresaw that Winifred would be beautiful. It would be a noble, heroic sort of beauty, tending to austerity perhaps; but no, not with that mouth. The mouth suggested rather that the emotions of maturity when they came to Winifred might overturn will and judgment. With that mouth and those eyes she might be one of those who throw their all on a lost cause or sacrifice life on the altar of an idea.

He had not answered her, and she feared that her simple statement had not carried conviction. "I'll never hurt any animal. I won't even play roughly with the puppies. I won't whip the pony hard enough to hurt him. I'll never hurt another bird as long as I live."

He smiled absently, still seeing Win-

ifred prophetically. "And how about men, Freddy?"

"Men?" She knit her classic brows, doubtful of his meaning. Her interest returned to the main issue. "Now will you take me with you?"

"I can't this time, Freddy."

She turned aside quickly to hide her disappointment. "You said you would if I promised." It was not like Winifred to tease.

"I don't think I said just that. Is that the only reason you promised?"

"No." She stared at the swift river. It looked dark and mysterious in the late sunlight. Bertie was changed. He didn't care anything about her any more. The water looked sad and ominous. Pemberton caught himself wondering what her thoughts were. It was too bad to disappoint the child. Such a little thing—if it made so much difference to her— He became aware of her frank eyes upon him.

"What's the matter, Bertie?"

He started. "Nothing. Nothing is the matter. Why?"

"You don't laugh any more. And I heard daddy say it was too bad about you."

Pemberton laughed mirthlessly.

"Yes, it is too bad about me," he agreed.

"What have you done? He said you couldn't ever make good now. What did he mean by that? Didn't you pass your exams?"

He laughed again in the same way.

"No, I didn't pass."

"Did you try hard?"

"Not so hard as I should have."

She brightened. "Then you can do it if you try harder. What's the use of being down? It isn't the way daddy said. You *can* make good."

He shook his head and turned to the boat, and again Winifred urged him: "Take me, *please*, Bertie. You haven't taken me in the canoe once this summer."

He looked down into her pleading face. A few hours more or less—what difference could it make? "All right," he said; "hop in, and mind you keep still. I don't feel like fishing you out this time." And the next moment under his

strong stroke the canoe shot into the stream.

Winifred, utterly blissful, sat silent. The sun dropped, leaving a rose-colored afterglow between the trees, and the new moon grew bright above the pines. Pemberton glanced at her from time to time. Poor child, so proud, so sensitive, so full of the things she could not express! And she had no mother.

Winifred turned from her contemplation of the sky with a sigh. "Bertie, is it very wicked to steal birds' eggs?"

"It is cruel, and cruelty is wicked. There is so much misery in the world that we don't want to add to it one jot, Freddy, child."

"You said it was taking life; and that is the wickedest thing in the world, isn't it?"

He caught his breath, stabbed by her words. "It is a terrible thing to do even unintentionally. People love life."

"Do you love life, Bertie?"

"Not too much."

"Why?"

"It's a long answer and you wouldn't understand."

Her adoring eyes sought wistfully to read him. He turned the canoe skillfully and headed toward home against the current. She watched the strong play of his muscles. How easily he did it! She studied his clean-shaven face with its strong, fine modeling. All Winifred's heroes of history and fairy tale had that face. "Bertie, will you promise me something?" she said.

He glanced at her curiously. She sat in the prow obediently quiet, her chin in her hands, her elbows propped upon her knees, her fair hair blowing. "What is it?"

"I want you to promise me that you *will* make good. I think promising helps one to remember."

He shook his head. "That isn't always within a man's power."

She replied unexpectedly. "But you *can* do it, Bertie. You can do anything."

"You don't understand these things. You are only a little girl. A man's life is different."

She clasped her hands about her knees and looked at the sky, a rapt smile on

her face. "But I *know* that. You can do anything." Then her face clouded with apprehension and she drew a long breath. "Oh, I should be so wretched if you didn't!" she said.

He frowned and bit his lip; then he looked back into her eyes. She was only a child, but she believed in him as if he were a god. He knew that. It was absurd that the thought should bring him comfort. He landed the boat with a quick stroke. Winifred jumped out without ceremony and waited for him, tall and slim in the moonlight. He saw again her young heroic brow, her unflinching eyes, a brave boy's face save for the warm unconscious lips that were all feminine. He lifted the canoe into its rack and snapped the padlock, then came back to her. Her eyes were still upon him, trusting, waiting.

"I promised you; now you promise me," she said childishly, yet somehow, he felt, portentously. He stood silent and Winifred watched him, apprehending perhaps dimly the struggle she could not understand.

At last he looked up. "If I make you that promise, Freddy, it will be a long time before you will know that I have kept it."

She clasped her hands. "I would believe in you if you were as old as daddy before it came true!"

"I may be older. Your daddy isn't so old. And it will take me far away—" But not so far as he had intended to go, the thought came to him.

She turned aside to hide the tears that sprang to her eyes. "I don't care so long as you make good. You will come back."

He dropped into a long silence, staring at the river. At last he looked up and held out his hand. "I promise. Your hand on it, Freddy." She gave him a cool brown hand, wondering, and obeying an impulse he lifted it to his lips. Her consternation overcame all other emotions.

"It's awfully dirty. I helped Mac-Murray weed the garden. There was nothing else to do."

He smiled resignedly. "Well, I guess it's clean dirt."

They walked up the path in silence. Bertie was very queer today, Winifred mused. Why had he kissed her hand? Such a funny thing to do. That only happened to queens in stories. Then a pang sharp and terrible shook her, so that she stood still in the path.

"When are you going?"

"In a day or two."

"But you will come back soon—"

He shrugged. "God knows."

Winifred felt a suffocating sensation in her throat. She had not felt like that since her mother died. "It will be soon," she assured herself hastily; "it will be soon."

He became conscious of her again out of his dark reverie. He smiled and laid a brotherly hand on her shoulder in almost his old way. "Just as you say, Freddy. You are doing the prophethood act tonight."

III

THE six years had been so full of struggle and accomplishment that it seemed a lifetime to Pemberton since he had left Westfield. His career as an architect he had abandoned forever. His first thought in his mental reconstruction after he had given his promise to Winifred had been to find some way in the scheme of things to make atonement, to give back life a hundredfold where he had taken it. Yet, intense as his desire was, the thing was impractical. He could not at this stage of the game start in to study medicine and devote himself to life saving discoveries. His manner of service, of "making good," must be more indirect. An artist of some sort he would have to be; his imagination, his inventiveness, were all along that line. Once before the disaster he had considered being a painter, but now that life of placid concentration was impossible to him. He must do something that involved hard practical work, energetic achievement. He had lost the power to attain that quietness of spirit essential to the production of art.

He had found a vocation after six months' knocking about on a ranch, working hard in the open. He had settled on the outskirts of a Western city in

whose neighborhood clay of a certain kind was found in abundance, and had started, in a small way at first, his tile industry. One of his former colleagues at the Beaux Arts was a partner in an important architectural firm in Chicago and had given him large orders. He had made more experiments; his vogue had grown. Indigent art students who had any willingness to work found a home in his colony for so long or so short a time as they chose. He had put up some model workmen's cottages and had visions of an Arcadian community.

Now he was home again, walking across the fields to the Cartwrights in the old way. It all was as if he had never left it—the lazy rhythmic hum of the insects in the grass, the long afternoon shadows between the trees, the subdued ripple of the river, the winding path to its edge, the path down which he had walked to meet death and had found Winifred.

It was Winifred he was going to see. Her father was a being of a different world. The boys he remembered as troublesome children who were always having hairbreadth escapes. Winifred was the one link that bound him to his old life. She had grown beautiful, no doubt, as she had promised to be. She could not be married or he would have heard. She had not written to him for three years, but he had received her un-failing little gifts on his birthday and at Christmas time.

At the turn of the drive he caught sight of a tall girl in white on the veranda. Winifred had promised to be tall. The girl's hair was fair; it must be Winifred. He reached the steps and she turned at the sound. He saw the quick glad recognition in her face. She came toward him with both hands outstretched. "Bertiel!" she cried. "Why, Bertiel! We heard you were back."

He took her hands and held them, searching her face. Yes, it was Winifred, the same eyes, the same brow; but the blonde hair was piled high in soft waves and her expression was subtly different.

He dropped her hands. "Yes, I have come back," he said. His eyes held

hers until they fell. "But I have lost my Freddy. It is Winifred now."

"No, it is still Freddy," she assured him. "And you have kept your promise. You have made good. I knew you would."

He smiled. "It was all your doing."

She shook her head. "And I have kept my promise, too." She laughed.

"Your promise?" She saw that he had forgotten.

"I promised not to steal any more birds' eggs."

He laughed. "I remember now."

"And never to hurt any helpless living creature. You see, I remember your very words."

Then, rather with a recurrence of his prophetic thought than a recollection of it, he said: "I am afraid I asked the impossible. How are you going to help dealing fatal wounds to helpless man?"

She laughed, but it came to him that she seemed something too fine for any man's wooing. Yet the mouth was human, fashioned for love and loving. Yes, Winifred was a woman who would play her part in men's destinies. Even the child had strangely guided his.

"Winifred," he said, "do you know where I was going that afternoon you came after me down to the path there and wrested that promise from me?"

She nodded. "To the river."

"Farther than that. I was going to the river to make an end of it. Do you know why?"

She gave him a startled look, then glanced away from him. "I heard—I understood later that something terrible had happened to you. But I never dreamed—" She did not finish.

"You knew about the building that collapsed because I had not done my duty inspecting the work, because I was a rattle-brained boy, winning cups in athletics when I should have been attending to my serious work in life, because I trusted a tricky contractor who wasn't to be trusted—and then—all those lives blotted out, sent into eternity—on my soul."

"Don't think of it." Winifred's moved voice broke into his torturing reverie. "It can't help things. It wasn't so ter-

ribly your fault. You never meant to hurt anyone. It was a sort of accident."

He drew a long breath. "It *was* my fault; but you are right: there is no use thinking about it. It has done what it has done to my life. I haven't spoken of it since. You know—or perhaps you don't—that Uncle Malcolm washed his hands of me after it. He couldn't forgive me, naturally, after he had given me that wonderful chance, then—to have me soil his professional name in return for it."

"Poor Bertie," she murmured softly. "But you aren't fair to yourself. He made a lot of reputation on one of your buildings. Daddy said so. And you *have* atoned, if there was anything to atone for. I know what you have done for people out there—the poor art students you have helped, the men you have taken from the prisons to work for you and given them a fresh start in life."

His face lightened sensitively, but he only said: "I haven't done anything."

Winifred, studying him, saw even with the eyes of her happy youth the lines that tragedy had drawn in the glad boyish face she remembered, but she thought they had only made it finer, stronger. He had seemed a young Siegfried then; now he was Lancelot. She drew a long breath.

"And you made me promise not to take life"—one of the intense changes that he remembered swept across her face—"when you were going to take your own! Oh, Bertie—and I never guessed!"

She turned away with her characteristic impulse to conceal emotion.

"Tell me about yourself," he said. "Are you engaged yet? How many hearts have you broken?" She shook her head, laughing. "In love?" Then he reproached himself for his lightness. But she answered emphatically—almost patronizingly: "Oh, no, indeed!"

"We will do all the old things together."

"Yes, but it won't be the same," she said sorrowfully. He smiled at her tragic face.

"Why not?"

"Nothing is. I have to wear gloves

and a hat, and I mustn't climb trees where anyone can see."

"It isn't necessary that things shall be the same to be nice."

"How is your father? Is he at home?" He suddenly recalled the conventionalities.

"No; father and the boys are out shooting. They," she smiled, "did *not* promise." Then she characteristically swept them aside. "I want to hear all about your work. It sounds so real. Nothing is real in New York."

He smiled. "I will tell you till you cry for help. You must play with me all the time, you know. I sha'n't be here long. But for two weeks we can turn back the pages to the chapter where we left off, and everything shall be as it was. Is that a bargain?"

She put out her hand boyishly in the old way. "It's a bargain."

And that time, although he had the impulse, he did not kiss it.

IV

THEY slipped back into something like their old companionship, quite the same, it seemed, so far as Winifred was concerned. The two weeks passed quickly; then Bertie made it three. Half of that was gone on a certain afternoon when they went blackberrying.

They had stopped on the way home for a last handful, and quarreled over the ownership of the pails—Winifred's had not been quite full. In the discussion she had upset one—his, Pemberton insisted. "Now you can pick it up," he had said to her quite in the old way; and, protesting, she had started mechanically to obey him. Then suddenly she rose to her height.

"I just guess I *won't*. Do it yourself," she said.

"More force than elegance," he observed. And between wrath and banter, with a blue fire in her eyes, she ordered him imperiously: "Pick them up."

Their eyes met and clashed. "I will, will I, you miserable spoiled child!" He caught her hands. "We shall see—" Then suddenly, electrically, the thing

smote him and he dropped them. He bent to pick up the scattered berries. His hand shook; his heart thumped against his side. Yes, he loved her. He must have loved her all the time. He heard her laughing voice.

"Poor old Bertie! I'm horrid. I knocked them over. I'll pick them up." She knelt beside him in the grass, and they filled the pail together. When the last berry was gathered she rose and stood looking at him, half laughing. Then gradually she seemed to wonder and the laughter died out of her eyes. "What is the matter?" she said.

In the silence the rhythmic beat of the insects in the grass seemed portentous. He raised his eyes. "Don't you understand? I love you."

Still she stared a moment childishly; then her eyes fell and her color rose. He caught her hands again, but she struggled and he released her.

"I love you, Winifred."

She drew back. "Oh, no—not like that. Can't we just have a nice time together?"

The rejection in her tone was unmistakable. He turned away. "You are too young. I should not have spoken."

They walked slowly home, Winifred with a hanging head like a child caught in a fault. When he tried to make conversation her replies were timid and halting. "I am afraid I have spoiled our playtime, Freddy," he said; "but it was almost over."

"Oh, no," she cried, as if the thought hurt her.

"Don't think of it any more. I had no right to say it. A man capable of my weakness once may be weak again. It means that there is a bad spot in me. I am not fit to take your little white life into my hands."

His self-accusation stabbed her. "It's just that I don't want to marry anyone ever," she repeated.

They had reached her gate. "Won't you come back for dinner?" she urged him.

"Not tonight."

"It will be just the same," she pleaded.

"Not quite, I'm afraid."

She walked slowly up the road to the

house, wondering about it miserably. Why did things have to be like this? Why couldn't they just go on as they were?

When he left her at the end of the week he said: "It may be forever, Winifred. I am going to kiss you good-bye." And he kissed her on her straight brows as he had kissed the child. Then suddenly he forgot his resolves and kissed her as a man kisses the woman he loves. She broke from him crimson, breathless. "Bertie, how could you—how horrid—"

She ran to her room, locked the door and rubbed her face roughly with a towel until it hurt. Then suddenly she threw herself upon her bed face downward and cried.

V

THE last of October Winifred's aunt, who, having no taste for the isolation of Westfield, left her niece unchaperoned save by her father and brothers the greater part of the summer, returned to New York and summoned the reluctant Winifred to join her. She had not seen Pemberton since his departure. Early in November her father, who had entered some horses in the Lakewood horse show, inquired of Winifred the evening before the event if she intended to accompany them. A refusal sprang to her lips, but before she had spoken he added: "Pemberton is going to ride one of Deering's new hunters, I hear. The jockey he wanted is ill. Deering isn't very strong for trying out strange horses himself."

"I believe I will go," said Winifred carelessly, and Miss Cartwright reflected that her niece was beginning to have civilized tastes.

She observed with further pleasure that Winifred really seemed to take an interest in her toilette next morning, for she observed her trying and discarding hats and veils in rapid succession before she seemed to find herself arrayed to her satisfaction. And when they reached the clubhouse ground, Winifred seemed keenly alive to all that was going on in the ring.

Pemberton discovered them and stopped at their car a brief formal mo-

ment. Miss Cartwright did the talking. Winifred was dumb. Bertie had scarcely looked at her. Her heart sank. She suddenly hated the horse show. Everything seemed tedious; the waits were endless. She turned the leaves of the book devoted to the day's proceedings. The hurdle jumping came halfway down the list.

The time dragged intolerably, but at last the moment arrived and the hunters entered the ring. There were four entries. Winifred's father remarked cheerfully that Pemberton's black hunter had a "bad eye." Indeed, it was obvious to Winifred from the first, well versed as she was in horse lore, that the animal was either vicious or had been abused. She sat forward, her attention suddenly tense. The horses were galloping informally around the ring. Pemberton led the black horse up to examine the fence, which was a lightly built structure nailed together instead of being made with displaceable bars.

Now they were making ready for the jump. The first horse, a powerful bay, went over striking his heels; the second one refused and was turned back again by his rider. The next time he achieved it, puffing painfully. The third horse, a lank gray, took the fence casually with a long, loose, slovenly stride and the crowd laughed. Then it was Pemberton's turn. He carried the black horse up to the fence with a swinging gallop; there it balked suddenly with a snort. Pemberton set his jaw—Winifred knew the look—but he did not strike the horse. He wheeled about lightly back to the starting point. A second time the black horse refused the fence. The third time Pemberton urged it, driving his knees into its sides. The horse leaped then, but jumped short, hit the fence with a crash and man and beast went down in a cloud of dust.

Winifred's heart struck against her side and seemed to stop. Bertie, violently thrown, lay on the earth a still, brown heap. A number of men ran up, and a crowd quickly collected, hiding him. She rose and called his name. Her aunt drew her back forcibly into her seat. "He is getting up," Miss Cartwright told her. "He isn't hurt." The crowd

parted; Winifred caught a glimpse of Bertie standing up. She stared trembling. His face was set. He limped toward the horse. She cried out aloud: "Oh, don't, don't—" for his foot was in the stirrup again. He mustn't try to take that fence with that horse—he mustn't. Winifred was shaking from head to foot, her eyes strained after him. He was on the horse now, riding about the ring. He had turned back to the start; he was going to take it again.

He rode past with a rush, the animal snorting violently, its nostrils wide and quivering. They were almost at the fence. She saw Bertie strike lightly downward with the whip. With all the force of his will the man seemed to compel the beast. She shut her eyes and opened them again immediately. The black horse rose straight and clean over the fence, heels clear, and a shout went up. Winifred fell back limp, the course, the trees, the moving figures going around before her eyes.

"Winnie, are you faint? You had better take some tea." She heard her aunt's voice.

"I believe I will." Winifred rose. "Shall I go with you?" her aunt asked.

But she waved her aunt back with her old childish abruptness. "No, I am going alone."

She walked slowly around the outskirts of the crowd. At last she caught sight of him talking with a group of men. "Oh, he's all right, just in bad shape, poor old boy," she heard Bertie say as he patted the horse's steaming neck. Then he saw her and quickly left the others. "Alone, Winifred?" he said.

She looked up at him. He was startled at her face. "I want some tea," she said.

"Let me take you to the clubhouse." He turned and walked away with her before the bystanders had time to speculate.

She saw that he still limped. "You were hurt," she said.

"A barked shin. A tumble like that is nothing." He glanced at her. "It has upset you. I am so sorry you saw it."

They did not talk much over their tea,

which came promptly. When they had finished it Winifred rose immediately. "Will you walk in the pines with me a while, or do you want to watch?" she asked him. "I am tired of sitting still."

"Anything you like. I don't care about watching."

But when they had walked out of sight of the crowd she suddenly stopped and sat down, and seeing how undone she looked he followed her example without question. It did not occur to him to suggest that she would catch cold. Their whole companionship had been in the open without regard to weather or seasons. Suddenly she turned her changed face upon him. "Bertie, I must tell you. I didn't understand that day last summer. I knew when I saw you on the ground there. I—I do love you."

He looked away from her quickly. "You child," he said at last. "You were bowled over by that little spill. You are all in."

"It isn't that."

"Of course it is. Fortunately I am old enough to understand and not take advantage of the fact."

"Bertie, please—" She put out her hand, but he did not take it. He resolutely turned away his head.

"You are a romantic child. You imagine what I did to be a piece of heroism instead of an ordinary piece of good horsemanship. You ought to know the difference."

"It isn't what you did."

He rose. "You are mistaking your emotions. You are too young to understand. I am going to take you back to your aunt."

She rose too, slowly. He did not help her. "I do understand. I know now. I have always loved you. You have been my hero always."

He laughed. "A pretty poor hero! You will find a worthier one some day. You are no more in love with me than you were when you were fourteen. I'll never forget how you looked at me when I kissed you."

Her cheeks burned. She looked away. "No one had ever kissed me before."

He began to walk on. "I know. Well, it didn't hurt you. No man will ever do it with more reverence."

She was afraid that she was going to cry. She stood still. "Bertie, please go on without me. I don't want to go back."

He glanced at her. "No, you must come with me. Draw down your veil. We won't talk any more just now." And she did as he told her.

When they were within a few feet of the crowd she said timidly: "You won't go without coming to say good-bye?"

"I am going up to Westfield tomorrow," he told her. "But I shall be back in town for a day or two before I go West. Of course I shall see you then."

Then he handed her into the motor. The next moment he took her hand in farewell, lightly, like a stranger.

Suddenly a fierce sense of revolt came over Winifred. Something in her rose and battled. What was this thing that had taken possession of her without warning, turning the world upside down for her? She would resist it. She would be her old self as she had been before Bertie kissed her and went away. It was hateful to feel like this.

Then she caught sight of his familiar figure walking across the golf links and her heart rose in ecstasy to sink in despair when he was no longer in sight. Then the protest of her strong youth defying this sudden possession of its citadel gave way. It was no use. There was nothing but death for her if Bertie did not love her.

VI

THE next day some careless words of her father's made Winifred's heart stand still. "I fancy Bertie was pretty badly knocked up by that fall yesterday. He fainted afterwards and went home looking like a rag."

Then, as though Bertie's welfare were no great matter, he picked up his paper and told his sister that he was going to Westfield on a morning train to see how the new stable was progressing.

Winifred went straight to the telephone, only to learn from the hotel clerk

that Pemberton had gone out of town for a day or two, leaving no address.

She hung up the receiver with an air of desolation. Bertie had gone to Westfield as he said he would, that was all. He was all right or he could not have taken the trip. To Westfield—an idea struck her. She hurried upstairs to the library and told her father that she was going to Westfield with him; then, having imparted the information to her aunt, she went off to superintend Ellen in the swift packing of her valise.

The moment Winifred arrived at Westfield she walked down the road and across the fields in the direction of Pemberton's house. She caught a glimpse of him having a conference with Mr. Lane, a neighboring farmer who worked his land and took care of his house. Apparently he did not see her. She walked slowly back, lacking the courage to call out to him, as she would naturally have done in the old unconscious days. Later she sent Ellen over on an elaborately fabricated borrowing expedition. "Tell him to come over to dinner if he feels like it," she directed Ellen with an attempt at carelessness, "and ask him if he is quite well after his fall." But Pemberton only sent back an armful of honeysuckle with the message that he was quite well but too busy to dine with her.

For the rest of the day Winifred did not go out of sight of the house, but Pemberton did not come.

He would surely come in the evening, she assured herself, and she dressed for dinner in a round-necked muslin and fastened a spray of the honeysuckle in her hair.

After dinner she threw a blue cape about her and went out on the veranda and stood looking over in the direction of his house, which lay a little below them in the valley.

A cold white mist was rising from the river, but the air held the warm scent of the honeysuckle. There was a light in one window. Bertie must be at home. She glanced back into the living room. Her father was not there. She slipped down the steps to the carriage road and strolled slowly along as if enjoying the

moonlight. But when she reached the turn out of sight of the house she threw her light skirt over her arm and ran. She reached his door out of breath. On the low porch she paused, then tiptoed toward the lighted window intending to rap on the pane, but the light moved as she went toward it, so she knocked on the door instead. It seemed an age before it was opened, and then in the doorway stood not Bertie but Mrs. Lane's ample form.

Winifred asked impatiently for Pemberton. The deliberate farmer's wife stared, then laughed. "Oh, it's you, Miss Winifred. I thought your folks had all gone back to the city."

Winifred repeated her question impatiently. It was a moment before Mrs. Lane replied with the relish of the provincial in the unwelcome announcement. "Mr. Pemberton? Why he's gone long ago."

"Gone!" Winifred stared, frozen.

Mrs. Lane nodded. "Half an hour ago, I guess. My Willie took him."

"Where?"

"To the train, the night train to New York." Mrs. Lane searched the darkness to see if Winifred was accompanied. A moment the girl stood motionless. "And you jest came up today, didn't you?" Mrs. Lane pursued. But before she had finished Winifred was running down the road. Mrs. Lane watched her, shook her head, muttering: "But she's a wild one!"

Half an hour gone on his six-mile ride! She might catch him by the Lanesville road, the short cut. It was too narrow for a wagon, but possible for the traveler on horseback. The horses knew the road. She ran to the stable. The men were all at their supper. She harnessed her horse herself, selecting a side saddle, and flinging herself upon it dressed as she was, in another minute was galloping down the road.

The horse was fresh; the moon was up. In half an hour she had emerged from the chill black woods out upon the open main road a quarter of a mile from the station. She pushed on to the depot without permitting the horse to relax his pace. The station master was walking

on the platform. She called out to ask him if Mr. Pemberton had arrived yet. The man, staring, replied at his leisure: "There ain't nobody been here as I know of."

Winifred turned sharply back in the direction from which she had come. "Must be something the matter up to Pemberton's," the station master remarked to his friend the postmaster, who sat in the waiting room by the lamp reading yesterday's paper. "It looked like Cartwright's girl, but she didn't just give me time to find out. I thought they wuz all back to the city." Winifred rode slowly back to the crossroad to wait. Then she slipped from her horse and stood holding him by the rein. The flutter of dry leaves in the wind, the crackling of a branch, even the dull thud of her own heartbeats tortured her nerves, strained in the effort of listening for the sound of wheels on the road. The air was damp and cold. She was not conscious of chill, but in a curious, intense way she realized all the pungent fall odors in the darkness, the scent of the honeysuckle in her hair with its vaguely sweet promises, its faint premonitions of heartbreak. At last her ear caught the rhythmic thud of horse's hoofs on the hard road, the grating of wheels. Now the horse stumbled. His shoe rang sharply against a stone. Presently a light wagon came around the turn of the road, the horse at a comfortable jog trot. There were two men inside. Yes, it was Bertie.

Winifred stepped out into the full moonlight. "Bertie," she called softly.

He drew in the horse and leaned out toward her. "Winifred!" he exclaimed. "Is it you?"

For a moment he stood staring at her, bareheaded, whiterobed in the moonlight holding the horse by the bridle.

"I thought it was Brünnhilde and Grane," he said. Then he threw the reins to Willie Lane and jumped out, telling that bewildered youth to drive on with his valise to the station.

"You crazy child!" he said at last. "Is anything the matter? Why have you done this?"

She dropped Grane's bridle, and the

horse moved away to crop the cold grass. She had no words to explain herself. She could only put out her hands to him—"Oh, Bertie"—then suddenly withdrew them to cover her face. "You were going without saying good-bye," she said.

"It seemed easier. And you rode through the woods alone! It wasn't safe. You oughtn't to have done it." She did not answer his rebuke. "And you rode all this way to say good-bye—"

She broke out breathlessly: "No, no, not good-bye, not good-bye, Bertie!"

"And you are cold; you are shivering—in that thin dress. Haven't you any wrap?"

She shook her head. "I lost it."

He took off his overcoat and wrapped it around her. She resisted weakly. "You will catch cold."

"No, I won't." He strove to speak cheerily, although his voice shook. "I won't need it on the train." He had buttoned it about her and was about to withdraw his hands, but she clung to him shivering.

"My train goes in ten minutes. You foolish child, what shall I do with you? You must ride back with Willie Lane."

But she shook her head; her sobs caught her. Despairingly she cried out as she had done that day long ago when she had stopped him on the path to the river. "Oh, Bertie, take me with you!"

"It is that absurd accident yesterday," he said at last. "You have got yourself all worked up about it."

She put up her hands and caught his coat lapels. "Oh, Bertie, don't you want me any more?"

He took her hands and tried to put them from him, but they closed upon his. "I love you," she whispered.

"What do you know about love? When I asked you before this thing happened yesterday you sent me away."

"I didn't know till then. How could I know all at once? I never loved anyone before. You must understand—I love you, Bertie, I love you!" She seized him by the shoulders and shook him, half crying.

"If you should be sorry afterwards—"

"How can I tell until it is afterwards? Bertie dear, give me a chance to be sorry."

Still he mustered strength to resist her. "That is what I mustn't do."

She broke out stormily again. "Why did you ever ask me if you didn't love me? You have changed your mind. You don't want me any more." She dropped her hands then, turned to stone at the thought.

"Oh, my God!" Bertie began to laugh. "Don't want you! I want you so much that the world is spinning round with it. I can't see—or think—but I know that I lost my head when I spoke that day. I know I mustn't take you yet, if ever. In another year perhaps—you are too young."

She drew herself up to his face—she

was almost as tall as he. "You sha'n't leave me—you sha'n't. You shall take me now."

For the second time she had taken his life into her hands. And Winifred, having flung herself in the completeness of her self-surrender as far as her own will might carry her, waited with closed eyes, with held breath, with her very heart-beat arrested, a second of poignant, intolerable waiting, then she felt his arms close about her.

And Grane, cropping grass in the darkness, was roused rudely from his meditations by an alien hand. For Willie Lane, disgruntled and grumbling, was obliged to surrender his place in the cart to ride home on a side saddle. Fortunately the darkness covered his ignominy!



IN THE KINGDOM OF THE ROSE

By Thomas Walsh

ACROSS the kingdom of the rose
 Old Father Time, a pilgrim, goes,
 And fills his scrip and bends his knee
 At many a roadside priory
 Of daffodil and fleur-de-lis,
 In the kingdom of the rose.

Like a lighted shrine the orchard glows
 Down blosmy lanes; the lily shows
 In the hillside sweep of lance and spear
 That silver tournaments are near;
 And the poppy's gipsy camps appear
 In the kingdom of the rose.

But out of some high country blows
 A chiming sweet as Roncevaux's,
 To guide the pilgrim to his shrine,
 To tell me soon this heart of mine
 With love's own flower shall intertwine
 In the kingdom of the rose.



RICHES have wings, but they don't seem to have any tail that you can put salt on.

THE BEAUTIFUL LADY

By Edwin L. Sabin

MACGREGOR is a hairy-visaged, excessively cross-eyed little man, devoted to onions. An untrimmed growth of sandy Scotch whiskers covers all his flattish countenance from ear tips to Adam's apple; his twain eyes, puckered and blue, point in toward his stubby nose; he is five feet of stature and bow-legged at that. On the outskirts of the city he cultivates onions to sell. He lives alone, and his main relaxation is the "two fingers" of smoky Scotch, taken in solitary state at night. There you have the MacGregor; but the name is of course not to be forgotten.

The meadow larks were sweetly whistling and the sky was pink with May twilight when, on this fateful evening, MacGregor, with soul impervious apparently to beauty, in brogans and overalls and checkered gingham shirt, was delving like a gnome in his onion field. Beside the onion field ran the road, connecting link between the city suburbs and the broad, rolling countryside. Along this road now whirled with busy exhaust an automobile; but MacGregor, the hairy gnome, did not lift his nose from his onion tops. Autos might come and autos might go; his sphere was the onion field.

So he did not notice that the machine had halted, and that from it had alighted a woman, who lithely circumventing the fence by means of a loose wire, was coming on, tripping with skirt well held across the field amidst the onion tops. He did not notice until her rustle apprised him of a new element in his atmosphere.

MacGregor raised his lowly head from his grubbing, and, startled, out of

his bushy, carrotty front stared with his crossed eyes at the apparition. The woman was standing close before him. She might have descended from an aeroplane or have sprung up, like an onion, from the earth.

MacGregor blinked. A young woman she was, a beautiful young woman. A young woman so beautiful, with her dark, flashing eyes, her tinted olive skin, her vivid parted lips, her panting bosom, and thus smartly attired, never previously had entered an onion field.

She addressed him.

"Will you help a woman?"

MacGregor, still staring, half afrighted, slowly straightened his back. His mouth gaped and closed, struggling for utterance. His weeding hook dropped from his hairy hand.

"Will you help a woman—you?" she appealed breathlessly.

"Weel, and who might it be?" ventured MacGregor cautiously.

"Me—I—I ask of you; look at me." With impulsive gesture she spread both her hands. And MacGregor *was* looking at her, although his eyes certainly would appear to be focused upon the bridge of his own nose.

"Will you, a man, help me, a woman? Quick!" she repeated impatiently.

MacGregor, fascinated, nodded.

"Aye, perhaps. But what might it be?" he stammered, to investigate further.

"Come," she bade, turning.

"Weel," faltered MacGregor, following across the field in the wake of delicious perfume, "but I'm no mechanic."

However, the machine required no fixing, for with swish of silk she stepped

promptly in. She bent a luring, glowing gaze upon MacGregor hesitating.

"Come," she said again. It was an invitation and a command together.

MacGregor shrank back, abashed.

"My clothes—I'm no dressit," he protested feebly.

"The clothes! They are perfect, perfect," she cried, clasping her gloved hands. "Quick! It is you I need."

And with his blue crossed eyes firmly held by her dark, glowing straight ones, MacGregor, wiping his brogans carefully upon the threshold, so to speak, also stepped in. As he settled with a grunt in a corner amidst the yielding upholstery, the woman leaned across in front of him—he felt the subtle warmth of her; he smelled the subtle scent of her—and slammed shut the door.

"Go," she said to the driver.

The great machine whirled and throbbed with life, and leaped like a pricked colt. MacGregor involuntarily clutched the cushions. With a swoop and swerve the machine faced about; and they sped down the road townward. MacGregor wondered if anybody had witnessed him going off this way, at such an hour, with a lady—he, a bachelor! 'Twas food for scandal. A vague anxiety permeated him. But the beautiful woman had turned upon him her gaze. It enveloped him like a down mantle, and at the same time it prickled.

"You will help me?" she voiced softly. "*Mon dieu*, what a man!"

This last was no doubt intended as complimentary; nevertheless, huddled in his corner like a captured chimpanzee, MacGregor hitched uneasily.

"Weel," he would suggest plaintively, "it's best I know where I might be going. I moost no be gang ower lang."

She inclined to him, again enveloping him with that mysterious force breathed by her femininity.

"You are chevalier, a—what—a gentleman—a brave, true gentleman," she answered, her eyes drowning him with their depths. Under their glorious flood MacGregor, puzzled little man, winked dazed. How could his two crossed puckered orbs cope with these? "I called. You came. You do not stop

to ask why. You will help a woman—even if she is only poor I."

"Weel," persisted MacGregor, "I moost no be gang ower lang from my onions."

"A wife? You have a wife?" she demanded eagerly.

MacGregor shook his head, and amidst his whiskers smiled sheepishly.

"No. Else," he added, with a touch of shrewdness, "best had I no be gang at all this way."

"Not married? Good. *C'est bien*."

And sinking back she surveyed him. "You are free. That is as I hoped. It is more right that you be free. I was led to you, and I found you. You will not regret. No, at the end you will not regret."

She continued to regard him, and at her luminous, absorbing inspection MacGregor deliciously shivered. Surely this was a strange situation for a sober Scotchman who tended his onions by day and snored by night and never dreamed.

The car sped on through the waning twilight. In the west's pink flickered and flamed a brilliant star. The suburbs had been reached; the stars of the city, outbidding those of the heavens, awaited myriad before. With MacGregor clutching fast the upholstery about him—with MacGregor, hairy little man, retired chimpanzee-like in his corner, I say—the car whirled into the entrance of a park, and swiftly upon velvet wheels plunged among the over-arching trees.

The beautiful woman leaned toward him; she laughed gently; her eyes drew him in, in.

"Are you afraid?" she cajoled. "Not afraid of me! See—I am just a woman, who has asked a brave man to help her. And you, my chevalier—ah, no, you are not afraid of me!"

MacGregor, with sensation odd—yes, feeling much as might feel a frog whose rock prison had suddenly been cracked to let in the light of a radiant day—laughed foolishly himself. Some old wine bubbled in his heart. Afar was the onion field, and he was riding princely and luxurious, adventure bound, beside

a woman who flattered him and caressed him. Was he MacGregor? Was he "Mac" who raised onions?

Through the glamorous park they reeled, and out into a street of lights; with MacGregor gazing about only half seeing, half believing, they swerved to the curb and halted. Again leaning—and again he felt the warmth of her, that scented, thrilling warmth—the woman opened the door of the machine.

"After you, m'sieur," she said, with her wonderful smile. And MacGregor, in his brogans, overalls and gingham shirt, clambered out. She followed. "Come," she bade.

It was a towering, white stone apartment building—a veritable palace. They passed in; and as the heavy polished door of the vestibule noiselessly swung to behind them the machine whirled away from the curb.

Now they were confronted by an elevator. Never had MacGregor, little Mac, penetrated by this route into such an apartment house—at least, not since he once had made search, ten years ago, for a cousin employed as a janitor, who had owed him forty cents.

But the elevator responded, just as he had responded, to the magic of the beautiful woman. At her touch the door of it slid back. "After you, m'sieur," she smiled. They were in the cage together; the door clicked and latched; at a second touch from the beautiful woman they rose, and ere they had stopped she had flashed upon him another of her bountiful smiles.

Somewhat giddy with the ascent, the perfume, the smile, MacGregor next found himself in a set of rooms the languorous wealth of which surpassed all his previous ken.

The walls of this first room were tinted yellow; the ceiling was pale blue; upon the floor was a handsome rug; upon the walls were splendid pictures. There were fine chairs and a couch, draperies at the windows, in the fireplace a fire, and the lights were frosted globes. In the room—a red room—beyond, and connected by an arch, could be seen a dining table, the sheen

of a white cloth, the glint of glass and silver.

All this MacGregor remembers very well. Now in the midst of the magnificence he stood, the captured chimpanzee, abashed, trying to credit the testimony of his crossed eyes. Was he a prince, long disguised, but transported by Arabian Nights necromancy from his onion field to these chambers of a princess? Well, perhaps; there was naught too good for a MacGregor.

The beautiful woman approached the fire and held her two gloved hands to the steady gas blaze.

"Sit down, my chevalier," she invited, with that smile which made MacGregor so helpless.

From the adjoining room a man appeared. He paused, framed in the archway. He was a slender, swarthy man, with black hair combed straight back from the forehead, and with a small pointed black mustache. His shirt front gleamed white.

"I have found him, him who will help me," spoke the woman. "See!" and she indicated MacGregor dramatically. "Is he not perfect?"

The man muttered something which MacGregor, upon the edge of the chair, did not understand. But the man's eyes, set in the dark, smooth, sleek, narrow countenance, burned into MacGregor and brought a sensation uncomfortable. They were not the caressing eyes of the beautiful woman.

She answered with a laugh. And then MacGregor heard her addressing himself.

"Presently we shall dine. Art hungry, *mon ami*? He will show you where to wash, if desired."

"Ah, weel," objected MacGregor, hesitant; "I'm no fit."

She lifted her slender forefinger, admonishing.

"Chut, what are clothes?" she reproved. "I see the man."

Piloted down a short hall, MacGregor next found himself in a bathroom of great sumptuousness. He knew that it was a bathroom, for here was a marble tub, white and shiny, and here was also a washbowl. He did not get

into the tub, did Mac, for the day was only a Tuesday; but with much snorting through his whiskers he laved his hairy face and scrubbed his hairy hands, and he gingerly wiped upon the soft towels. As he combed and brushed, with some misgivings he surveyed in the glass that visage of his.

"Ah, weel—" and he sighed. "Likely the glass is crooked. I can no be sae bad, after all, to the leddy."

The "leddy," when he came upon her again in the room yellow and blue, had changed her clothes even if she had not required that he change his. All in creamy white she was, with a long flowing dress which fell in graceful lines from her bared shoulders and swept the rug. In its carroty jungle MacGregor's mouth opened. He fain would avert his dazzled eyes, but they returned again and again to that sight, tempting devilishly.

She, the beautiful thing, must have read his plight, for she laughed gaily.

"Am I *belle*, m'sieur?" she cooed. "Poor I, whom you, a man, have come to help—to put under obligation so great that who can tell what may be your reward?"

"Bonny, sair bonny," muttered MacGregor—the best at his command.

She rustled nearer; the perfume of her, the proximity of her, intoxicated him. His old dried blood surged like sap in April.

"Shall we dine, you and I?" she asked. "*En famille*—just you and I?" And she slipped an arm, clinging and soft, through his ginghamed sleeve. "Come, my chevalier."

Resistlessly MacGregor suffered himself, as in a dream, to be conducted to the dining table.

The man who seemed to be the servant was waiting at attention. He pulled out the beautiful woman's chair for her; MacGregor awkwardly settled into his own chair opposite. The snowy cloth, from which he fain would withdraw his coarse garments, the array of polished metal and glasses, much bewildered him; while right before him, and but a few feet away, were those purely alive, satin-skinned shoulders and

that fair neck topped by those smiling lips and dusky eyes which ever played upon him.

Occasionally she spoke to the servant—in English, bidding him proffer food and drink to MacGregor, or in tongue unknown, aside, to which the man made reply likewise unknown. And often she spoke, smiling gloriously, to Mac himself; so that ere long, warmed by the strange, exquisite viands and by the generous draughts of sparkling, tingling liquor—this he dimly realized was champagne—his tongue started and he was discoursing boldly upon onions. 'Twas fine to have such an audience; and after all, she was a canny lady, to whom onions were a topic of much worth.

MacGregor is not quite certain as to the finale of that dinner, nor as to how he and the beautiful one arrived in the other room again. But there he discovered himself and her occupying luxurious easy chairs under the frosted clustering lights before the grate; and comporting himself now as a man good as any man, with his brogans proffered to the blaze, he was recklessly puffing at a cigarette—he, the MacGregor, whom formerly an old black pipe had sufficed. And as a man of the world he accepted that near him she should be daintily handling another cigarette—she, in satin gown and satin shoulders, her slippered feet just visible amidst folds of shimmer and foam.

Once, at least, MacGregor remembers as through a mist, the servant spoke brusquely from the dining room archway, interrupting their private communion of lady and gentleman, and with quick answer she sent him back where he belonged.

"Poor Henri, he is jealous," she purred gently. "He would not have me sit thus with you, my friend. But we, what do we care? He does but cook; you, you are a man, a chevalier."

"Aye," assented MacGregor, puffing with dignity at his cigarette, in his veins a warmth more expanding than ever that from modest sip of smoky Scotch. And he thought that he had expressed much.

"*Mon ami*," quoth the beautiful woman composedly, "now will I tell you why I have sought for a man and found him. Listen. I am not—I—as these ordinary women. I am of the nobility. But I cannot go home. I am what you call—exile. You know what an exile is, my friend?"

"Aye," grunted MacGregor. And again it seemed to him that he had said much. Was he not an exile himself—exile, MacGregor of the MacGregors, from the braes of auld Scotland and condemned to onions in America?

"Aye," therefore grunted MacGregor.

"Tomorrow there will be a great par-rade,"—she uttered the word with a curious little burr—"through the streets of this city, my friend. Perhaps you have heard?"

"Aye," declared MacGregor—although he had heard naught. But he was not displaying any ignorance.

"A mighty prince will ride in a carriage in that par-rade. He is my father." Her lustrous eyes surveyed MacGregor with slantwise glance, as if noting the effect. "Accept another cigarette, my friend."

Unperturbed, MacGregor did. They were free, were they not, those cigarettes? Moreover, he was a man of the world. His brogans and his overalls had vanished, and he sat *à l'aise* with beauty and rank, as befitted his own lineage.

So she was a princess, was she? And her father rode in a carriage tomorrow, did he? Weel and gude, then.

"Aye," he answered, conversing readily.

"My father is a kind man at heart, but he is surrounded by bad advisers. I did not love a man that I should be obliged to marry, my friend, and I must flee away out of the country. A woman must obey her heart, *mon ami*, and my heart did not beat for this man who had been picked as my husband. Was that not right?"

"Aye," said MacGregor.

"I am a princess, of blood very, very pure; but I would marry a man of the people—if I loved him." She paused; she sighed. "Yes, a man—a man of

the people, as you are of the people, m'sieur. I would not care; I might even like the onion. But a nobleman—bah! He must be something more. And that is why I must run away, you see."

"Aye," said MacGregor, methodically puffing at the cigarette, and comfortable in well being.

"Here." She rose abruptly, to take from the mantel a small box, and sinuously sinking back again, to extend it. "This is mine. My father gave it to me many years ago."

"Aye," commented MacGregor, gravely examining it. 'Twas a pretty little box, of ebony and pearl inlay, MacGregor thought.

She leaned toward him; the warmth of her, the perfume of her, was exhaled about him. She spoke tensely.

"You!" she pleaded, her eyes glowing upon him. "You, my friend—oh, you will give to my father this box tomorrow, when he rides. It will tell him. He is surrounded by those who hate me, by the friends of that nobleman—bah!—whom I would not marry, and from whom I must flee. My words that I send to my father do not reach him, and in vain would I try to see him. I would not be let. Poor Henri, my servant, he would not be let, either. But you, my friend—ah, you, a man, in that peasant costume—what a chance!"

"Aye," agreed MacGregor sagely. He helped himself to another of the cigarettes.

"Just to slip out from beside the way, when the par-rade passes by, and to place in the carriage of my father this box, that he will recognize! The persons who hate me will not know in time. And after that—you, my friend, do not hate me? You are not married—not affianced? Perhaps you would the opposite of hate me—what?"

She leaned farther. Her smooth, olive shoulders were near, very near; her glorious eyes widened and waited.

"Aye," said MacGregor, assuringly.

"Perhaps." She sighed, settling back again. "For you are a man. When I witnessed you among the onions I exclaimed: 'It is a man—a man of the

people. It is a man who will help me. He is a true chevalier.' And when my father recognizes the box he will be glad. He will know that I am alive, and he will send for me. And he will be very grateful, my friend, to you. So shall be I. We all shall go back to my own country, and you shall have whatever you wish: love, beautiful love—yes, and onions, many, many onions. You shall even be head gardener. We—we shall cultivate onions together."

"Aye," responded MacGregor, still with cautious dignity but inwardly swelling.

"Then you will do it? You, my friend—*le chevalier très brave!*" She clapped her hands. "You will help a woman who appeals? But I was not mistaken. I was led to you. When I saw you among your onions I knew. You have a bearing—a coun-te-nance, m'sieur, not to be passed by regardless. And now you will sleep, will you not? For it will be no easy matter to leave that safe spot beside the par-rade to-morrow morning, and to run forward, evading the guards, and place the box in my father's carriage. That will require a great heart and a steady nerve. Henri!" she called.

Instantly the servant appeared. He could not have been far removed.

"You will show our good and brave friend to his bed," she directed.

She stood, and MacGregor, with some reluctance, left his cosy nook, also to stand, a bit giddily. The room, she, he himself, floated rosily. But as a MacGregor he would not betray astonishment.

"Good night, my chevalier," she smiled. "A sound sleep, and then—tomorrow. It is for me, a woman, remember." And suddenly laying her round, bare arm, fragrant and warm, upon MacGregor's checkered gingham shoulder, she kissed him lightly upon his hairy cheek.

There was a stifled exclamation from the dark-faced servant. MacGregor, staggered, accepted the salute with MacGregor dignity.

"Aye," he acknowledged. The room and the faces were hazy. He struggled

for adequate expression. "Gude nicht to ye. I'm no a kissing mon." He peered from one to the other with those small blue eyes which met across the bridge of his stubby nose. "A wee drappit Scotch, mayhap?" he ventured to suggest.

The beautiful woman, his goddess, spoke laughingly to the servant, whose glowering gaze MacGregor vaguely felt. With a curt nod the man led the way, MacGregor nodding, with course uncertain, after.

The bedroom proved to be grand—exceeding grand. Having left MacGregor there, the servant man returned with a "two-finger" glass of whiskey which Mac gulped down. And while he was still smacking his lips the man again retired, locking the door after him.

"Aye," communed MacGregor, acquiescing. "But I'm no one to run awa'."

He removed his clothes; a nightshirt was hanging over the foot of the bed. He fingered it gravely and knew that the texture was not the flannel to which he was accustomed. He donned it; and after laboriously searching for the wherewithal to extinguish the electric lights—missing, evidently, the thumb switch by the door—he concluded to let them burn, and he tumbled in between the unwonted sheets.

MacGregor slept, but he slept rather ill. Awaking, he heard voices in undertones, and after collecting his scattered senses, with a groan he emerged to reconnoiter. The door kept him back. However, it seemed to him that the voices emanated from kitchenward. He fancied that he could detect the dulcet accents of the woman, the princess—his princess; he fancied that he was distinguishing her soft laugh. And he did not like this, that she should be hobnobbing at that time o' night with a servant.

Before the mirror of the dresser MacGregor wavered, inspecting his uncouth figure. Bonny *he* assuredly was not, as he scratched his shock head. But his face gave him small concern.

"Ah, weel," he soliloquized, satisfied, "not sae bad, not sae bad. 'Tis the

MacGregor and the mon she wants. Head gardener, she said? Ah, weel; a mon might marry and do worse—though I gi' her no encouragement. But I'll help her with her fayther."

And thus explaining, he bade his bow legs bear his hairy frame to the bed again, where he burrowed beneath the covers. He slept. He snored. He dreamed, or he might have dreamed, for he had the vision of two forms standing over him—one, the dark-visaged man, the other, the beautiful woman, with her shoulders now covered. She bent above his pillow; her subtle perfume, her subtle warmth, again enveloped him.

"Ah, *quelle amie!*" she breathed rapturously. "*Quel brave cœur, Henri!* And what a hair on the face!"

MacGregor strove to lift his heavy lids, but they were beyond his strength. He only knew that the two forms retreated to the door.

"*Des beaux yeux*, the little man," uttered the beautiful woman again. Her laugh tinkled. Something snapped, and MacGregor was conscious that his room was dark; the lights had been extinguished. Then the door gently closed and the key clicked. He was alone once more. But he appreciated the tribute of the solicitous visit.

A mighty prince, representative of an ancient nation, was in the city this day, upon exhibition before the American people. Great and small, the rich and the poor, the old and the young, man, woman and child, they thronged the way along which he would ride, with fervor or with cool scrutiny to greet him.

Amidst the crowd MacGregor was swallowed; he merged and mingled and was reduced to a nonentity. Even noticing him, the other spectators would see only a bewhiskered, carroty, cross-eyed, humbly homely little man in gardener's costume, attracted to view royalty. None, even the plain clothes men posted as thick as beads along the human fringe, would have suspected that upon the mission of this hairy gnome from an onion patch hung by a thread the fate of a puissant dynasty,

the welfare of a continent, perhaps the peace of a world.

Here on the official route of the parade was the place where, swinging around the fountain, the line of vehicles and marchers would turn, changing direction into another street. And here stood MacGregor, pressed to the front by the ever increasing mass behind him.

The beautiful woman had made all easy for him. She had chosen this vantage spot, describing it so that he did not mistake it; she had gratefully called him again and again her friend, her dear friend, and at his going she had once more kissed him. As glorious in the morning she was as she had been on the preceding evening; but the kiss upon his whiskers had much embarrassed him. Higher to be respected was that hot, pungent quaff—or two—of sweet oily stuff by which they had pledged his success.

So, with the quaff—or two—still burning comfortably in his stomach, and the beautiful woman herself warming his heart, with his hand thrust beneath his overalls, he stood awaiting the instant when he might deliver the token to the prince, her father.

"You will not forget the key, my friend," had instructed the beautiful one. "It is a key long and awkward—see! But you will fit it in before you let loose of the box, please, that my father may be able to open at once. He will want to find what is inside. You will hold this very awkward key in the one hand, and the box in the other, safe from view in your pockets; and as you bravely dart forth you can untie them. But not before. It will be too difficult to conceal the box if the long, awkward key is sticking out; then we would lose all: I my father, you your fortune, your great good fortune for being a brave chevalier."

He had trudged from the apartment building; on the way there had been no opportunity to fit the key, even had the desire therefor entered his whirling mind. But now, stationed, he waited.

The blare of bands sounded. The people pressed tighter, tighter, for the parade approached. First there was a

platoon of police, clubs in scabbards, gloves on hands, buttons shined; followed the initial brass band; followed a company of infantry; followed a troop of cavalry, divided in the center—and craning his neck, MacGregor could descry, amidst the cavalry, carriages. The first carriage contained only a chief of police and such civic guardians; but the second carriage, as had been explained to MacGregor by the beautiful woman, contained the prince.

That black-bearded man in high hat and black overcoat was the prince, her father. Through his jungly whiskers MacGregor stared hard with his puckered crossed eyes. Aye, this was the man who would make him head gardener over the onions of an empire, was he? Weel—he should be given the box; and Mac fumbled and wavered.

Now was the time, when the line of the parade, turning the corner, would open its links! The carriages had arrived opposite.

Suddenly there was a shout—an uproar—confusion. From his place little MacGregor, in his gardener's costume, had scuttled out, fitting key and box together as he ran. A detective had grabbed for him and had missed; other officers were hastening. There were more shouts—there was tumult of cries and of excited gestures. But little MacGregor scuttled on.

He had succeeded in fitting the awkward key to the box; it had entered the hole and had gone in with a rasping snap as if it had punched right through. Behind him, the detective who had missed and the other officers were rushing after frantically; but he did not know. Before him, the mounted escort alongside the carriage were closing up to bar his progress. However, he had been warned of this. He could dive under.

He would have made it, he could see the black-bearded prince half rising from his seat, as if expectant of him; he had only a dozen yards to cover ere he would deliver the precious token to the beautiful woman's father, when from rearward a rough-sleeved arm, with the startling clutch of an Indian strangler's rope, was wrapped about his neck and under

his chin; another arm bent like a vise upon his elbow; a rude hand violently wrenched the box away and hurled it far.

His puckered eyes protruding, his throat gasping, little MacGregor was astounded, in his bare moment of surprise and protest, while carriage and crowd and pave and buildings and sky reeled, to perceive the box, describing a high arc, vanish in a burst of yellowish vapor, and to feel the instantaneous jar of a sharp, vicious explosion.

Then the flat of a saber struck him upon the head, a fist struck him in the face, a knee struck him in the small of the back; and down he went, only to be jerked up again and dragged off. But these subsequent proceedings interested MacGregor no more, until, considerably the worse for wear. . . .

It seemed to be the chief of police, with other officers in uniform and not; and propped in his chair, against the wall of the close little room, MacGregor met their faces dizzily, heard their voices dully. His head throbbed; he was wet and clammy and sore and weak and sick.

"What's your name?" bellowed the chief of police. He was very impolite and savage.

"Weel," faltered Mac, as shrewdly as he was able, "it might be MacGregor."

"Where do you live?"

He told.

"What do you do?"

He told. He raised onions.

"Who gave you that bomb?"

Bum! Bum? MacGregor wearily shook his matted head. The word twanged no responsive chord. He did not "ken." He did not "ken."

"What did you do it for?"

Weel, maybe he'd been "askit."

"Who asked you?"

MacGregor must shake his head. He did not "ken." He did not "ken."

"Where did you get that bomb, then?"

Bum! Bum? Again that word. "Ah, weel—" and he must shake his head more, and repeat that he did not "ken," he did not "ken."

"Know him, do you?" remarked the chief, aside, to a detective.

"Know him!" The detective spat and grinned. "Sure. He's told you the straight. MacGregor; Scotchman who raises onions out on the county road a way. This here's a frame-up. He don't know a bomb from an onion, I bet."

"Humph!" grunted the chief. "We'll find out."

So they took MacGregor down to a cell and left him. And presently to him groaning arrived a visitor, at whose voice poor Mac pricked hungry ears; for the tones bore a burr as welcome as a sprig of gorse or heather. Here was a brother Scot, although a stranger face; and slowly loosening, into the friendly ears of him MacGregor was moved to pour his story—that is, as much as would explain why he had felt impelled to scuttle for that carriage.

"An' what was she like, Mac?" invited his new friend with incautious eagerness.

"Who?"

"Aye, the princess, mon. What was she like?"

With his puckered blue eyes, now bleary with pain, MacGregor peered suspiciously. Should he be harping on his shame? Should he, of the MacGregors, be confessing any interest in this female who had beguiled him evidently—and he a single man, well set and old enough to know better?

"Ah, weel. Bonny eno', bonny eno'," he groaned, holding his head.

"But her hair, her complexion, Mac. Dare say she was dark, eh? Or mayhap light?"

But Mac shook his head, holding it.

"I dinna notice," he asserted. "She seemit a pur lassie, o' sorts, needing a mon; and I wad help. But I dinna take stock o' looks, especial."

And he groaned. No, they would not extort from him a word of confession as to interest in this light female—light o' ways if not light of complexion—beyond that he would have helped her sex.

The visitor left. Upstairs he sought the chief, who inquired with a look.

"All but the description," answered the detective. "He's either too rattled

yet, or else he's afraid." And he made his report.

All that day and all the night, occasionally interviewed but mainly alone with his pains mental and physical, MacGregor stayed in his cell, ignorant that a city and a land and a world were ringing with the terrorist attack upon the life of a nation's prince—an attack which failed. But in the morning Mac was led forth again, and in an upstairs room was suddenly thrust face to face with *her*, the beautiful one!

She was sitting. She gazed upon him. He stared; he gulped; a hot wave of anger surged through him. Here was the deceiver; here was that daughter of Belial who had lured him so falsely into this shame and discomfort, whilst his onion field went unweeded.

"There's, your woman," declared the chief brusquely. "There's the woman who got you in all this trouble. Stand up!" he bellowed at her; and he repeated with an oath: "Stand up!"

The beautiful one stood. She met MacGregor's peering look bravely. She was gown'd in black; she was very pale; she was worn and she seemed ill. But again her glorious eyes drew him in, and again her subtle warm presence enveloped him. While a score of eyes unfriendly watched them both narrowly she smiled upon him—smiled faintly, almost appealingly, as she swayed through sheer weariness.

"I do not know the gentleman," she stated. Her voice was weak but clear.

"Shut up!" roared the chief. "*He* knows *you*. You got him in a bad mess."

All eyes were turned upon Mac. Aye, and so she had—a sair bad mess. He looked upon her; he would have looked upon her indignantly, for he was an honest man. She met his blinking stare unflinchingly, although as she stood she wavered. How pale she was! And with a bruise upon her face, was it not? The pur lassie—the pur, pur lassie. After all, he was a man, and she was but a woman. MacGregor slowly shook his shaggy, carrotty head.

"I know her not," he said. "I told yon mon I dinna ken, and I dinna."

"*What!*" The chief roared in a bull tone and leaped at him. "Yes, you know her! Of course you know her! Didn't you tell us she was the one who got you in this trouble?"

"I dinna ken; I dinna ken," faltered Mac, resolutely avoiding now the eyes of the chief and the eyes of the woman. And almost he fancied that the beautiful, pale one breathed a little sigh of grateful relief.

The chief's great voice roared and raged; the chief's huge fist quivered under the end of Mac's stubby nose; but out of the hairy, cross-gazed little Scot naught beyond his "dinna ken" could be wrung. So finally they sent him back in disgrace to his onion patch, and his great adventure was done.

However, adventure dies but romance

lives on. About six weeks after his return to his onions and his life of bachelor, recluse and gnome, there came to MacGregor at the express office a small package, which upon being opened in the privacy of his astonished quarters disclosed a dull gun metal mug. Upon the front he just could decipher the inscription: "To the Chevalier."

MacGregor cherishes this mug. It represents a world outside his onions; and as time passes, vaster and vaster wax its possibilities of signifying manhood and beauty in distress. When infrequent visitors would notice it, he but puckers further his crossed blue eyes and mysteriously purses his mouth, and with hairy face non-committal acknowledges only:

"A wee bit keepsake; mair I can no' say."



ALDERS

By Alonzo Rice

THEIR snowy tents the alders white
Have pitched—wayfaring regiments,
They raise, in bivouac on the sight,
Their snowy tents.

Drifting afar, the fragrant scents
Of fairy bloom the bees invite;
And there the butterfly frequents.

When fall the shadows of the night,
The fireflies, through the opal rents,
With twinkling lamps are seen to light
Their snowy tents.



A CYNIC, observing two sculptured saints above the main portal of a cathedral, remarked:

"And has religion come to this—naves inside and saints outside the church?"

AN ENDLESS CHAIN

By Adele Luehrman

EVE had been born with an instinct to tell the truth, which was a mean advantage to take of a helpless infant. Then her Mother had rubbed it in by teaching her that it was wicked to tell lies, and that if she did it God wouldn't love her and the Devil would certainly get her. Eve believed it.

But when she was five years old Eve made the acquaintance of Consequences. One day she knocked a vase off a table and it broke. Her Mother came in and said: "Eve, did you do that?"

Eve looked straight into her Mother's eyes and said, "Yes, Mother."

Her Mother spanked her.

Eve cried a little, then, remembering that God loved her and the Devil wouldn't get her, she stopped.

One day she played with her Mother's tortoiseshell comb and broke it. Her Mother found it and asked: "Eve, did you do this?"

Eve's instinct was to say "Yes," but she remembered the spanking, so she looked straight into her Mother's eyes and said, "No, Mother."

Her Mother believed her, because Eve had a good reputation. She had bought it with a spanking.

Then her Mother said it must have been the maid; so she dismissed the maid and gave Eve a piece of cake.

Eve ate the cake and reflected that it was also Consequences and didn't hurt when you sat down. She reflected, moreover, that the Devil was slow in arriving. She forgot that God didn't love her and nothing occurred to remind her. She gave the Devil a week and then decided that there had been a mistake somewhere. She also decided that it would be wise in future to consider

Consequences before speaking and speak accordingly. Which she did.

When Eve became a woman, a man—a Real Man—wanted to marry her.

Eve longed to answer: "I love you, I love you, I love you, and it doesn't matter if you are poor."

But she had by this time formed the habit of considering Consequences before speaking, so she replied instead: "I will be a sister to you, but I can never be your wife."

Another man—an Imitation Man—asked Eve to marry him.

Her instinct was to say: "I don't love you, and I don't respect you. I know you are weak, with many vices, and that you have lived a disreputable life. And though you are so very rich I will not marry you."

After consideration of Consequences, however, she substituted: "I love you for yourself alone, and I will marry you because I know you are all that is good and noble."

Her Husband was just as good and noble as she had expected him to be—only more so. She didn't mind for the most part because she had a fine house, beautiful clothes and an automobile. But when he was drunker than usual he abused her before the servants, and the servants talked, so that all her friends knew just how good and noble her Husband really was. Which wasn't pleasant.

The Real Man heard of it and was very sorry for her, and tried in a nice way to show it. Melted by his sympathy, Eve wept a few instinctive tears, which hurt the Real Man and made him angry.

"Why don't you get a divorce?" he asked.

Eve wanted to say: "Because I don't know how much alimony I'd get."

But she sobbed instead: "I must bear it for my Child's sake."

The Real Man was greatly touched by her heroic self-sacrifice and loved her all the more.

Then her Husband got drunker than ever before and tried to kill her. Instinct and reason agreeing for once, she left him and consulted a lawyer about a divorce. The day before the papers were filed, her Husband died in delirium tremens.

She hastened back to the conjugal roof and went to the funeral swathed in crape.

Her women friends wrote that their hearts bled for her and that they knew just how she felt.

They did indeed. They would have liked to write: "Congratulations! How much did he leave you?"

Eve replied, between the broadest of black margins, that the light of her life had gone out, but for her Child's sake she would make an effort to go on liv-

ing. What she thought was: "Now I'm going to live!"

The Real Man waited a decent interval, then offered his heart and hand.

Eve felt like saying flatly: "I'm a widow with money and without regret, and I wouldn't marry the best man living."

But—she told him with gentle sadness that her heart was buried in her Husband's grave.

The Real Man said she was the most truly womanly woman he had ever known—and he never married.

Eve adored her Child and brought her up in the way she should go. She taught her that it was wicked to tell lies, and that if she did it God wouldn't love her and the Devil would certainly get her. The Child believed it.

One day the Child pulled a costly statuette off the drawing room table and broke it. "Did you do that?" Eve asked her.

The Child looked straight into Eve's eyes and said: "Yes, Mother."

And Eve spanked her.



CONSTANCY

By Francis Livingston Montgomery

YESTERDAY there,
And today here;
Tomorrow—who can tell?
Answer me this:
Was mine the kiss
That you remember well?
What do I care,
If far or near?
What makes life heav'n or hell
For me is this:
Was mine the kiss
That you remember well?



A PRESENT usually proves a future obligation.

"BUT SO GOOD-HEARTED"

By Marion Hill

IF there be any virtue in owning thorough qualifications for handling the subject matter one starts out to handle, then the author of these sayings ought to be conscientiously listened to, for the authority to speak of ugliness from its own undisputed platform is certainly hers by divine right—divine rather than human, it being wholly the affair of the Creator that fascinations were cut from the equipment list with which she was embarked from celestial shores to these. Had arrangements been left to her, she of course would have seen to it that there went along with her a properly full share of eyelashes and curves and other things akin. In which case the "beauty talks" as set up in type in the current magazines would pass soothingly over her pulchritudinous head, jangling no nerves in transit.

Be it understood this is no reply to the beauty doctors' dictum that "homeliness is a sin, and loveliness is comfortably within reach of all sincere aspirants." No reply—there are some statements which call for none. If a man tells us that poverty of purse is one's own deliberate choice, that all we have to do to possess fourteen million dollars is simply to wish for it, wish hard, we make a wide, polite detour around that man to get safely past him, but we do not reply to him. What we would incline to say might not be of a grateful nature, might be calculated to overstimulate an already febrile imagination. One does not reply. But one gets to thinking. And such thoughts!

Nothing in the way of trouble makes a person more depressed and blood-thirsty than listening to the uplifting,

inspiring optimism of a sanguine man or woman. But few women *are* sanguine; they know better. To be sanguine in a world like this is in itself an indication of a mentality which, though perhaps charming as a fairy tale, is equally unreliable, not to be taken seriously by the possessor or the oppressed.

"Be natural and you will be beautiful." Now is not that the grimmest of all Grimm's fairy tales that ever was grimmest?

How to get a natural woman for purpose of illustration? This way: Pick out something very pleasant and feathery on the street some fine day, preferably one in a skirt built like a thumbstall, in a hat like half a cocoanut with a quill pen oozing from it, hair *à la wienerwurst*, a well outlined lady with a fortunate shelf out in front to put her locket on—pick out such a one, pick her likewise up and drop her in a cistern, stir her around a bit till she gets nicely soaked through, then pole her out and you will have a natural woman. But you will be sorry. She was very much nicer in a state of unnature. Nature is a more terrible fake than all its fakers put together. To be natural is woefully often to be humped, freckled, gnarled, twisted, tanned, squint-eyed, hare-lipped, tongue-tied, knock-kneed, bow-legged, fan-eared and sanguine. Nature cares as little about her humans as she does about her bug output, and if you happen to be produced without the proper amount of legs or arms or wings or stings, as the case may be, look not to nature to make up any of these deficiencies for you or to you, because nature does not even know you

are there. If you were born ugly, ugly you'll stay, in spite of all the cultural directions of all the beauty seedsmen on earth.

"Be natural and you will be beautiful," like all other aids to comeliness, is advice useful solely to those who are already beautiful, who manifestly do not need it. Certainly the only woman who will be beautiful if natural is the naturally beautiful woman. To tell an ugly woman that the way for her to be beautiful is to be natural is like assuring a lame person that the way to get ahead is to sit down. The worst part of ugliness is its integral resisting power. You cannot overcome it. Take a pretty woman and powder her, paint her, curl her, befeather her, false-hair her, lace her in at the waist, hobble-skirt her and squeeze her into high-heeled shoes three sizes too small, and you have a finished product that is really and truly ravingly lovely; but put an ugly woman through the identical same process, powder her, paint her, curl her, befeather her, false-hair her, lace her in at the waist, hobble-skirt her and squeeze her into high-heeled shoes three sizes too small, and you have a fantastic harriidan that the politest policeman in the world can hardly keep from clubbing. Every beauty touch added to beauty increases beauty a hundredfold; and every beauty touch tried by homeliness accentuates that homeliness beyond the computation of figures. But note, this admission is not a covert admission likewise of the "Be natural, etc.," for, with the artifices left out and the nature remaining, homeliness is still there, centralized, dominant, aggressive.

One of the most maddening scourges for a homely woman to bear is the knowledge that the world at large, as a whole and individually, in life as in print, looks upon facial ugliness as God's warrant for some iniquity within: when she *knows* that her scowl is muscles, not ill temper; that her thinness is agility, not sourness of disposition—or that her fatness is inheritance, not gluttony; that her wrinkles are dermatic, not fretful; that her muddy skin is a

bestowal of Providence, not the result of uncleanness; that her faded hair is a cellular eccentricity, not the result of neglect. But there is no use insisting on these things; give a dog a bad name and hang him is the easiest way.

The beauty culturists say: "Be cheerful and wholesome and you'll look it." But nine times out of ten you won't. There is often nothing more cheerful and wholesome looking in an entire city than a woman who has fretted a household insane and then gone out with paint on her instead of soap and water. Is it not generally the family thorn of whom outsiders say: "How she must keep you laughing all the time! How cheery she must be to live with!" Be cheerful and wholesome and you will *feel* it, yes. But *look* it—h'm, who knows? All the hygiene in existence seems less able to give heavenly sparkle to the eye and luster to the cheek than does the exercise of setting a peaceful family by the ears. Bad temper seems to be the best thing for complexions on the market. And as for selfishness—selfishness can give a rounded peace, a velvet softness of countenance that religion can never hope to produce. Yet this grand truth perhaps passes as only a homely woman's bias. A homely woman may sit and think beatitudes in waves of mercy for all humankind, and still look twice as villainous as a pretty woman meditating on what kind of a cocktail she'll buy with the last quarter she filched out of the missionary box. This beauty mad world is a stiff proposition for the ill favored. And we ugly ones cannot even part with a shy little opinion or two like the above without being set down as envious and bitter. When a pretty woman generalizes sharply, the popular verdict is, "How clever!" When a homely woman does it, the cry goes up, "The cat!" And not even the ballot will help us. For the pretty woman's candidate will get in. *We'll* have to count the votes, and being homely we'll do it fairly. Rectitude of mind makes for angularity of figure and thinness of hair. You can't prove this by Euclid of course,

but then you can't prove that the sun shines that way, either.

Another thing offered as serious advice to women who wish to be considered beautiful is that they shall keep "the bubble of childhood." Now if there is one thing more agonizing than another it is to see a middle-aged, hard-featured woman bubbling childishly. When she gets to doing that, it is time for the patrol wagon. Who write these beauty articles, anyhow? Humorists? It would seem so. We can wish there nothing worse in the way of retaliation than that their wives shall bubble.

No, we whom Venus has frowned upon are not to be helped by any side line of bubbles, nor by this: "Sleep with the windows open and you'll never know you're old." There's a regular Madame Caliban, poor thing, living not so far away in a house with a lovely little cousin. Now Madame Caliban bathes before she retires to rest, exercises, prays, manicures, opens wide the windows and sleeps in a straight line, the while little cousin hops into bed unwashed, often with her tight gartered hose still lazily on, her windows barred tight, her dusty little face screwed up into knots on the stuffy pillow, her body tied into loops; yet, as I live, little cousin tumbles up awake next morning with her face fresh as a June rose, her eyes like stars, her skin as smooth as ivory, and Madame Caliban mars the dawn by rising with furrowed brow and leathery cuticle, dim of eye, lusterless of cheek, a blot on the 'scutcheon of femininity. Some A. M. or M. D. ought to explain.

People with a fair share of good looks have no conception of the hourly torment suffered by the less fortunate of favor—at least till common sense or Christian fortitude or resignation or aphasia step in as antidotes. We have had memoirs of the beautiful—why not of the unbeautiful? If the one estate has its lessons to impart, so also should the other. Plain people aren't even allowed in print. Many a tale has started out with an ugly heroine only to turn her into a houri before the last page.

Noticing this, in the days of faith, the days of youth, I used to wait with more or less confidence for that blessed turn in the tide to come for me. Nor did I neglect to conjure for it. Since curly hair was stated to be the reward of those who ate their crusts, I not only ate my own but obligingly ate the crusts of the already curly-haired, my sisters—then all but got cross-eyed rolling up my optics to see if tendrils were clustering where they ought to cluster. But the houri refused to materialize. Since therefore I am the only consistently homely person either in fiction or out of it, perhaps a few truthful reminiscences might be of psychological value to science—or of scientific value to psychology.

The return to childhood being in my case a return so far as to be practically annihilating to personality, the ego in the following paragraphs is reduced to nothingness and can be used without offense.

At the extreme and innocent beginning of things I noticed nothing about my two younger sisters and myself as either pretty or not pretty. We everyone had two eyes, two ears, one nose and one mouth, all placed on the right spots, and we sprouted arms and legs and fingers and toes in sufficient number from the conventional localities; consequently I imagined us all pretty together. That my sisters were so I knew, having heard as much, and thought that the compliment had not been audibly bestowed upon me also solely in obedience to the established law of reticence or implied disparagement which operated beneficially to keep a little girl from vanity, i. e., ogling herself too much in the mirror.

But as time crawled by I began to notice some odd and not comfortable things. For instance, at picnic season my sisters were always asked to go first, and asked, too, by elegant eligibles; while I, who as the oldest had reasonable expectations of being attended to promptly, was never asked till the minute before, and then only by hold-overs—sometimes was never asked at all. This worried my budding philosophy.

There seemed no human reason for it.

Moreover, when fate did land me on a picnic ground, she invariably deserted me there. In the games my sisters both got kissed, I never. Not that I truly desired to be kissed—rather the contrary; for kissing appealed to me even then as a messy and unprofitable pastime. But I did want somebody to *want* to kiss me. Of what use else my strong virtue of resistance? If nobody ever tried to kiss me, how then was I to show that I was too noble to permit the laxity? That, too, vexed my philosophy. Why had nature saddled me so heavily with ethics never to be used? Why had she not let me travel less encumbered from the start? A picnic spent in thoughts like these was certainly an ironical affair.

After the picnic epoch came the party epoch, which was the worse of the two, for whereas a person may go to a picnic to look at the scenery or merely to eat, a person goes to a dance to dance, actually nothing else. And to curl up in a deserted corner and watch one's sisters' popularity, while contributing to family pride, is devilishly upsetting to personal pride. I saved the situation not by prayer but by lying—said I did not care for dancing. Well, I didn't—not for my sisters', anyway.

After parties the boys called of course. Time upon time, grinning and peaceful, I descended cordially into our parlor prepared to be the modest but brilliant center of an entertained circle, only to find out there wasn't even room for me on the rim of the ring around my sisters, who so far as I could see were not being cordial at all, were merely swooping their eyelashes up and down. Each time one dropped her lashes, the nearest boy went into a visible perspiration of flattered anguish and fairly turned himself inside out in the effort to get her to raise them again, and when she did so his heart bands all but cracked aloud. This was interesting, not to say divine. I, too, had lashes; me, then, to swoop them. So, experimentally, I did. Once, twice and again I dropped *my* lashes in company, with positively no results;

and therefore arrived slowly and regretfully but unavoidably to the conclusion that there were lashes and lashes, and that if I closed my eyes, indeed went to sleep, it satisfied everybody in the room—at least piqued nobody, provided I did not snore.

The entire situation began to irk. Was the home hearth to show me its cold shoulder as did the picnics and the parties? It would seem so. But why? The answer still mercifully kept aloof. I had companionable hopes regarding one tall English lad, blond of hair and high of collar, who had an irrepressible tenor voice and always wanted to sing; for I was the one correct pianist in the assembly—I alone could wallow through his accompaniments without disrailing him. But did he ask *me* to play them? He did not. He picked out the sister with the dimple. Such times as she played wrong notes—and they were legion—she showed the dimple and blushed. When she had to leave out whole bars, she showed two dimples. And the thing satisfied the requirements of his musical ear. Over her curly head and dimpling face he warbled devotedly, "I live and love thee" to a chop suey accompaniment so painful that it would have given a cow camel an ache in all seven stomachs. But he liked it and came night after night for new doses.

Here was philosophy challenged from a fresh quarter. What was the reason for these various but allied oddities? If, as compared with my sisters, I was socially leprous, it behooved me to find out in what spot.

Well, I located it under my new hat one Easter Sunday. We all had head-gear alike, white chip "pokes" trimmed with streamers of white tulle, and the effect which was angelic in my sisters', in my own case frightfully wasn't. The whole truth dawned in a flash of light so fierce that it seared and blinded and well nigh blasted forever: I was ugly. The horrible fact was blazoned in the mirror, too rampant and patent to be smoothed or soothed away by any sophistry. And I, well versed in legend and fairy tale, knew perfectly my fate from that moment. Though I might

cut off my toes and shave off my heels and squeeze thus momentarily into Cinderella's glass slipper, the trail of ugly blood would betray me and no prince would ever marry me. I was the kind of abhorrent thing that threw the loaf of bread in the mud and stepped on it in order to go clean shod, but only succeeded in sinking through the mire to Hades. I was the ill-conditioned, stoop-shouldered slouch who was too lazy to shake the witch's feather mattress, and consequently was not chosen by the rich and handsome king when he held his annual wife hunt in the neighborhood. Not for me would strawberries redden under the snow on the dwarf's back stoop, no matter how faithfully I searched. The godmothers were all too busy drying the tears of the beautiful to care for my hours and hours of lonely sobbing. No handsome huntsman would ever ask me to shinny up the magic tree and pick him a golden apple, to carry me next to his castle, there to live in crowns and white satin and in his noble heart eternally. Not much. And from the star-tipped wand of life all I had to expect was the loathsome curse of having toads and vipers drop from my lips at every word. (Now I come to think of it, though, that maiden only had to lasso the best vipers and sell them to Barnum in order to earn a royal competence. Some girls neglect valuable opportunities.) No Falada, decapitated but heroically clinging to speech, would ever guard the arch of existence for me and defend me from marriage with the impudent and ignorant goose herder.

The outlook was certainly awful. "What was it that I should turn to, lighting upon days like these?" as the poet frantically asks. Denied the slight but graceful boons of being taken to parties and given flowers and an occasional bag of candy, what could ugliness claim from the long days as its right? Voltaire says that when a woman can no longer please man she turns to God. I tried it. I sought sanctuary in church. But all I got was callouses on the knees. The minister did not care whether my soul was saved

or not—he had his hands so full steady-ing some lovely converts on salvation's escalator; the lovelier they were the more they wobbled and the more devotionally he clung to them. And the ushers used to entomb me in dark corners and forget to give me hymn books. They jabbed the contribution plate at me, though. A woman is never too ugly to pay, I've noticed, whether in church or on the boardwalk. Religion turned out to be no livelier for the homely than the picnics. Beauty scores at the altar as in the first row of the ballet.

Literature was left. I delved into it head first. But the front seats were all filled by the fair of face, and from the beginning of the world. All the goddesses of mythology were regular Renettes for charm and undomesticity. Every queen and princess of history was a Venus. And even the martyrs had to be picturesque. If a martyr was very lovely, the animal which swallowed her split himself obligingly open down one side and let her out again, good as new. Nobody ever sees a picture of an ugly one. They stayed swallowed—and possibly had added punishment for being so inconsiderate as to give the animal indigestion. Literature merely reiterated the lesson that in order to be famed in history, mythology, theology or biology one has to be simply and solely good-looking. The rest follows. Small comfort was a plain girl to get from this, large truth though it was, especially while her sisters were dancing, singing, laughing, eating caramels, sleeping romantically on squashed bouquets and making thrilling trips to the street corner to intercept the postman, their perhaps praiseworthy but certainly cautious desire being to get first letters which they didn't want mother to have the worry of.

To have young feet and not be asked to dance, to have a healthy and aspiring stomach and not be presented caramels, to have a throbbing heart and nobody to count its beats, to have a sentimental spirit and no decaying rose to bedew with tears, to own violet ink and not a soul to write to, to possess a new hat

and no face to put beneath it—are not these real ills?

Let no one underrate the anguish of homeliness, and let no one dare lightly to accuse it as a "sin"; nor—unfortunately—let any ugly woman think she can undo one jot or tittle of nature's handicap by scrupulous attention to rules laid down in the beauty column of a newspaper—for she can't. Let her go get one look at the beauty editor for an object lesson in the thing's impossibility. What's the use of buying a hair tonic sold by a bald-headed barber?

Many a woman has screwed her mouth into the ineradicable lines of the Gulf Stream on the map by trying (and vainly) to rub out one small wrinkle from her forehead; and quite as many have furrowed their brows eternally by scowling efforts to remove an irremovable mouth wrinkle. And why don't some of these women speak up who have steamed their noses into abiding eruptions trying to cure "black-heads"? It would be readable, too, to have reports from the army of thin-haired damsels who have "massaged" nearly every last spear from their heads. Those who left off in time have enough real hair to pin some false to, and those who didn't haven't. It is rather pathetic to see a wisp-locked female gaze thoughtfully at a picture advertisement of a maiden with hair like fire escapes down both sides of her, and then hike for the first drug store. If she saved up her tonic money she'd have enough for a diamond ring in time—and have still as much, or more, hair. Just as nothing makes more wrinkles than the effort to eradicate them, so does nothing cause hair to fall out faster than wild campaigns to keep it in. Believe me!

The best, the only, remedy for homeliness is to forget it. Oh, Homely Woman, leave off trying to catch up with your pretty sisters, for you'll never do it and will only get blown and

winded in the trial! Give up the hopeless race and saunter on contentedly in the background, enjoying the sunrise, or the sunset, whichever happens to be going on, enjoying also the flowers by the roadside—such as have escaped the advance guard. Take comfort in lovely thoughts; remember that once there was an ugly woman who was wooed, married, had a child, calumny and divorce—all the blessings of the beautiful except alimony. Take comfort in the dignified knowledge that you are allowed to earn your own living and pay taxes. Take comfort in the hope that maybe you'll be a presentable corpse and a pretty angel. Take any kind of comfort that comes along and cheer up, but don't delude yourself by thinking that your heavenly gentleness and resignation will blossom eventually as a charm in your face, for it simply won't; if you started off with a vinegar aspect and a hatchet nose, no matter how honied and Roman of character, you'll keep vinegary and hatchety to the end of life's chapter. Just forget it. Remember you couldn't help it. Forget it. Though the world will never be as good to you as to the pretty ones, still you can be ever so much more good to the world than they. (Not that this will count in the least to your credit when the prizes are given out. It's just occupation. But occupation's something.) There's always a little consolation to be seen. Life's dough is not entirely without raisins. For instance, suppose you do have to stand up in the cars—and, gosh, you do!—aren't you getting there just as quickly as the handsome? And suppose animals, human and otherwise, don't take to you, is there not all the less danger of hydrophobia, canine and matrimonial?

But why go on? A person gets into a dripping perspiration while enumerating the many advantages of homeliness, for the reason that there aren't any.



THE CALL OF THE CHAPS

By L. Stanfield

LURE and lust of primal nature
Riot madly in my blood,
And the green flame of the foothills
Is a-burning in my brain.
I can hear the pines a-calling,
I can hear the river brawling,
And the melting snow a-swelling to a flood,
Rushing onward, ever downward to the plain.

Ringin' true as gold thrice tested,
Falls the lilt of some free bird;
And my pinto's hoofs make music,
As we push the breeze for camp.
Prairie solitude is stilling—
Thoughts like auto wheels go milling—
Half I wonder why I am not fanged and furred!
Wonder what I'd be had I Aladdin's lamp?

From the turquoise dome above me
Dappled sunshine drips like rain,
And a splendor born of Iris
Hangs cobwebby on my eyes.
All the pipes of Pan are playing!
Oh, the wondrous things they're saying,
Filling me with savage rapture keen as pain,
Till each locoed pulse that's in my hide replies!

Over soapweed, cactus, sagebrush,
Both spurs in and riding blind,
Holster creaking, bridle swinging,
Hell-to-split for Trinidad,
Gold-laced straw sombrero flapping,
Silver-mounted bulldogs snapping,
On we fly the gamest paint of fourfoot kind,
And a bronze-faced, crazy cowboy yelling mad!

Clouds like great bull bats now gather,
Bordered deep with indigo;
And the ripsaw voice of thunder
Bellows like a beast in chains,

THE SMART SET

My nomadic soul is purring,
 Ev'ry storm-stung nerve is whirring,
 I'm a living, breathing, full charged dynamo.
 Sensing joy as only men do on the plains.

Now a good old stirrup brother,
 Foot to foot, rides at my side;
 Our cayuses hit the high spots
 Over badger hole and ditch.

* * * *

All this mentally I'm viewing;
 Fact is, there is nothing doing;
 I forswore the cowpath when I took a bride,
 And I've settled down to business getting rich.

Wife and kids are in the mountains;
 I at home am forced to stay;
 To a fountain pen I'm shackled,
 Stake-roped to my desk and chair.
 But the wanderlust is burning!
 For my chaps and quirt I'm yearning!
 In my jeweled grillwork cage I sit all day,
 With the aura of the past forever there.



FROM THE JOURNAL OF MME. LÉANDRE

By Helen Woljeska

WHAT her abbé was to the rococo marquise—that her lawyer is to the modern woman.

No woman is happy unless she has someone to whom she may sacrifice her happiness.

A woman would rather be unhappy with the man she loves than happy without him.

When we are young we consider life a romantic problem. Later we learn that it is a mathematical one.

To the woman whose lover is merciless no merciful God is possible.

THE ISSUE

By Donal Hamilton Haines

IT was intensely hot in the stuffy office. All over the county building the whirr of electric fans rose supreme over the rattle of typewriters and adding machines, and the officials of the commonwealth went about collarless and in their shirt sleeves, diligently wielding palm-leaf fans and asking each other the same trite question.

In Scarlett's office it was hotter than anywhere else, for his windows caught the full glare of the afternoon sun, and the brilliant red roof beneath the window added a reflected shimmer of heat that was almost intolerable. Scarlett sat before his desk, stripped of his clothing as far as he dared, and with his door double-locked that he might bury his lips from time to time in the big stein on the desk before him. He knew that he was likely to be interrupted, for the mass of papers on the desk before him were those of the Tiffany murder case, than which there was no other topic in the minds of the people of Canfield.

It was not that people had any doubt of Tiffany's guilt nor of his conviction. Scarlett had taught them to expect acquittal only where it should come ever since he had occupied the prosecutor's office. He had made the law to the community an inexorable thing, and they had come to view it almost as he did, as something almost sacred, which could not pause in its workings to take personal emotions into account. They had seen him "send over" clever criminals who had employed the craftiest attorneys of the State, but they had seen him break down the coils of his own purely circumstantial evidence to free men whose subsequent conduct had justified his leniency. So they

could not quite bring themselves to think that he would hang Ben Tiffany, and they came to his office to talk to him about it.

There had been no man in the little city better liked than Tiffany, and none more cordially hated than Waldron, the murdered man. No one knew why the shot had been fired, for Waldron had died on the steps of his own home before help could reach him, and Tiffany had given himself up to the officers without saying a word in explanation or defense. Yet Tiffany's cell in the county jail was piled high with flowers and books, and Waldron's funeral had been almost unattended.

So Scarlett sat surreptitiously drinking beer and putting the facts in the case in form before him. He knew that he faced the hardest work of his office. He had taught jury after jury that it was logic and not hysteria to which they must listen in the courtroom, and yet here was a man, his own friend, whom he must ask a jury of his friends to hang. He pushed back his chair uneasily and looked up at the tube of the thermometer. As he did so there came a sharp rap at the door. Scarlett whisked the bottle and stein into a cupboard, thrust a cigar between his teeth and lighted it as he walked slowly to the door. A short, stout man in his shirt sleeves, with straight gray hair, a round red face and a closely trimmed imperial stood on the threshold.

"How do you do, Doctor?" said Scarlett. "Come in."

The short man entered the office and walked straight to a chair. He mopped his face with a handkerchief and looked Scarlett in the eye.

"I'm glad you're human enough to drink beer on the sly and then hide it, Bob," he said with a sudden bright smile.

Scarlett reddened slightly without answering.

"Well," said the doctor sharply, "where's the rest of it?"

Scarlett laughed and dragged out two bottles and another stein. Then he closed the door and opened the bottle.

"There are a lot of people, you know," he explained, "who think that two per cent of alcohol would turn scriptural milk and honey into the devil's own brew."

The doctor drank his beer and said nothing. Scarlett watched him curiously. He knew that Dr. Knowles made no idle visits. Yet he gave no sign of uneasiness, but lowered the level of the liquid in his own stein and looked calmly out the open window.

"I'm up to see you about the Tiffany case," said the physician suddenly. Scarlett viewed him with genuine surprise; he had not expected such Prussian tactics.

"You were called in to view the body, weren't you?" he asked.

The doctor waved a plump hand impatiently.

"I've been on the witness stand too many times to come on that score," he answered shortly. "Waldron's dead and Tiffany shot him. I know that. It's a plain case of murder as far as that goes."

"Well?" demanded Scarlett.

Dr. Knowles took a long pull at his stein, set it down and wiped the tiny imperial deliberately.

"You mustn't hang Ben Tiffany, Bob," he said bluntly.

The muscles about Scarlett's jaw hardened, and the doctor watched their stiffening with a frown. Scarlett's face was very sober as he said:

"I'm sorry you've come to me in this way. I can take your arguments before you put them in words. They're useless—worse than useless, for my obstinacy will probably make you angry, and I don't want to lose your friendship."

The doctor knew that he would have

to fence with very stiff blades, for Scarlett was a man on whom finesse was wasted.

"You knew Tiffany pretty well, didn't you?" he asked.

Scarlett nodded.

"Well, then—" commenced the doctor, but the younger man interrupted him.

"Never mind all that," he advised.

"I know there wasn't another blot on his record. I know that he was head and shoulders above the man he shot, morally and mentally. But he's as much of a murderer as the red-faced butcher I convicted of killing his wife last winter."

The doctor squirmed in his chair and reached for the big mug to gain time for another attack.

"I know what you'll want to say," Scarlett hurried on while the other's face was still hidden. "That I don't take human nature enough into consideration; that I'm too much of a machine and all that sort of thing. You don't realize that my science is just as exact as yours."

"Ha!" said the doctor quickly. "Of course it is—of course it is. But do you think that following an exact science as a profession frees you from the responsibility of making exceptions? Do you suppose I handle all my patients alike? No, sir! You and I both use tremendous weapons in our everyday business, weapons that other men haven't been trained to use, tools that make us bigger than our fellow men in some ways. That ought to make us both stop and think how we use them. If Tiffany were sick and all the tenets of my profession demanded that I operate, but I knew that an operation would kill him, do you think I'd cut? Even if he did die because I didn't use the knife, and the other physicians pointed their fingers at me, I'd rest easy in mind. It's a bigger thing to do your duty by humanity than it is to stick to rules of your craft."

Scarlett smiled. "Of course you're not drawing parallel cases," he said.

"On the face of things," Knowles answered quickly, "they're not parallel.

"That's why I'm in your office—to show you that they are."

Scarlett rose from his chair with an air of finality.

"I know the size of your heart," he said. "But I'm not going to listen. You want to tell me things that you should be telling to Tiffany's attorney." He paused and smiled, kindly but with a sort of coldness. "If you persist," he continued, "I shall have to put you outside the door. I've got to act according to my own lights—and they're fixed lights. Go to Tiffany's lawyer; I wish you would. If there's any reason why that man should go free, I want him to."

"But I don't want him freed by courtroom oratory," persisted the doctor. "I want him freed by a sense of common justice between man and man."

Scarlett shook his head without replying. The older man set down his stein, rose and walked to the door.

"The men you've convicted," he said slowly, "have been men who deserved death or long imprisonment, men whose passing meant nothing but good riddance to the society which they left. You can think with pride that you've taken a lot of useless cogs out of our little machine. But if you hang Tiffany, you'll have a different set of memories to face. I'm not trying to frighten you; I know that's useless. But have you stopped to think that you're reaching other people than Tiffany in hanging him?"

"He should have thought of that before he pulled the trigger," Scarlett answered coldly.

"He did," the doctor put in eagerly. "Do you think he shot this man down to gratify a mere personal animus?"

Scarlett shrugged his shoulders. "Don't you see the utter uselessness of argument?" he asked sharply.

"Yes," answered the physician in a hopeless tone, "I do." He put his hand on the knob of the door, then looked at Scarlett squarely with his bright, sharp eyes. "The only thing," he confessed, "that keeps me from telling people that you are a brutal slave of your profession is that I know you're honest—you

think you're on the right track." You'll almost hang my son if you hang Ben Tiffany!"

Scarlett whirled to his desk and pushed the empty bottles into a cupboard. Outside he heard the doctor talking with someone on the stairs.

"Of course," he said to himself as he looked from his window down onto the hot bricks of Main Street, "they'll try to cloak Tiffany with some high motive which would justify any crime in the calendar. I don't know what it'll be; some woman most likely. They think that's a rock I'll split on. Well, I won't!"

The clock in the brownstone church across the street struck five, and Scarlett commenced locking up drawers and preparing to leave the office.

"I wonder," he mused, "if they think I like this sort of thing? I wonder if they think I'm glad of the chance to use my abilities where they'll be taxed to the utmost—to hang a good man because he went wrong once?" He walked to the door and fumbled with the catch. "Men like Tiffany," he muttered, "don't do that sort of thing often; there's probably not the remotest chance that he'll ever do such a thing or even dream of it again. If his revolver had missed fire, the very nearness of the thing would have terrified him, and he'd have run away."

Halfway down the stairs he shook his head slowly.

"Ben Tiffany!" he muttered, his mind running swiftly back through the years to the hundred points where their lives had met and crossed. "Ben Tiffany!"

As the days of the two weeks intervening before the trial passed, Scarlett had ample opportunity for looking the situation squarely in the face. He had always been accustomed to having the undivided support of the public behind him in every case; now he must set himself deliberately athwart it. The thought of wavering did not enter his mind, but he caught himself wishing that Tiffany would escape or die in his cell.

JOCKS, MAGAZINES, FURNITURE OF WALLS WITH

Men talked of little but the approaching trial, but they did not discuss it with Scarlett. Nevertheless, much of the gossip reached his ears. He knew that men were telling each other that Tiffany had shot Waldron down to save his sister's honor. He did not bother even to ask himself whether it might be true or not. From day to day he expected Knowles to come again, or some other man to plead with him. Nothing happened until the very day before the trial, when Weyman, editor of the *Canfield Beacon*, came into the office rather suddenly and sat down on the edge of the desk. Scarlett had commenced to feel a sense of being almost ostracized in the isolation which had been his; he was frankly glad to see Weyman, although he knew well what lay beneath the latter's coming. For a time Weyman talked tennis and fishing, dangling his long legs from the desk, tearing a blotter into tiny squares and snapping them idly at the waste basket. At length, after a rather long pause, he said abruptly:

"It's a damned unpleasant thing that better men than you or I do worse things than we'll ever think of doing!"

Without answering, Scarlett got out of his chair, walked across the room and closed the door into the hall. Then he looked at Weyman in a manner which invited him to go on.

"That man Tiffany," the editor continued, "sat up all night at the jail last night taking care of a sick tramp, and then this morning he sent a note to my man Murphy telling him to get that tramp's story if he wanted to make his journalistic fortune."

"Charles the First was a model father," Scarlett quoted sententiously.

"Oh, I know all that," snapped Weyman. "I'm not trying to preach, I'm just saying that it's a—a damned queer mix-up." He snapped the last of the blotter into a far corner of the room and looked up quickly. "And I wouldn't like your job, either, Bob. It's not going to be fun to pull the town to pieces."

"Do you suppose I look forward to it?" demanded Scarlett.

"Well, no," admitted Weyman, "I hardly imagine you do. But I know why you're prosecuting attorney of this county; I know the eyes with which you look at the law. Everybody doesn't look at things that way, you know. I'm wondering if the game's going to be worth the candle for you. After this thing's over, you see, you'll be known principally as the man who sent Ben Tiffany to the scaffold."

"And not merely as a man who did his duty?"

"Nope—we're none of us that fair-minded. Everybody may realize that it's the thing you had to do, but every time we look at you, we'll see poor Ben dangling from a rope's end."

Scarlett turned his back and Weyman looked at him shrewdly.

"Why, just think of it, Bob," he hurried on, "the suit of clothes on the bundle that'll dangle from the scaffold will be as familiar to you as your own!" He paused an instant and then continued in a different tone: "I've come to take the measure of a man's real worth by the way the kids treat him. I guess a kid just has a hunch about things that we grown-ups have to find out. And there isn't a kid in town from the Main Street families to the newsies that peddle my papers that doesn't think Tiffany is a sort of an unthroned god. The sheriff tells me he's had dozens of letters from kids asking him please not to hang Uncle Ben!"

Scarlett did not turn from the window. Weyman watched him for a few seconds and then walked to the door.

"So long," he said.

"So long," answered Scarlett without turning, and Weyman went out.

Early the next morning the first strings of the crowd commenced to assemble before the courthouse. Scarlett made his way to his office through a whispering multitude at eight o'clock. He found Simmons, his assistant, pacing nervously up and down the room.

"There's going to be an awful crowd to see you lose your first case," Simmons announced dolefully.

Scarlett whirled about and looked steadily at the other.

"Dick," he said simply, "I'm going to win this case; and people are going to dislike me for what I've done—now. Some will go so far as to say that I'm as much a murderer as Tiffany ever thought of being. They probably think that it will make me sick of the whole business; that after it's over and I see what I've done I won't have the heart to face a jury again. Well—I *sha'n't* quit! If I thought for an instant that I should feel remorse afterwards, I'd quit now before the case ever came to trial. That would be less cowardly than to be sorry afterwards. And I'm going to stay right here, doing the same thing we'll have to do today as long as the people elect me to the office!"

All through the interminable preliminaries of the morning Scarlett sat motionless at the green-covered table while Simmons fought out the choice of the jury with Gore, Tiffany's lawyer. The prosecutor seemed interested in little save the square of blotting paper before him; in reality he saw and felt everything. The hot pressure of the nervous, fluttering crowd back of the railing, the uneasy minds behind the strained answers of the jury—these things he felt as keenly as though he had watched them. Now and then he glanced at Judge Carver, in his shirt sleeves on the bench, his long, red, wrinkled face with its sparse hair and shrewd, humorous mouth obscured every other second by the slow passage of a big fan. Always he could feel Tiffany's presence, although he only caught from the corner of his eye the faint blur of the prisoner's light gray suit as he sat between two of the sheriff's officers. Scarlett could remember the suit distinctly; Tiffany had worn it at a house party the summer before.

Only at the close of the long afternoon did Scarlett appear to resume interest in the proceedings. The jury had been selected and sworn, and in low, even tones the prosecutor told them what the people expected to prove. As he spoke he felt the whispering and murmur of the room die away. He could distinctly hear the slow swishing of the leaves outside the window and the sleepy sounds

from the street. He knew that Judge Carver's eyes had left the blue-tinted wall and were fixed on him, and he saw the gray blur that was Tiffany move its head to see better. He wondered what Tiffany was thinking—yet he did not turn his eyes from the jury nor pause, but finished speaking without raising his voice.

"What do you do?" demanded Simmons as they stopped an instant in the office before going home. "When you began to speak the people held their breath!"

Scarlett shrugged his shoulders unsmilingly.

Through the morning of the second day the courtroom grew restless while the minor witnesses told their story of the shooting. Tiffany and Waldron had been seen talking together on Waldron's steps. There had been no sounds of altercation. Tiffany had drawn a revolver suddenly and fired so quickly that Waldron simply slumped down at the foot of the porch post against which he had been leaning. Tiffany had made no explanation, had not even appeared excited. He had been seen to remove the other cartridges from his revolver and throw them away, leaving only the empty shell in the weapon.

Patiently Scarlett called his witnesses, and Gore made little or no attempt at cross-examination. Finally Scarlett turned to Judge Carver with the remark that he would call no other witnesses. Amid silence so profound that the noise of his footsteps sounded loudly, Tiffany crossed the space inside the railing to take the stand in his own defense. Gore left his chair and stood leaning against the table. Scarlett resumed his distant manner, making endless circles and squares on the blotting pad before him. Gore had no need to ask many questions. He probed once or twice into the past, with wary glances at Scarlett to meet an expected objection—which did not come—and Tiffany spoke. It did not need Tiffany's testimony to convince people that the dead man had been a cad; everyone knew that. People had known, too, that Tiffany's sister and Waldron had been much together,

and they had talked of it as such things are discussed in a town where there are none but neighbors. But the things that Tiffany told them they had not known nor even guessed, and faces in the courtroom grew pale or red as he spoke. From time to time Simmons glanced expectantly at his chief as Scarlett allowed the testimony to pass point after point to which he might have objected. But Scarlett blackened the surface of the blotter and looked out of the window at the softly waving branches of the oaks.

"I think that is all," Gore said after Tiffany's quiet tones had filled the room for nearly an hour.

Every eye swung to Scarlett's figure. Tiffany looked at him, and those nearest could see the prisoner's fingers whiten as he gripped the arms of his chair. Scarlett looked up slowly without stopping the movement of the pencil in his hand.

"Could you not have persuaded your sister to leave town at any time?" he asked quietly.

Tiffany appeared startled by the question and hesitated before he answered. Bravely, almost sorrowfully, but with relentless acuteness, Scarlett framed his question so that every person in the room felt how easily the murder itself might have been avoided. For the first time Tiffany's cheeks grew white and his voice unsteady. Minute after minute passed, and Tiffany was near to breaking under the strain. When the break came, however, it took an unexpected form.

The prisoner leaned forward in his seat, seeming not to have heard Scarlett's last question. He frowned and then laughed—the slight, half-nervous laugh of a man who is telling a story poorly and fears that his auditors do not quite understand.

"I don't think I can possibly make it all clear to you," he said, almost as though speaking to himself, "but I had to do it—I *had to*! It didn't seem to me that I had killed anyone. I had dreamed of that man and the thing he was doing for months; he had become the specter of my nightmares. I could do nothing with my sister; she loved

him helplessly, knowing all the time what he was. It would have done no good to take her away. She would have come back to him—but you could not understand that. There was nothing for me to do but to shoot him!" he finished with a crooked, wistful smile.

Scarlett nodded slowly without moving.

"I think that's all—Ben," he said.

The prisoner started and the courtroom trembled at Scarlett's use of the name. Even Judge Carver's long eyebrows shot to a puckered point and then came down again.

Very quietly Scarlett got to his feet for his first plea to the jury. He spoke only for a few minutes, going over the testimony of the witnesses and calling attention to the manner in which it substantiated what he had stated the people would attempt to show. The spectators listened in surprised silence; they scarcely seemed to realize that he had finished when he sat down.

The ticking of the big clock above Judge Carver's desk and the rustle of papers on Gore's table were the only sounds audible as Tiffany's lawyer left his chair. He stood before the jury with his arms folded across his chest, knowing that every moment of tense suspense counted in his client's favor. He let his eye travel from face to face among the twelve men of the jury before he commenced to speak. He spoke then as everyone in the room knew that he must. He made no effort to pretend that willful murder had not been done. He cast the letter of the law aside and drew pictures of the dead man and his slayer. He went over Tiffany's story and used all his eloquence in describing the agony of the man as he stood by and watched his sister's almost unconscious undoing. Then he leaped quickly to the consequences of the jury's decision.

"I am not asking you," he said, "to free a desperate character, a man whom your leniency might allow to go out among his fellow men and perhaps repeat his act. I am asking you to free a man whose character you know better than I can paint it for you. In the face of the evidence which has been intro-

duced, and which I make no effort to deny, I insist that murder as we know it has not been done! There are combinations of circumstances which cannot be met by ordinary means; there are occasions which are outside the pale.

"And yet there is no occasion for any wild appeal to any so-called 'higher law.' We are concerned only with human beings. This man has acted without passion, with all the calmness of deep purpose, with his eyes open to the thing he was doing—the one thing which it seemed to him could save a life dearer than his own. One man has sinned and paid for it with his life. You have another life in your hands. In the face of every court and every law, I contend that this man has not sinned. I need not tell you what his life will be if you spare it—nor of how many hearts his death will cut!"

When Gore finished it was as though he had included every person in the room in the jury. Only their positions in the twelve revolving chairs differentiated them from the other listeners; their faces were not one whit more strained and tightened by the stress of their emotions, their positions not one particle more tense, their eyes like all others, turned to Scarlett.

He was not conscious of the strain. He forgot the men in the jury box, the eager-faced spectators, the keen eyes of the judge—everything but the slight gray figure by the railing, and the words that he himself must say. All doubt as to what he would say, all the tiny twinges of feeling, had vanished. He felt almost apart from the people about him, simply the instrument of the thing he was to do. He did not commence as the waiting mass of people expected.

"I wish," he began thoughtfully, almost as though speaking to himself, "that men and women were built a little better, a little bigger than they are. If every man's conscience worked infallibly, and if every man had implicit faith in the workings of his neighbor's conscience, there would be no need of laws or courts. For they are, after all, but the clinging remnants of a barbarism from which we have been

trying to escape for a string of centuries.

"This man who stands before you accused of the willful murder of a fellow creature is your friend—and mine. As he sits there now he is a good man, a better man than many of us. I have known him many years, and I owe him much. I do not desire this man's punishment. Were the issue between him and me alone, I would ask you to set him free this instant; I would not even have placed him where he is now, in jeopardy of his life. But the issue does not lie between us, nor does it lie between the man and the community in which the crime has been done. And it is because the issue is deeper and greater that I can forget that this man has been my friend and ask for his conviction.

"I am not going to tell you that the law can make no exceptions. Were I to do so, I should only be asking you to believe that the law says a thing is wrong while in your own hearts you believe that it is right. But it is not to save the majesty of the law that I ask this man's conviction. Nor yet is it because I believe that the acquittal of one slayer will breed others that I maintain my position. The issue is not there.

"The issue is between yourselves and your future. We are none of us touching upon the remote edges of perfection. All of us are far weaker than our best instincts. To each one of us there may come crises which may break through the habits and intentions of a lifetime and render us different creatures in an instant's time. Because we are thus imperfect, and because our imperfections are likely to take concrete, violent form, we have hedged ourselves about with certain rules which we call laws. Upon those who break these laws we impose penalties for the safety of the greater number. Because each of us differs from his fellows we have made these laws broad that they may cover all cases. Yet we change these laws because we edge, almost imperceptibly, nearer to perfection. Today we do not need *all* the laws of yesterday. That thing at the core of us which governs our

existence has grown with our intelligence; we have been able to do away with certain restrictions, because there is no longer any danger of their being broken.

"At the top of the calendar of crimes we have placed the taking of a human being's life—murder. The very word makes us shudder. We connect it with horrible details, with revolting surroundings, with base motives and with natures of a brutal sort. Yet the man before you has almost dignified the crime. He has slain calmly, calculatingly, *conscientiously*, with none of the ferocity or frenzy so common in such cases. He has struck down a man who had assumed in his eyes almost the proportions of a monster. By the very nature, the very manner of his act, he has shown himself a greater man than many—possibly a foreshadowing of a type of man to whom murder will be an impossibility because it can never be a necessity. Yet he has murdered; he is as deeply stained with human blood as the most depraved criminal of history. He has been actuated by motives which in his own mind were higher than those which have wrought many good deeds—yet he has struck down a human being in cold blood.

"If you and I, for the purpose of judging him, could assume the state of mind which he was in when he pulled the trigger—we would not dare to do so. We must judge him as one of us—not as the higher order of being which he appeared to himself at the moment the shot was fired—for I know that this man approached the deed with the same feelings with which the priests of old drew near the sacrificial altar. Yet he has broken through our laws, and by that very act he has endangered our future unless we punish him. We are straining toward a day when we shall be able to do without the fabric of our restraining laws—but we cannot reach it at one bound. Yet this man asks us to make the leap. Our laws are inadequate for his purpose; he takes the law into his own hand. It has taken us centuries to reach the point where we now stand; he asks us to rush to this

higher point in the time that it takes a bullet to reach the victim's heart. We cannot do it. For us now to attempt life in a state without laws would be to set loose lawlessness in its worst meaning. Could we reach at once to the state of mind which he momentarily enjoyed—when he shed human blood with the quiet, thoughtful air of a chemist taking poison from a liquid—then we might judge him on another basis. But we must cling to the old laws with the tenacity of our faith in our ultimate selves, for the line between progress and sudden devastating degeneration is a hair line. So long as we must have our laws protect us, we must have them protect us fully.

"This is an issue which has been faced before, which must be faced again. It is one which puts all of us on trial. I wish we here might have been spared facing it in this fashion—at the cost of a life which has been dear to many of us. But can we afford to shirk our responsibilities because it cuts close?"

He stopped abruptly, still leaning forward as he had done to ask the last question. An instant he stood motionless, then dropped quickly into his chair. In stunned silence the crowded room listened to the even, dispassionate charge of the judge. At its conclusion the pale-faced jurors filed slowly into the double-doored room at the rear, and the courtroom was cleared quickly and without commotion.

At midnight Simmons came quickly from the courtroom into Scarlett's office. He found the latter squatting on the floor, packing fishing tackle into a tin box and stuffing matches into the pocket of a dirty shooting coat.

"They're in!" Simmons cried breathlessly.

Scarlett went on with his packing without looking up. Simmons tilted restlessly from one foot to the other like a boy.

"Well?" Scarlett asked tonelessly.

"Guilty!" said Simmons in a hoarse whisper.

Scarlett continued his preparations calmly. "I think," he said, "I'll go fishing tomorrow."

A SUPPRESSED STORY

By Norton Campbell

MENGEL'S at two in the morning is the Mecca of the tired, hungry reporter. One may always find two or three in the little rear room. Each has a sheet fresh from the presses, and they sprawl about over the table and smoke and wait for their chops.

"What were you doing today, Richards?" inquired Hicks, a sporting man, who was skimming over his column or two for signs of the copyreader's cruelties.

"Oh, some more of this 'wave of crime' stuff. I wish they'd chuck it. It's dull as dog watch, and it's all a fake anyway."

"Well, well; I am surprised, Richards."

The reporters looked up. The managing editor rarely came to Mengel's nowadays, though a few years before he had been a nightly visitor. He joined the reporters at the table.

"Let's see. As I came in, Richards, you were saying something about this 'wave of crime' matter we're running, weren't you?"

The editor looked only half serious, but Richards flushed up.

"I'm clean fagged out tonight, Mr. Underwood; I—I don't know what I said."

Underwood put on a pair of shell-rimmed glasses and ordered his chops.

"It's all right, Richards," he said presently. "I've told Dillon to wind up that business; we've run enough of it. And besides"—here the editor took off the shell-rimmed glasses and smiled oddly—"besides, it's getting the nerve of the community; upon my word, it is."

"Just what do you mean, Mr. Underwood?" queried Richards.

"Who covered the Park police doings today?"

"We had a few items from the City News Bureau, and I was around there myself," explained Richards apprehensively.

"What did you get?"

"Nothing—practically. Commodore Stevens's machine burned up at the Park entrance, but the City News had that. There were a few drunks; that's all."

"Hold-ups?"

"Not one."

"Did you see the blotter yourself?"

"Yes, sir, I did."

"And no hold-up?"

"Nothing of the kind," maintained Richards. "Did you hear of one?"

"There was one—one with a story in it, too—a big story on a dull night like this, a story with a real sleep punch, as Hicks here says. Now it's twenty-four hours old, and our star policeman doesn't even know there was a hold-up!"

"But you knew it."

"I did; I certainly did know it. But my point is—you should have known it. As it was, the story was killed, suppressed."

"Well, I didn't suppress it," murmured the dogged Richards.

"No," admitted Underwood, "of course you didn't. It took influence to do that—influence."

Influence! Poor Richards began wondering just what he had missed.

"And since you don't know, Richards, since you didn't see it on the blotter, I'll tell you about it—leaving out names. I got these facts from the man to whom it all happened. I know him intimately. He is a man of considerable

influence in certain quarters; you'd jump at his name if I mentioned it. So I won't mention it. I'll call him Smith, Mr. Smith.

"Last night, or rather night before last, business kept Mr. Smith downtown until after midnight. Physically my friend Smith is a powerful fellow, and he credits it all to his habit of walking much in the open air. So, notwithstanding the hour, Smith walked home. He went up Fifth Avenue to Eighty-fifth Street, where he turned into the Park—he lives in Central Park West.

"Central Park after midnight is, as you know, a pretty dark place. But Smith had crossed often at this point, and had no fear of losing his way.

"Now here, Richards, is where your 'wave of crime' stuff got in its work. It happened that Smith had been following your series of articles closely; he takes a deep interest in all sociological questions. But it took Central Park at one in the morning to make him realize that, besides affecting society in general, your 'wave of crime' theory might conceivably have an application very personal to him. Once his mind had seized upon it, the thought so disturbed his nerves that—just for an instant—he felt a touch of nausea.

"On one side of the path—the left—was the open park, on the other a thick growth of shrubbery. About midway through a lone arc lamp had been left burning. Seeing it in the distance, Smith quickened his pace. He was proceeding almost at a run when abruptly he stopped. Out of the bewildering darkness beyond the light a figure had emerged. Straight down the middle of the gravel path it came, with a long stride and a peculiar sag of the knees at every step. It was tall but a good deal stooped, so that its long coat touched the ground as the knees sagged. As it passed the light a grotesque shadow swung round from its rear and groped out ahead with prodigious reach. As the figure glided forward, the shadow stretched out still more hungrily, and wagged from side to side like a giant's club brandished.

"Smith roused himself. Such an ill-looking creature, he thought, would have least capacity for harm in the light. He hurried forward. But he had waited too long; at best, he must meet the thing in the dim light. He resolved on one thing: he would keep to the left—toward the open park; he would never pass between that figure and the shrubbery.

"But as they approached each other the figure moved over toward the open space. Smith hugged the chain toward the left of the path and pressed resolutely forward. A yard apart both halted momentarily—then, like a spirit, the figure slipped past Smith, brushing him gently as it went.

"Instantly Smith felt for his watch. Not there! That watch—I have seen it a thousand times—Smith worshiped it. It was a beautiful thing, thin as a wafer and literally covered with tiny diamonds. Forgetting his fright, Smith dashed like a madman down the path after the disappearing figure. It ran, but Smith ran faster and soon overhauled it. It offered no resistance, but it cowered, uttered some hideous gibber and made desperate pretense of dumbness.

"It was well done, but Smith is a master at penetrating deception. The right hand of the figure was inside its coat. Smith jerked out the clenched fist, pried it open and found—as he had expected—a watch. He was furious. He caught the creature by the throat, and when he released it, it sank to the gravel path like an empty garment.

"That's what you missed, Richards."

The editor put on the shell-rimmed glasses and glanced at his watch.

"Two thirty! We must all be going. Charlie is waiting for the dishes."

Cunning Richards. He had caught a glimpse of Underwood's watch—a beauty, thin as a wafer and brilliant with tiny diamonds.

"But to finish," added the editor: "Five minutes later Smith was in his apartment in Central Park West. His wife—I will call her Louise—had retired. Louise is a tiny little thing, and as nervous and panicky as a child.

Smith decided to tell her nothing until morning. When he had taken the watch from the fellow in the Park he had dropped it into his coat pocket. Now he drew it out to put it under his pillow. He gasped—it *didn't feel like his watch!* He searched in his pocket for a match and struck a light.

"'Damnation!' he yelled, and let his

watch fall on the floor. The match went out.

"'What in the world are you doing?' asked Louise.

"'Nothing, nothing; I'm—I'm looking for my watch.'

"'Goodness, dear, how you frightened me! Your watch is over there in my jewel box. You left it on the breakfast table this morning.'



ONE AUTUMN DAY

By Rose Henderson

I WALKED along the maple-bordered drive,
And saw the first brown leaves of autumn fall,
The cannas flaunt there, gorgeously alive,
And the shrill, scarlet-throated flickers call.

I watched the faces in a crowded street,
And caught the silent magic of the throng.
The steady murmur of their hundred feet
Pulsed through me like a sudden rift of song.

I saw old men and women bowed and gray,
And strangely peaceful after years of care,
Content to sit in porch chairs all the day,
And idly dream and mutter childish prayer.

And then the low sky glowed with colors rife,
The night wind rose and passed with scented breath;
But I had touched the rushing wings of life,
And felt the sudden dull, soft hush of death!



"I THINK it would be well," said the decorator, "to have your dining room bordered by a frieze."

"No, no," remonstrated the man who had only recently struck it. "I want that room, above all others, to have a warm, cozy appearance."



"I UNDERSTAND you spent your vacation on a camping trip with friends."
"We were friends when we started."

OLD MAXIMS FOR NEW

By Sophie Irene Loeb

LOVE, to a man, is but a thing to start; 'tis woman's whole persistence.
There's many a slip 'twixt the lip and the altar.
An ounce of convention is worth a pound of cure.
Necessity is the mother-in-law of prevention.
A little liberty now and then is relished by the best of husbands.
One man's loss is another man's game.
Distance lends enchantment, but nearness gets the man.
Where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to confess.
An engagement in hand is worth two in the imagination.
When experience comes in at the door, illusion flies out of the window.
Too many flames spoil the broth of love.
Sufficient unto the evening is the companion thereof.
In time of love prepare for war.
You may lead a man toward the altar but you can't make him link.
All's swell that ends well.
Where there's a will there's the devil to pay.
All Jack and no work makes Jill a dull girl.
Great minds run in the same subway.
A good dinner turneth away wrath.



MRS. ARISTOCRAT—Did you hear what Mrs. Nouveau Riche said to me at the concert this evening?

MRS. WELLBORN—No, my dear; do tell me about it.

MRS. ARISTOCRAT—Well, she informed me that she had decided to have a *nom de plume* in her hat.

COUNTER TIDES

By Ethel Smith Dorrance

THE lazy resort crowd watching from the beach were making wagers whether or not the athlete and the Frenchman would succeed in rowing across the rollers with their frail fishing boat, make the fish nets and return in time to dance at the hop that night.

Their outlook was oddly scenic—the smoldering August sun sinking toward the cool margin of the water, the wisp-like, far-away skiff bobbing mechanically as though animated by an electric battery beneath, the two men seated like puppets within it, and the near belts of color, tautly stretched across the ocean's front, those wonderful blues, browns and greens that mark its tides and counter tides.

The sea coughed monotonously, as it does on August afternoons. Nature's orchestra played an ominous tune, with a whistling obligato. But the watchers did not listen, for, in so far as their after-dinner lethargy would permit, they were absorbed in the bet.

As is usual with gamblers, however, they had not the inside information. A true layer of odds on this particular issue must have known the innermost mind of Jean Provost, an impossible stipulation, and the daring of the athlete, a condition more easily suspected.

Within the boat, one man was placidly enjoying his pipe; the other pulled at a cigarette. Both worked in a desultory way at the oars.

"For summer exertion, that was a pretty stiff pull across the rollers," said the athlete, clinging to his pipe fondly. "Gad! At one time I feared we might not be above surf for the dance to-night!"

A cunning expression puckered the face of Jean Provost.

"So much is it that you anticipate the dance? So much are you going to enjoy that merry dance? But if it does not please me that you are going to be there? How if I do not like it that way?"

"You? Oh, I guess you can't stop me, Provost," said the other, tossing an easy laugh over his shoulder.

"All your lives you Americans say, 'I guess this'—'I guess that,' and feel sure because you say 'I guess' it is going to be just so. Now, let me show you how that 'guess' is wrong." Jean puffed a cloud of cigarette smoke to the greedy winds and laughed to see how quickly it was tattered. "Sometimes this Jean Provost is the whirlwind, and, if he choose, he is going to quite tear up your cloudy guess. How are you going to believe about that?"

There was something in his tone that caused the other to turn. Thus suddenly meeting the ferocity in Jean's sal-low face and couchant body, the blond athlete straightened his form in an involuntary impulse of protection.

"Gad, you're a rum guy, Jean!" he exclaimed, with his former placating laugh, that suggested the soothing sirup one gives to an irascible child. "But, by my sprouting beard, I can't drop onto your game!"

Provost clutched at the last word. "The 'game' you call it! Again that mistake! You call this a game and you appear to be only playing, but it is not. It is going to be—how do you call it?—the real article. Yes, that is what it is going to be."

Ford studied with interest the gesticulations of the foreigner.

"Hm-m-m," he observed. "Well, well! So you brought me out here to fish for a row! You seem determined on it, but be wary, my boy, or you may succeed. You thought the trick was yours when you made that bet about rowing to the fish nets and back against the afternoon tide, and dared me before the whole gang of duffers to come along; but I am going to tell you this," sudden irritation heating his words; "if I had not been along you would have been floundering this minute in a trifle too much water for your staying powers. You'd have been as drowned as the proverbial rat, sure!"

"If the water is so big that it kills one rat or another, my frien', that is going to prove which is the fitter rat to survive—and also spare this so very fatiguing talk." Jean flipped a stratum of ash from his cigarette, which, in his abstraction, had become so short as almost to singe his lip.

"It isn't the most absorbing talk I have ever had," admitted Ford.

"But on account of that talk is why I have brought you. On shore you have no time for me, and I love you so much that it makes me feel very bad, so"—embellishing the elaborate irony of his voice with a dainty gesture toward the back of the American—"so we come where the water is so big. She looks quite large between the shore and us."

"She does, indeed," agreed Ford, with a shrewd backward glance. "So let us get to the point of this discussion."

"I can acquaint you better of the point if I see your face, my frien'," suggested Jean. "Your back appears very grand, but your face is quite more lovely. I should like that you turn around. So! Now we are going to look in our faces and talk about the plan."

"All right, then, Johnny—but stow the flowery language and don't delay the game," cried Ford, who was beginning to feel a lively curiosity over the mental antics of his companion.

The foreigner's teeth gleamed momentarily in a smile. "That meestake again you make! So difficult is it for the American student to learn his lesson—

that this is not a game I am now going to demonstrate."

"Good enough!" encouraged Ford.

"On that shore," stated Jean, "is Miss Rodgers, resting among the pillows so that she will look mos' beautiful to-night. I love that Miss Rodgers. Also you love the same Miss Rodgers. It seems that she likes very much to love us both, but that is going to make us feel bad."

"Not necessarily," insinuated Ford rudely, "since a woman can love in so many different degrees."

But Jean was deep in his grievance. "All the weeks I make it in rhymes of how I love, and when the magazines publish my little verses because they breathe so hot, then I show them to her and I say: 'See, I write so quick and so true because my love is like that!' And when I play the music to her so that her ears show pink and her eyes grow black understanding all I am trying to tell her, 'So,' I say, 'that is also playing in my soul!' When we walk I show her how the line of swallows snaps like a whip across the sky, and I say: 'So snaps my heart at your coming!'"

"Take care not to snap it in two!" jeered Ford.

"And when at sunset nature paints all this big land and sky and water like the colors on a china vase, 'So,' I tell her, 'so is my love going to flush your life like the hue of the rose.'"

"Probably rouged quite beyond her recognition," muttered Ford.

"All the week like this I have her, with her soul resting on mine, until Saturday comes and brings you from the city." Jean bent upon his companion a candid look of hate.

Ford laughed boyishly. "Enter the villain!" he cried.

The Frenchman, however, was not to be distracted. All his senses were focused upon the thoughts that jostled each other to his lips. "You do not know the beautiful words to say, but you can take her from me because you want her. Then she tells me it is good that she should have variety, and so I am obliged to wait until Monday comes, when you depart. I wish for her that she is going

to secure the better of us for herself, but I wish that it be decide' now. Herself, she does not know. She seems very much to love us both, but the time has arrive' when we are going to know."

"Is it that you want to fight?" asked Ford.

"Always you think of your body. And yet it is a good one. She likes to see you swim ahead of all that try against you, but, as I tell her, there are very many animals besides the feesh. It seems very amusing to me that you have the body and, *voilà*, I have the head! Is it not sad, my frien', that, about people marrying together, only two are allowed to collaborate? Now I should like all that fine body in my family. But you perceive what I mean?" Jean suddenly tossed away his whimsicalities, and, leaning forward, watched intently the admirable, backhanded strokes of the athlete as he coaxed the craft to remain in gentle waters.

"So far, all is well, but I can't say that I do foresee the sequence clearly," said Ford lazily. "You have made a mighty fanciful story from a set of commonplace facts that I already knew. Help a fellow out, won't you?"

Jean made a deprecatory gesture toward the sky, that was florid as though with indignation. "But it is not *his* fault that he cannot understand!" Then his eyes suddenly grew brilliant with intensity, and rising blood began to darken his prominent cheekbones. "I shall then give you the sequence. The better man of us is going to get the girl, and the other mus' disappear!"

Considering the passion in the Frenchman's face, Ford's laugh was decidedly comfortable.

"Well, you certainly are a disappointment to me, Jean. Here I have been anticipating an original climax, and you offer me nothing but a foregone conclusion. Of course, the lady will choose the better of us, according to her lights upon the subject; and the other, if he has any sense of propriety at all, will vanish away. You must realize, my boy, that some female shakes the dice for every man, and his life wags with her caprice."

"That is very true what you say. Nothing is original to the world, but all that we do in earnest, that is original to ourselves. When you yourself are being born, that is very much in earnest for you. The world has much ennui because people are getting born all the time, but that is original for you."

"Don't remember much about it," mused Ford, "but suppose it *was* something of a novelty to me at the time."

Jean smiled at him. "When you first love, that is fringed with rags to the world, but you don the shabby coat and consider yourself dressed quite stylish and very fine, quite! When I take that Miss Rodgers in my arms the first time and kiss her taunting lips with mine and know that her soul and body are going to be forever all mine— Most men have loved and kissed, my frien', but see, that is original for me! And if—"

"Hold up, you little beast! Your topics are getting just a bit too realistic for my fancy." Ford could not control an angry frown.

"And if," continued Jean, leaning forward to read the other's face, "if he likes, this Jean Provost is going to kill you. See, that would be most original for Jean Provost and also for you!"

"Well, by the Almighty, I should say so!" exclaimed Ford, startled by Jean's fierceness and delighted by his nerve. "It certainly would seem unique to find yourself dangling at the end of a stout rope some day or leaning back luxuriously in an electric chair. While little treats of this sort *have* happened before, as you say, they are dealt out to comparatively a choice few. Fate drops such plums to a fellow only once in his lifetime."

"But it is not my wish myself to eat that plum. It is perhaps not agreeable to my digestion. If I wish myself to make my exit, I am going to find a quite more dramatic way. If I am going to kill you, it is not that I also am going to die."

"Well, just for conversation now, how are you going to accomplish your altruistic little scheme?" Ford stowed the oars and stretched his splendid length of muscle. He looked with conscious

superiority at the body of the foreigner, thin and agile as a cat's, with a nervous vitality that suggested a surprising reserve force for short emergencies.

"If I should be going to kill you," observed Jean slowly, "how, I do not yet know. This head has very many little voices that tell Jean when the time comes just what he must do."

"Oh!" said Ford. "I gather, then, that killing, to be artistic, must be sort of extemporaneous."

"Perhaps I do not wish to kill you at all," continued Jean earnestly. "Perhaps that the terrible accident comes; Jean tries much to save his frien', but so it cannot be. It is sad to contemplate. It seems so very sad that the athlete should die so young, with so much fine body; that he must leave behind the lady he loves and the many frien's. Also is it sad how this Jean tries to save his frien', and how afterwards he writes a grand poem about the athlete, so young, so lovely, getting kill'. Is it not also sad to you, my frien'?" Jean gazed into Ford's face with a large sympathy.

"It takes a pretty hard draw upon the imagination to follow you, Johnny. But perhaps if it were not so unnatural it would not be so touching."

"You feel touched. Your heart is kind, my frien'. But all that we call tragedy is just those happenings that seem to us unnatural."

"That is right, my boy; and we each have a palate that is tickled by whatever we cannot understand. Which explains why I am at present out here in this beastly uncomfortable boat."

"And so," pursued Jean, "we like to hear about all the terrible accidents, so that we can smack our lips and say: 'Oh, how dreadful that is! I must go fast and tell my frien's about that!' If, when we are young, they would teach us the true natural laws, it would be better for us."

"You treat me like a boy," said Ford, who had regained his habitual good humor. "Suppose you teach me a few of them now."

Jean rewarded his interest with a quizzical glance. "We are all obliged to learn many like these, my frien': the small mind can control the big body;

happiness is a moral audacity that is always going to be punished; possession is nine points toward desire for dispo-session, and virtue gives one ennui."

"I say, now," interrupted the American eagerly, "you seem in a fair way to prove the first three to me, but the last is entirely too sweeping. I guess you mean virtue in a man."

"No, no," expounded Jean, "we must not sweep the ladies out. I mean any real virtue—although virtue, in women, is most always policy."

"I wonder?" mused Ford. "Any more?" "We must learn that the words 'consistency' and 'nature' are just little expressions we have made, and that, to be natural, all must be mos' inconsistent and unnatural."

"You have the virtue, at least, of trying to live up to your doctrines," reminded the learner.

"Also," continued Jean abstractedly, "only novelty is pleasure, and soon everything is going to seem very old."

"How soon?" asked Ford.

Jean disregarded the pertinence of the question. "My frien'," he observed, "if we learn these and all the rest such laws, then we like that all the books and all the plays should be very good and very happy, because we are so surprised that they can be so!"

During his digressions, Jean's attitude had relaxed into its usual grace, and his words were delivered with a luxury of tone and gesture. Ford was charmed.

"You're deucedly morbid, but you certainly are picturesque!" he exclaimed. "Perhaps you have already written that little 'In Memoriam' that is to be forthcoming after my exit. Can't you let a fellow enjoy the first lines of his epitaph?"

"You will pardon the roughness," said Jean, with a deprecatory smile, "because I shall now try to improvise that little, as you say, epitaph. I have not in my plans come so far as this, but I am going to ask your opinion. Do you not consider it nice to begin this way?"

Without hesitation, gesticulating earnestly to the brazen sky, the hearkening

water and the face of the man before him, the foreigner delivered his improvisation, glowing under the outward warmth of a mental creation.

"Gad, Johnny, you're great!" cried the big American at the close. "That is almost worth dying for. But folks fortunately have imaginations, so that you can use it without an inspiration so realistic to me."

"I think that inspiration is going to make the world seem very unrealistic to you, is it not?" inserted Jean slyly.

Ford's mind shed the suggestion.

"Now, my man, time is fleeting, and, although our talk has gone beyond the beaten track of talks, I am thinking of the bath waiting for me, the fresh duds, you know, and the hot soup. I am hankering for them already. I vote for pulling in." Ford picked up an oar decisively.

"But first," said Jean, "we must reach the nets. The wager, was it not that we quite reach the nets? It is very near, and allow that I bring us there." Leaning forward, he seized the two oars nearest Ford and pulled easily toward the patch of black stakes that jutted the water some yards away. He talked as he pulled.

"Sometimes," he said thoughtfully, "I like you very much. You seem only a big, young boy to me, that likes just playing and eating. But it is when you nod the head at that Miss Rodgers and she leaves me to go to you that I remember you must really be a large man. In the dance room, when I see you hold her to you, as though you entirely owned her, it is then that I hate you! Also it is when this poor Jean sits by himself on the shore and watches you floating her on the waves, with the yellow head bent low to the black one that rests in the water, it is then that he hates you! And when night comes and he is quite left on the porch to see how your two forms lean so very confidential, as they fade toward some nice, dark place, it is then that he pats his heart and says to him: 'Do not worry; that man is going to disappear!' And I now wish to ask you this, that you go away for a big two months. To me this looks quite fair.

You disappear for these two months, and then, if it is not to be that I win Miss Rodgers, so I then disappear quite away and leave the lady for you."

As though to allow time for so vital a decision, Jean sat silent for a moment. His glance swept the entire view of sea before them, and settled at last upon a distant fishing smack which was clumsily jerking its way toward them. To his mental calculations, this moving atom seemed to call 'time.' Straightway he returned to the attack. His tone had roused again, and he leaned toward his *vis-à-vis* menacingly.

"This is a very good chance that I give you. Is it what you are going to do? Are you going to disappear?"

Ford straightened angrily, now thoroughly irritated by Provost's superb persistence.

"No, not by a damned sight!" he snapped with heat.

"Then I consider for you that is a very dam' pity."

Tired of this child's play, Ford made a sudden grasp for one of the oars held by Jean, but he tackled an iron vise.

Jean laughed. "I do not like that you are going to take this oar. It is very nice that I make all the rowing. I like very much that you do not get fatigue."

"Cut out your chattering and give me that oar!" cried Ford, bracing his strength as best he might in the bobbing craft. During the short struggle that ensued, however, the oar became detached from its lock and shot far out upon the water, as though animated by some powerful, muscular effort. Whipcords were stretched across Jean's forehead, and his face wore a dark flush, although he was smiling at Ford sweetly.

"I fear that oar is going to get mos' wet," he said.

"You blasted idiot!" cried Ford. "How do you suppose we are going to get back over those high rollers with only three oars? Perhaps you think the wind will just poetically breathe us in! Here, give me your place! I am going to row after that oar."

"Perhaps you will not feel like rowing in on top of the big water. I should like

very much to see the fish. Do you also not wish to see, my friend?"

Jean was standing now, unheeding the tremors of the boat, and had seized the corner fish-net pole, to which he pulled. Jerking an oar from its fastenings, he leaned over the side of the craft and dug into the water at the knotting of the net. By some deft trick he loosened its hold upon the stake. Straining over its heaviness, he pulled the dripping web to view, and exclaimed like a delighted child about the fish upon it.

"Those seem, indeed, very nice fish, and I am quite distressed that they must swim so young and lovely into this net. That is quite sad. I think I shall write a poem about that. Do you not like that squirming fish out there, my friend? See, I am going to point at him!"

Jean had caught the corner of the net lightly on the pole and slanted his body outward to indicate a certain unit of its scintillating burden. In this act he dropped the second oar.

Ford flared into an instantaneous fury. He reached frantically after the oar, missed his balance and fell upon the net, his weight snapping the cord that held it to the stake.

"You damned idiot! You fool!" were the last words Jean heard, as, in attempting to swim, Ford's arms and legs became entangled in the meshes of the net.

"That is most ungraceful," commented Jean, standing in the boat and preparing to dive. "Also, you are wasting your reserve breath. It is a very dam' pity that you must swear so much while getting drown'."

Deliberately Jean filled his lungs with the salty air and dived after the struggling man. He caught the corner of the net and threw it over Ford's body. Waiting his opportunity, he deftly pinned the American's arms to his sides, with the clutch of a master effort.

Ford, windspent and spluttering, tried to throw off the grip of the man and the net, but gained only freedom enough to hook Jean firmly to his side with one leg. Jean, paying out his breath like a singer with a difficult cadenza before him, held his victim with quiet might.

Gurgling with delight, the water closed over the two. The boat struggled like a terrified thing toward the breakers.

But it takes less time than one would think for a clumsy fishing smack to make its way through the sea when eight brown arms are straining and the wind lends gallant aid. So the pair in the net were rescued before the life of either was extinct.

It seemed that, after all, the decision was to be left to the lady.

Far up the beach, quite remote from the beaten track of strollers, was a scraggy sandhill. Leaning against its one side was a shadow, which, during that afternoon, had been lengthening with mincing steps.

Embraced by this shadow, oblivious of the forces and counter forces of all the universe, were seated a man and a girl, each pulsing from the nearness of the other, their soul torches flaring hotly from the first applied oils of an acknowledged love.

The man was of the strong, American type, from which girls like to choose, well groomed and grown masterful from the habit of success.

He had been summoned from the city that day by a sudden caprice of his lady to publish to the world what, for so long, she had denied to even him.

The girl was Miss Rodgers, gowned with the fluffiness of a summer cloud and tinted with the rosy colors we use to paint our dreams. With only a blinking fiddler crab as witness, a butterfly was being metamorphosed into that most selfless creature, the woman who loves.

Each day offers its budget of happenings. The seashore world pays to be amused, and if an almost fatal accident on the sea one day was followed the next by the announcement of a marriage engagement, the adage is time-worn that there must be variety to savor life.

Small wonder, indeed, that even an expert seaman is sometimes puzzled to determine which are tides and which are counter tides.

SOME TRUNKS AND A HUSBAND

By Jay Hardy

"SO you are Lucille Brayton's husband?" observed the lady at the tea table, looking up at Austin Kearney from out of her folds of crape.

The lady was of a fragile, shattered aspect; she was old and her features fallen away, all except her nose, still true to its ancient high-bred outline. Kearney had never seen her before, but he knew her at once for that dread social power Lucille had made such a fuss about his meeting at tea.

It was like Mrs. Marshall to begin their acquaintance by slapping Kearney in the face.

And like Kearney to breathe for the first time to another human being the thought that had been preying on his vitals.

"That's just what I am," he declared—"Lucille Brayton's husband!"

But this time Mrs. Marshall really has mistaken her cue. We must get back to the first act.

The first act began about eleven o'clock that very morning, by Lucille's not being on time and Kearney's having to storm over the whole hotel in search of her.

As he stood in the door of the *fumoir* gazing absently into the garden, he saw her emerging from the shelter of the bamboos on the third terrace. She was alone and quite unconscious of being observed; yet as she tilted her parasol back on her shoulder and reached out with a white-shod foot for the steps, she fitted into the lovely garden scene as perfectly as the actress who has been rehearsing her entry for weeks. She was dressed all in white, and the parasol behind her amber-

colored hair was crimson. She lifted up her chin as she descended the steps, and seemed for the moment to be wrapped in dreamy meditation.

She was always wrapped in dreamy meditation, was Lucille Kearney, or in peaceful calm, or in silent hauteur, or in something that did not involve much trouble to her intellect or her muscles. She loved basking in the sun of Italian gardens, sitting beautifully dressed in the drawing rooms of *Hotels de Russie*, *d'Angleterre* or *de l'Europe*, idly listening to dreamy music, and shedding by her mere presence a light of poetry and romance on after-dinner liqueurs and cigarettes. Kearney had not been slow to note that Lucille to others looked quite as beautiful as she did to him. She could not move but the dark-eyed Romans stood at gaze, looking unutterable things, and wondering no doubt that such a vision had entrusted itself to the keeping of so commonplace an American gentleman as Kearney.

She sailed now up to the door of the *fumoir* like a shallop on a summer sea, furling her parasol and came as it were to anchor in a big armchair. She smiled at her husband—not a smile you could characterize by any particular adjective—just smiled the kind of a smile anybody could collect with a "Good morning" or a "How do you do?" That was one of the things that maddened Kearney—being treated like anybody.

"I was looking for you," began Kearney, adding with an effort quite perceptible to himself, "Lucille."

"Were you?" asked Mrs. Kearney, in the thrilling contralto that gave her husband the shivers. Then in her turn,

after an appreciable interval, she added his name, "Austin."

Dear me, how very proper they were!

"I wanted to take you to the Villa Madama."

Mrs. Kearney was very vague about the Villa Madama. To her Rome was a place where you called on and dined and tea'd with certain chosen people, and turned a very frosty eye on all the rest. But she was perfectly willing to do a few "sights," too, if it amused her husband. Only she always had a preference for tomorrow over today.

"Why wouldn't tomorrow do for the Villa?" she suggested amiably and tolerantly, as one humors a child in a harmless whim.

"I told you I had planned to go on tomorrow. I thought we could as far as Orvieto. In fact, I've written the *Belli Arti* for rooms."

They were touring Italy, the Kearneys, by motor. To Kearney, the towns and the hotels harbored you while you hauled over your machine. To Lucille, you motored to get to the towns and the hotels.

"In that case," suggested Mrs. Kearney indolently, "I suppose I must pack this morning."

"But I'm trying to get you started for the Villa Madama this morning! Pack this afternoon."

"Impossible. Mrs. Marshall is coming to tea."

"Then I'll help you pack after dinner."

Mrs. Kearney did not take the trouble even to laugh at this. She merely smiled an imperceptible smile, while her eyes followed a path that had no connection with her husband's face. Kearney had a hot and cold feeling, imagined his own clumsy hands pawing among her fragile and filmy things, and felt that he had been guilty of suggesting a kind of intimacy to which his position as Mrs. Kearney's husband did not entitle him.

There was nothing playful, nothing intimate, nothing familiar in Mrs. Kearney's attitude toward her husband, nothing that would justify him in saying: "Oh, bother your trunks! Come

along!"—which under such circumstances is the husbandly thing to say. Kearney was a square-jawed young man of the type that is known as forceful, yet on his life he knew he would never dare say anything so profane as "Bother your trunks" to Lucille.

They were very calm and well bred, the Kearneys, up to this point in their argument about trunks—from their manner you would never in the world have suspected that these two young people had been married in New York hardly more than a month ago.

As Kearney did not feel equal to saying, "Bother your trunks," he attempted being reasonable about them, which naturally annoyed his wife; and she was reasonable back, which annoyed him. And then from the Scylla of the trunks they were driven on to the Charybdis of Mrs. Marshall, with such an impact that before he knew it Kearney had cried:

"Damn Mrs. Marshall!"

Which in itself was just as stupid and inexpressive as the conversation about trunks which had preceded it. For what Kearney had wanted to say was: "Lucille, drop all this talk about packing and having people to tea, and let us have an enchanted time alone, just you and I! Let us go to the old Villa, with its washed-out frescoes, and stand in the unkempt grass and look down at Rome and feel ourselves—just us two—for the moment out of it! Please come! Please want to come because I ask it!"

He hadn't said it, because he *hadn't dared to*. And here was Lucille, with her friends being damned in her very presence, turning away from him and picking up from the table a month-old copy of *Punch*. She became absorbed in it, magnificently, defiantly absorbed. Only she was reading it upside down.

So Kearney drove to the Villa Madama alone—which was exactly the sensible thing a lover in a huff would be likely to do, thereby in the vile temper he brought to it spoiling the Villa Madama as a scene for sentimental meditation now and for all future time. You may be sure he thought very little of the Villa and a great deal about his

own grievances. He wandered through the decaying rooms, and for him the half-obsured frescoes might as well have been utterly obliterated; he stood on the hillside in the blowing grass, with never a sound but the humming of the bees in the clover, and heard not even that. St. Peter's and the Castle of St. Angelo and all the domes of the city rearranged themselves and waited to be identified in vain. Kearney had been married a little over a month, and he was ready to decide that marriage was an agonizing, magnificent, delicious, heartbreaking failure.

It seemed to him that in being married—married to Lucille—he was embarked on a course which he must steer without maps or chart. He had heard a good deal about married life from friends who had themselves been through the mill, and had ideas enough of his own as to what honeymoons ought to be. Maybe what other men had told him was true; maybe his own dreams might come true—but not on this planet it seemed, and not for him.

He had met Lucille just as he was about to pass from a disillusioned adolescence into his cynical thirties, and had at once conceived for her a romantic, adoring passion that, regardless of consequences or ordinary common sense, demanded immediate expression. There was no timidity in his wooing. The emotions he had felt were such as he had supposed hitherto were confined to the disordered fancies of half-witted poets; the world blossomed into something that was a cross between Arcadia and a hasheesh dream; and because he was a man who had dwelt little in his own thoughts, and took what he found in his own mind as an undistorted reflection of the real world about him, he came boldly to Lucille with what he felt and what he desired. He told her she was a goddess and had made the world over for him; he told her that she was too exquisite for any mortal man, but that he would perish in the attempt or make her his own. He said he would lie down in the dust for her little feet to walk on—but fortunately declaimed it with so fierce an air that Lucille felt

rather as if he had threatened to walk on her.

After Lucille had known Kearney a week she had promised to marry him. Before she could collect her senses or change her mind they were married.

Lucille was his; she had married him; but why? He did not know. He only knew that he was the husband of a woman who never unbent to him; who never told him her thoughts, who never shared with him her passing moods, who looked at him with cold, impenetrable eyes, and who grew more icily, irreprouchably beautiful every day.

Of this woman he was the helpless, obedient slave. He dared not disagree with her; he dared not command her. His power over her was gone. When she opposed her feeble woman's logic to his, when she showed herself weak in knowledge, wisdom or experience, as she daily did, he could not laugh tenderly at her weakness, as some spark of manliness left in him wanted to do; he could only love it for her sake and remain passive and silent. He had forgotten to think of himself—he could only think of her; he could only wish that she might be pleased. And yet she was not pleased—she was not happy. Surely happy women laugh and smile and chatter and are frank and open. Lucille was none of this.

Once Kearney had not thought whether she loved him or not. He had not cared. He had only asked that she should endure his love. Now he was torn, not with the fear that he was not loved, for he felt sure he was not, but with the fear that he never could be loved—not because he was not worthy, but because it was not in Lucille's power to love, to respond, to be alive.

Could he, Kearney, have married a graven image—a woman who was beautiful but without a heart?

If not, if she had a heart, why could he not satisfy it? "What could any man do to please her that I haven't done?" he said between his clenched teeth.

"What does she want? What *does* she want?"

And the grass blew pleasantly on the

slope of Monte Mario, and the bees hummed in the clover.

"Her luggage!" spoke on Kearney resentfully, glad to leave the prospect of a heartbreaking life for a mere irritation. "Her luggage! Thinks more of one hat in that hat trunk of hers than of me! She wouldn't disarrange one hair in that perfect coiffure to save me from drowning! She'd climb amiably into a carriage to see me hanged if she felt her get-up was right."

The bees kept on humming. Kearney kept on sending bitter thoughts after his absent wife. He felt now that he was all in the right and she was all in the wrong. If he had her there beside him he would convince her of it. He pictured her standing beside him, beautiful, haughty still, but convinced. Oddly enough, he did not picture her in his absence as thinking over any grievances against him. He did not imagine her thinking at all, or existing, or acting except when he was present. This is a peculiarity of husbands.

Mrs. Austin Kearney wasn't really inhuman. She only seemed so. She hadn't ceased existing just because her husband hadn't his eye on her.

The minute Kearney had left the hotel Lucille threw *Punch* back on the table and ran upstairs as fast as her high heels would let her, without waiting for the lift.

There in the space of three hours—allowing an hour off for luncheon—she packed carefully four trunks and a hat box, snapped the lids to and locked them all. After that she paused for five minutes, her finger on her lip, looking very thoughtful.

Then she unpacked every one of the four trunks—and the hat box, and put all her possessions back where they had been that morning.

Following which she said, "There!" and threw herself on her bed, where she wept for half an hour.

But, being a young woman disciplined in the ways of society, if not in the ways of life, she rose and made herself lovely at the proper hour in the afternoon, and descended at about the time a little old lady in rusty black was inquiring for her.

The little old lady was observing, and not to be deceived by a flood of gaiety and powdered nose and eyes.

"That's a very amusing story you're telling me, Lucille," she said, putting down her teacup. "I enjoy it very much. But you've been crying!"

Lucille said what a woman always does say when thus accused: "I know it." As if sometimes she cried for half an hour and got her nose all red *without* knowing it!

"Don't tell me, after all the trouble we've been through to get you married, that you've taken the wrong man!"

Lucille sniffed a little through her beautiful nose. "That's just what I've done," she said.

Mrs. Marshall sank back in her chair and groaned.

"They all take the wrong man nowadays," she sighed. "And the men all take the wrong women, and nobody's satisfied with anything. This will be a blow to your mother. What's the matter—don't you like him?"

"I thought I did."

"Isn't he kind to you?"

"Fearfully kind."

"Has he got hay fever?"

"No."

"Then I don't see what you've got to complain of."

Mrs. Marshall drummed with her fingers on the table. She was an aristocratic and impatient old lady, and had not governed the social destinies of her native town for fifty years to be put off like this by a young woman at whose christening she had assisted.

"Don't let's sit here playing 'Twenty Questions'! Out with it, Lucille! What does he do, or say, or not do?"

Lucille turned a tragic face on her friend. Her voice sank to a husky whisper, as if she were ashamed to be heard.

"He's afraid of me!"

Mrs. Marshall did not laugh. She pursed her lips thoughtfully.

"He's afraid of me, and I despise him. There!"

And then she told Mrs. Marshall all about the trunks, and how very mild and reasonable Austin had been, and

how she had scorned him for it; and how she had packed her trunks and unpacked them, and how she wished she might never have to speak to her husband again as long as she lived.

Mrs. Marshall did not think it was funny, for she understood Lucille and the kind of woman she was. She knew that she had ideals that were dearer to her than life itself. Moreover, Mrs. Marshall knew exactly what those ideals were. Though she had never seen Kearney, she would have staked her all on the belief that before the wedding he had somehow measured up to them. For Lucille was proud, as became an idealist, and compromising was something she had not yet had to learn. To Lucille Kearney it was a dreadful thing to have given herself to a man small enough to be afraid of anything, and worst of all, willing to bow his neck to her, his wife.

So Mrs. Marshall, like a kind friend and a discerning woman, did not laugh. She did not remind Lucille that with a husband young, rich, ambitious and adoring she should consider herself blessed beyond the rest of women. She did not tell Lucille that some husbands drank, were good for nothing, neglected their wives, and were personally beastly and unbearable; nor that some day maybe Kearney might become any or all of these, and that *then* Lucille would look back and wish she had known when she was well off. Some very sensible women would have said just those things.

Mrs. Marshall said: "What are you going to do about it?"

Lucille flung up her head. "He sha'n't learn from me how I ought to be treated! Let him find out that for himself."

"I suppose you are very nasty to him, my dear child."

"Very—but not half as bad as I know how to be."

"That is, you surround yourself with an air of frigid politeness. He protects himself by a timid and ingratiating manner. Presently your cold civility will become silent rudeness, then voluble disdain. He will prostrate himself

at your feet. You will lift up your foot—"

"Lift up my foot?"

"And proceed to put it on his neck. Perhaps he'll let you—and perhaps he won't. That will be a very interesting moment."

Meanwhile they talked and talked and talked. The golden shadow of late afternoon fell on the garden, and the wind brought distant murmurs of the band playing above in the Pincian.

It was just at this beautiful hour that Kearney returned, after tramping desperately over most of Rome and lunching somewhere, he did not know exactly where or on what. He was thinking with some favor of shooting himself. If he met Lucille and she gave him one of those haughty glances, he did not think he could speak to her.

Lucille saw him coming, and bit her lips and looked proudly away.

If there had not been a little buffer present in a shabby black dress, here were all the elements for a quarrel that might have precipitated the misery of a lifetime.

But the buffer was present. By the time Kearney had reached his favorite nook, a lady in crape was teasing placidly by herself, while an amber-haired lady was vanishing through the nearest door.

Now this is the real cue for: "So you are Lucille Brayton's husband!"

Kearney answered as above; not without a little awe he would have been ashamed to admit, for Mrs. Marshall, by virtue of family, age and a conviction of her own divine right, reigned in her native province like some simple and homely grand duchess; preserving her dread power of making and unmaking reputations by the extreme temperance of its use.

"Won't you let me give you some tea?" suggested the grand duchess amiably.

Kearney was tired. Though a strong man and an American, he was glad to have tea.

"I hope you'll find it hot," pursued Mrs. Marshall, her wrinkled, jeweled hands moving deftly among the tea things. "And these cakes aren't bad.

I think I'll have another myself. I'm glad your wife's not here. I'd always rather make the acquaintance of another woman's husband when I catch him alone. I hear when you found I was coming to tea you were quite put out, and allowed yourself the pleasure of saying: 'Damn Mrs. Marshall!'"

"I was," admitted Kearney, "and I did—"

"But that, of course, was before you had seen me."

"Of course!"

Mrs. Marshall looked the young man over. There was a good deal of him to look over, and Mrs. Marshall had the air of approving even of the thunderous countenance he now turned to her.

"Mrs. Kearney's husband!" she repeated reminiscently. "And you look to me as if you had in you the makings of a first class brute."

"Civilized out of it, I hope."

"You *hope* I was congratulating you. Why, I hear you carried Lucille off her feet and married her within six weeks of the day you met her!"

"Yes. I did that."

"And are now, I suppose, enjoying the fruits of your enterprise by being as happy as the day is long."

"No!" cried Kearney boldly. "I am the most wretched wretch in the world. I adore my wife, and she despises me. No matter what I do, I can't please her!"

"H'm! You try to please her, do you?"

"With all my soul and all my strength."

"And does she try to please you?"

"No—I don't know. I don't think so."

"Did you ever ask her to do anything for you she wouldn't?"

Kearney thought of the trunks. He laughed. He told Mrs. Marshall all about them.

"And you let her refuse to pack her trunks?"

"I *had* to let her."

Mrs. Marshall cast her eyes up to heaven at this spectacle of Samson in chains.

"Look here, Mr. Kearney, let me tell

you something. I've known Lucille Brayton all her life. She was a sweet child and she's a fine woman. She thinks a lot of clothes and of her own outside, but that was the way she was brought up. She's loyal and honest, and she'd lay down her life for the man she loved. But she couldn't be begged or persuaded to do it. It must be of her own accord—or maybe because she'd been beaten into it!"

"Beaten, Mrs. Marshall!" Kearney felt himself stiffen with horror and resentment.

"Yes, beaten! If ever I saw a wife that needed to be beaten—and as a matter of fact most of them do—yours is the one!"

Kearney laughed shortly.

"You don't believe me. Then, Mr. Kearney, I'll earn the reputation all our sex has for treachery and tell you something. Your wife sat in that chair, not half an hour ago, with tears running down her cheeks."

"Tears! Tears!"

Somehow it had never occurred to Kearney that tears were in his wife's repertory. Most husbands passionately desire to avoid the spectacle of their wives in tears. Perhaps Kearney in a few years' time would desire it. But now it seemed to him that Lucille weeping would be the loveliest sight in the world.

"Real tears, and said: 'Oh, Mrs. Marshall, why doesn't he beat me or shake me, or do something to wake me up? How can I respect a man who doesn't know how to make me behave?'"

Kearney sat in his chair; his jaw dropped. Mrs. Marshall rose.

"I am sorry, my dear man, to destroy in your innocent breast some of the romantic illusions your amiable sex so loves. But when a man marries he must learn to be practical. Just take me out to my carriage, will you, and let us say farewell."

"Farewell? Mrs. Marshall, I never want to say farewell to you."

"Thank you. But I understood you were leaving tomorrow morning for Orvieto."

"But Lucille's trunks—"

"Mr. Kearney, don't argue with me! You are leaving tomorrow morning for Orvieto. Lucille's trunks—"

Kearney's jaw stiffened; his word boomed out very deep and determined. "Lucille's trunks shall be packed."

"Good. I told you you were a brute. Don't forget it!"

And Kearney ran up through the terraced garden on the wings of im-

patience. The band blared out in the Pincian above, and the golden glow which precedes a Roman sunset fell on the roses and bamboos and laurels. Doubt, distrust of himself, and of Lucille, and of the gifts of life had fallen away from him. He knew his path. It led through Orvieto, indeed, and to Paradise, but it seemed doubtful if Lucille would need be scourged into it.



WITHERED HEATHER

By Gordon Johnstone

WHEN you were a lassie sweet
 And I was a laddie, oh,
 On the heather hills where the wild bird trills
 His lilt o' the long ago,
 Ah, life was a mad thing then,
 With a jest for every tear,
 And you were my song all the sweet day long,
 And I was your laddie dear.

When you were a lassie wed
 And I was the laddie braw,
 And the babby came wi' her mither's name
 On the wings o' a night o' snaw,
 Ah, life was a soul-swept chord
 That broke in a golden rain,
 And she was a part o' the Great Song Heart,
 And we were the echo strain.

Now you are a lassie gray
 And I am a laddie old,
 But we're dreaming still when the nights fall chill
 O' a wee little grave in the fold,
 And life is a white, white thing
 When the mem'ry rivers flow,
 Where the wild bird's note sobs in his throat
 As he sings o' the long ago.

MY VAGRANT HEART

By Martha Haskell Clark

MY heart it wandered far away among the gipsy tents.
I know not how it learned the road, or found the patteran,
But thorn and bramble drew aside,
And copse and thicket opened wide,
While creepers waved long arms to guide
Among the upland scents,
Till close among the trees there gleamed the white spread caravan.

But when it wandered home again, I knew it not for mine,
So sweet it was of wood smoke and the breath of sun-warmed pine;
I hardly bade it welcome, scarce dared to give it room,
So strange and sweet it laughed to me from out the starlit gloom.

My heart it followed fast and far along the Open Ways.
I know not how it kept their pace and stumbled not nor failed;
But rock and sapling lent their aid,
The beechland offered friendly shade,
And sumach flamed within the glade
With cheering beacon blaze,
That shone upon the hidden path when sunset streamers paled.

But when it homeward turned at last, I knew it not again,
So wreathed it was with bracken, sweet with heather mist and rain;
I heard its plaint beside the gate, but scarcely stirred or guessed,
So pleading soft it called to me, so full of strange unrest.

My heart it wandered hand in hand with dark-eyed gipsy folk.
I know not how it knew its kin, or learned its own desire;
Or why within its mem'ry clung
The gipsy jargonings chance-flung,
Or found so ready on its tongue
The Romany they spoke,
While night winds wakened into flame the embers of their fire.

But when it lilted home to me I knew it not at all,
So wild and strange the moor wind sang within its sudden call;
I only heard the gipsy folk trail by with covered wain,
And found a spray of jasmine flung within my latticed pane.



FAITH not only moves mountains but it has also been known to put up a bluff.

THE WORTH OF A WAGER

By Elliott Flower

A BOTTLE that, according to the label, had contained sparkling Burgundy was not in itself sufficient to account for Dave Belden's humor, but when it has been recorded that this had been preceded by several others, no further explanation is necessary. Sparkling Burgundy or any other exhilarating beverage invariably made Belden both jovial and boastful. After a sufficient quantity had been internally applied he could outrun, outjump and outbox anybody within reach of his voice, and he was willing, even anxious to bet on it. Otherwise he was a most companionable fellow.

Lest it be imagined that he was a mere blowhard, it may be mentioned here that he had been a good all-round athlete in his college days, and it was a matter of common report that one or two strangers who had taken him up on one of his boastful propositions had had occasion to regret it. For Belden was shrewd as well as boastful, and when it came to arranging the details of a contest he usually managed to insert conditions that brought the feat within the limit of his powers.

But there could be no doubt that these powers were waning. After giving pretty close attention to sparkling Burgundy and other beverages of equal or greater potency, and no attention at all to regularity in the matter of sleep and exercise, the average man cannot "come back," although, until his earlier exploits have slipped into the very dim past, he always thinks he can. Belden had not yet acquired a paunch, nor had he got far enough away from his college days to cloud the memory of his victories in the haze of time, so he thought he could.

Wherefore, casual mention having been made of an amateur athletic meet at which the mile run had been won in 4:29, Belden laughed scornfully and announced that he could beat that himself.

"You!" exclaimed Joe Hallett. "Why, you couldn't do it in five minutes flat!"

We were aghast, for this was against all precedent. It was customary to let Belden's boasts pass unchallenged in the interests of peace. Belden was perhaps the most surprised of any of us.

"What!" he roared. "Why, that's no time at all! I've done it in 4:26 myself."

"Oh, I know it's some removed from the amateur record, and even farther away from the professional record," admitted Hallett, "but the man who does a mile in 4:29 is going some. Of course you've done it in your earlier days, but 4:40 would put a crimp in you now."

Belden, purple with indignation, slammed a roll of bills down on the table. "What'll you bet?" he demanded.

"I'll go you fifty," answered Hallett.

"Make it a hundred."

"All right," agreed Hallett.

Here Belden's innate shrewdness began to show. "Now, what's the proposition?" he asked.

"That you can't do a mile in 4:29," answered Hallett.

"Oh, no, it isn't," returned Belden, with a cunning leer. "You said I couldn't do it in 4:40."

"Oh, very well," agreed Hallett indifferently, in spite of the fact that several of us were kicking his shins in protest. "Let it go at 4:40 then."

This seemed like madness to the rest of us, for we were all quite sure that Belden could do it easily in that time.

But Hallett made still other concessions.

"How much time do I have to get in shape?" asked Belden.

"Why, I thought you could do it right off the reel," returned Hallett.

Belden shook his head. "I could do a short sprint in just about as good time as I ever could," he said, "but it takes wind to go a mile. I'll have to train a bit for that."

"Oh, well," Hallett generously conceded, "I'll give you three months to get ready."

"Don't need it," declared Belden.

"You'll need it all right," retorted Hallett. "It's a hundred even that you can't do a mile in 4:40 three months from today."

"That's like finding money," laughed Belden. "I won't have to begin training for two months."

"Try yourself out and see," advised Hallett significantly.

While in all matters pertaining to track athletics the ignorance of most of us was colossal, we had no hesitation in predicting the complete discomfiture of Hallett. Belden had done a mile in 4:26; that he could do it again, however perfect his training, was more than doubtful; but that he could get himself in shape to do the mile in 4:40 was almost a certainty. The 4:29 proposition looked to us like the really fair thing. We told Hallett so, after Belden had left.

"Oh, well, I'm satisfied," returned Hallett easily. "The difference between 4:29 and 4:40 is only eleven seconds, and eleven seconds isn't much time."

"It's a whole lot of time in a race," we argued.

"In some cases," laughed Hallett, "but not in this. Just wait until he tries himself out. He'll learn a few things about himself that he never knew before."

Hallett was right, as I discovered the following day. Belden sent for me and asked me to act as his trainer. He didn't really need any trainer, he said, because the proposition was so easy that he could put himself in condition, but it was customary to have one, and I would do as well as anybody else. I suggested

that I did not know anything at all about training methods, but he said that was of no consequence: it was a mere formality that made the affair look a little more businesslike.

"I'll tell you what I ought to do," he said, "and then you make me do it. A fellow can't go into a thing like this, unless he wants to make a joke of himself, without a trainer. It would be humiliating, you know."

"All right," I agreed. "What's first?"

"Why, I rather think Hallett gave us the cue to that," he replied. "You ought to try me out first and see just how much training I need. I have an idea that I don't need much for this job."

"Correct," I agreed. "I'll try you out today."

There was a fairground, with a half-mile track, a short distance from town, and we drove out to that. Belden decided that he did not need racing togs for the tryout, so he simply shed his coat, vest and suspenders, hitched his trousers up with a belt and put on some old running shoes.

"I shouldn't wonder," he said, as he took his place in front of the judges' stand and I got out my watch to time him, "if I could get inside of 4:40 without any training at all. Why, it's a joke to a man who has done the distance in 4:26."

He got away in fine shape and did the first quarter in sixty-five seconds. That was at a speed of 4:20 for the mile. But he was ten seconds slower on the second quarter, making it 2:20 for the half. Furthermore, as he passed the stand I saw that he was in great distress, and I called to him to stop. He was game, however, and kept on, making the third quarter in 1:30. Then I drove over to where he lay gasping on the grass beside the track and helped him into the buggy.

"How was I doing?" he asked, as soon as he had recovered some remnants of his breath.

"Why," I said, "at the rate you were falling back, if you could have kept going for the full mile I think you would have made it in a little under six minutes. I don't want to flatter you, but I think you would have done it."

He looked at me reproachfully, but there was no opportunity for speech, for just then we heard ribald laughter, and Hallott and a few others rose up out of the gloom of an obscure corner of the grandstand and waved their hats hilariously. We ignored them, of course.

Belden was silent while I was gathering up his discarded habiliments and putting them in the buggy, and we were nearly back to town before he spoke. Then he asked if my watch was altogether reliable.

"Why, no," I admitted; "it's a bit fast."

"Ah!" he exclaimed, much relieved. "Then that explains my failure to make a better showing. The watch was eating up more time than there was."

"Quite true," I agreed. "The watch gains about thirty seconds in a day. If you will divide that by—"

But he lost his temper and hit me a nasty poke in the ribs.

Presently, however, he recovered his equanimity and asked me how I figured the full mile at close to six minutes.

"Easily enough," I replied. "You made the first quarter in 1:05, the second in 1:15 and the third in 1:30. At the rate you were falling back in the matter of time you would have covered the fourth quarter in about 1:50, which would have made it 5:40 for the whole distance. That is a simple problem in arithmetic."

"George!" he exclaimed. "I didn't know the gay life could knock a man out so completely and so quickly. But I can 'come back,' old man," he added with grim determination; "I'm young enough for that, and I'm going to do it. You must take me in hand now and not permit any foolishness. That's what a trainer is for, isn't it?"

"Yes," I admitted, "it is, but what am I to do?"

"You must order me to abstain from the use of all intoxicating liquors."

"Well, I should say so," I ejaculated, "but I thought you would do that anyway."

"Oh, I shall," he returned, "but it's your business to order it."

"I order it," I said.

"Then you must order me to keep regular hours—go to bed at ten o'clock and get up at six."

"I order it," I said.

"You must prescribe Indian club and dumbbell exercises to develop my wind."

"I don't know what ones will do it," I objected. "I know about as much about Indian club and dumbbell exercises as a cow does about gunpowder."

"Never mind," he returned. "I'll show you the exercises that will do the business."

"All right," I agreed. "You show me what they are, and I'll prescribe them."

"You must send me out on the track every day," he went on, "to do a little running, gradually increasing the distance as I get in form."

"But I don't know how or when to increase the distance," I expostulated.

"I'll tell you," he said.

"Oh, very well," I assented, "but I don't see what you want of a trainer when you know it all yourself."

"Why, I've got to have a trainer," he explained. "What kind of a shabby sporting event do you think this would be if I didn't have one? I don't know but you ought to rub me down every day after my shower."

"No, sir!" I declared emphatically. "I'm not going to play the part of a rubber in a Turkish bath parlor for anybody on earth."

"Oh, all right," he returned. "I guess you'd be a good deal of a nuisance in that line anyway, and it's not really important. I can look after my own showers."

Thus Belden went into systematic training. He could not give all his time to preparations for the great event, for there was a popular superstition that he was in business with his father. It was only a superstition, but it made it necessary for him to spend some time in the office—not continuously, of course, but he was expected to make at least an occasional appearance there during business hours. There were other places, including the club, that usually saw more of him, and his noon "hour" was from twelve to two and sometimes longer. But these places now began to miss him. As a mere matter of self-protection, he

stuck to the office, and, being in the office where everyone was busy, it was necessary to find something to occupy his time. In brief, Belden was really beginning to do a little work.

Meanwhile I was having my own troubles. As a trainer I was not a success. Belden said so himself. He was as cranky as an old bachelor with the gout, especially at first. I could not satisfy him. If he ate something that did not properly belong to a training diet, and suffered in consequence, I was blamed, although I confessed frankly that I knew nothing at all about a training diet. If he overexerted himself in his daily try-out, attempting too long a distance or too fast a pace for his condition, I was earnestly, not to say enthusiastically, anathematized, although it seemed to me that he was the best judge of what he could do without harm. And so on. For anything that was not as it should be I was responsible. I tried to resign once or twice, but he threatened to "lick the tar" out of me if I did, and he was then in humor and condition to do it.

But he made excellent progress. After that first fiasco it was some time before he made another attempt to do a mile at any kind of a pace, but there was steady improvement in his work. He would jog a mile or more, quite unmindful of the gait at which he was doing it, and he would occasionally "let himself out" for a quarter. In spite of the fact that he made no effort to exert himself for the whole distance, I could see Hallett's hundred dollars slipping away from him. For Belden was developing wind, and he was reducing the time for the quarter by fractions of a second.

The day he "let himself out" for the half, doing it in 2:14, I decided that the money was already as good as lost to Hallett. But Belden quit at the half.

"Why didn't you stop me?" he demanded.

"Why, you were doing all right," I explained.

"Doing all right!" he snorted. "I'd have been overdoing all right if I hadn't had sense enough to stop myself. Nice kind of a trainer you are! You couldn't

handle me worse if Hallett had bought you up."

"Oh, if you feel that way about it," I returned, thinking my chance had come at last, "I'll resign."

"If you do," he threatened, "I'll give you the worst licking you ever had in your life!"

Nice position for a meek and peace loving young man! I undertook to get even by telling Hallett how little chance he had and gloating over him. But Hallett was not disturbed, apparently. "I'm satisfied," he said.

"But I tell you, he's already done the half in 2:14," I persisted. "That gives him 2:26 for the second half."

"Of no consequence," Hallett answered carelessly. "I've known men and horses to break all kinds of records in a tryout and fall down miserably in the real test."

"I'll bet you a hundred myself that you'll lose on this proposition!" I rejoined in some heat.

"Done!" he said.

There was no use arguing further with such a man, so I let it go at that.

At the end of a month Belden made the mile easily in 4:40.

"It's been more work than I expected," he said, "but I'm going to win that bet. I don't want the money, but I do want to show that I'm still good."

"You'll never get back to your old form," I remarked.

"No," he admitted, "I'll never do it in 4:26 again, but I'll have Hallett hunting his hole, just the same. That's the main thing. D'ye know," he went on reflectively, "the old man gave me a pleasant look today. Quite a remarkable occurrence! He's a good deal of a grouch most of the time, but I'm beginning to rather like him—really, I am. And he's been helping me a lot without knowing it, too."

"How so?" I asked.

"Piling work on my desk. I tell you, it's a godsend to have something to keep you busy when you've got to stick to the office."

From that time on Belden steadily reduced his time for the mile, and in another month he was doing it in 4:34.

"And I guess that will have to do," he said. "I've got to let up on the training a little, for the old man has turned some mighty important matters over to me, and I'm not going to have very much spare time for a while."

Still he did do the mile in 4:32 just a week before the date set for the test.

Hallett refused to be worried, however. It was of no consequence, he said. When some of the boys who had seen what Belden was doing told him that his money was already lost he merely offered to duplicate the bet he had made with me. And they joyously accepted. It was like finding money.

Then came the great day, and we all repaired to the track. Belden was in fine shape. I could not see a chance for him to lose. Hallett, however, was still unruffled. Belden got into his racing togs, which means that he was about as near naked as possible, and Hallett looked him over admiringly.

"By George!" exclaimed Hallett.

"You certainly are in great condition!"

"You bet I am!" returned Belden.

"I shouldn't wonder," mused Hallett, "if you could do it in 4:30 if you stretched yourself."

"I can certainly do it in a good deal under 4:40," declared Belden.

"I'll take your word for it," said Hallett, as cool and careless as ever. He pulled a hundred-dollar bill from his pocket and offered it to Belden.

So unexpected and startling was this, that we were all incapable of speech for a moment; then we all exploded together.

"You give up?" we cried.

"Oh, yes," returned Hallett. "I believe, from what I hear, that Belden couldn't miss doing it under 4:40 unless he fell and broke a leg. He's entitled to the hundred all right."

"Then pass over another hundred to me!" I exclaimed, and several of the others echoed the demand.

"No," said Hallett; "no, I can't quite see that."

We were astounded. "Didn't you bet me a hundred—" I began.

"I bet several of you a hundred each," interrupted Hallett, "that I wouldn't lose on this proposition."

"Well, haven't you lost?" I demanded.

"Not exactly," he replied. "You see, Belden's father thought it would be worth five hundred to him to get Belden down to the simple and regular life, with water wagon attachment, for three months, and he passed over the cash this morning. I'm four hundred ahead on the proposition, without counting the side bets. And Belden—"

"Oh," interrupted Belden, "I'm about four million ahead in health and spirits, and I'm going to do the mile in 4:32, just for exercise."

Which he did.



"THEY would make a splendid match. I wonder why they have never married?"

"Oh, in winter she is interested in society, and in the summer he is interested in baseball."



"DO you think she can write poetry?"

"Why not? She is a graduate of a business college and has run a typewriter for ten years."

AN OCTOBER WEDDING

By Thomas F. Logan

THE DOTING UNCLE—What an ideal couple they make!

THE DOTING AUNT—I suppose he will make Jenny a good husband.

RICH FATHER (*to daughter leaning on his arm*)—Keep a stiff upper lip, Jenny; it'll soon be over.

JENNY (*wearing her slaughter look*)—Yes, father.

GROOM (*whose patent leathers are tight*)—If I pull through this time, I will never get married again.

FIRST USHER—Ray takes it like a stuffed shirt. He walks as though his feet hurt him.

SECOND USHER—I'd give my kingdom for a cigarette.

BRIDESMAID—Isn't that usher a dream!

MAID OF HONOR—Which one?

BRIDESMAID—The second one—the blond—Harcourt, I think his name is.

MAID OF HONOR—Awfully poetic looking.

SECOND USHER—If I don't soon get a cigarette I'll choke.

FIRST USHER—This church is as hot as— Hello! There's the little Spencer girl. Ripping—eh, what?

SECOND USHER—S-sh; they're beginning the burial service.

MOTHER OF BRIDE (*weeping, to herself*)—I am glad Mrs. Vandevyce came. It will make Mrs. Creepers furious. She tried to get her for Geraldine's wedding.

GROOM—Women, women everywhere, and not a drop to drink. Believe me, never again. Not if her Daddy had Morganfeller's wealth.

BRIDE (*to herself*)—I wonder if Marie hooked me up all right? I feel so loose.

GROOM (*answering Parson*)—I do.

FATHER OF BRIDE (*under his breath, satirically*)—Dough.

GROOMSMAN (*trying to attract attention of Groom and tip him off that the next move is to kiss the bride*)—Ray!

GROOM (*questioningly*)—Me?

BRIDE (*peevishly*)—Fa!

FATHER (*smiling*)—So!

GROOMSMAN (*despairing*)—La!

CONGREGATION (*scenting a hitch*)—See!

CLOSE FRIENDS OF THE FAMILY—Dough.

DOTING UNCLE—Ah, romance still thrives. They will be very happy.

DOTING AUNT—It went off beautifully. To me there is always something very solemn about a wedding—more so even than a birth or a death.



“**WE** learn to appreciate some things only after we lose them.”

“That's so. I knew a bank cashier who disappeared, and the reward offered for him was four times what was paid him for a year's work.”

THE SUBSTITUTE BRIDE

By Adelaide Stedman

CHARACTERS

EILEEN DUNBAR (*a pretty, impetuous girl of twenty*)
RICHARD VARICK (*her fiancé*)
HELEN DUNBAR (*her cousin*)
ARTHUR CORT (*a middle-aged failure—a mining man by profession*)
POLLY (*Eileen's maid*)

PLACE: *New York City.*

TIME: *The present.*

SCENE—EILEEN'S and HELEN'S joint living room which is luxuriously furnished. Several boxes, opened and unopened, containing wedding gifts, are scattered about. There is a door at the back in the center leading into the hallway, and another on the left giving entrance into EILEEN'S boudoir. It is dusk; a log fire is burning.

EILEEN, RICHARD and HELEN enter languidly from the hall. They are in street dress. They sink into the nearest chairs.

EILEEN (*yawning behind her gloved hand*)
I'm so tired. Wasn't it a stupid affair?

HELEN (*rising and turning on the electric lights*)

Don't yawn, Eily dear. Yawning is contagious, you know, and if the three of us should start—in our present condition— (*She pauses and all laugh sleepily.*)

RICHARD

If "the pleasure of my presence" is requested many more times I'll do something desperate. And our friends think they are kind in wining and dining us this way. Talk about proof of the affections! That we have preserved our enthusiasm about getting married after two months of this social speed limit shows that we can weather any of life's storms together.

EILEEN

You had better save all your wit and humor for the evening, Dicky. (*Shudderingly*) I dreamt about mayonnaise and squabs last night. The horrid little roasted things came to life and drowned me in a pale yellow mayonnaise sea.

HELEN (*laughing and dropping into her chair again*)

Eily, why don't you rest a while? You are worn out. Send Dick home. He's half asleep, anyway.

POLLY (*knocking, then entering from the hallway and handing EILEEN a dainty box*)

Another, Miss Eileen!

EILEEN (*dully*)

Thank you, Polly.

THE SMART SET

(*She rests the box on her lap absently, then leans back in her chair with closed eyes. POLLY goes out.*)

HELEN

Why don't you open it?

EILEEN (*sitting up with a start*)

Oh, yes—I forgot.

(*She opens the box, revealing an exquisite ostrich feather fan.*)

HELEN

How lovely! Whom is it from?

EILEEN (*Disinterestedly, with eyes closed again*)

I don't know; and I don't care—this minute. I can't keep my eyes open. Dicky darling, why don't you go home and rest? You know we have to be at a dinner party by eight.

(*There is no answer. Both girls turn to Dicky, then laugh together. He is fast asleep.*)

HELEN (*louder*)

Dicky, wake up!

RICHARD (*rousing himself dazedly*)

I—did doze—for a minute, didn't I? (*Despondently*) I can't help myself. I'll be doing it in public next.

POLLY (*standing in the hall doorway and speaking with repressed excitement*)

Mrs. Pringle, the dressmaker, is here to try on your wedding gown, Miss Eileen.

EILEEN (*groaning*)

Oh, I forgot about her. I can't, I just can't stand up to be fitted now! Dicky, will you love me just the same if my gown doesn't fit?

POLLY

The dressmaker says there are only the finishing touches. It won't take long.

EILEEN (*tragically*)

Long!

HELEN (*with an affectionate glance*)

I wish I could do it for you, dear.

EILEEN (*beginning to laugh, then stopping suddenly*)

Well, why not? You try on the dress, Helen. She says there are only

the finishing touches. We are practically the same size. You have exquisite taste and know exactly what I want. (*Wheedlingly*) You try on the gown, dear.

HELEN (*confused*)

Why—I couldn't! It's your wedding gown! It would be so—queer.

EILEEN (*pouting and yawning afresh*)

Don't be foolish and sentimental! You wouldn't be if you were as sleepy as I am. Please do it, Helen. I—just can't—stand up. I'm so tired.

(*She half cries with nervousness and fatigue.*)

HELEN (*laughing undecidedly*)

Why, I don't mind, if you don't—but—

EILEEN

Run along then. I leave everything to you. Don't disturb me. I'm going to send Dicky home, then (*blissfully*) I'm going to sleep!

(*She waves HELEN away.*)

HELEN (*hesitating a moment, then going to EILEEN and kissing her*)

All right, deary. I'll be the substitute bride.

RICHARD (*between yawns*)

HELEN—you're an—angel!

(*Helen goes out laughing, and RICHARD with a tremendous effort rises and goes to EILEEN's chair.*)

RICHARD

Eileen, I can't stand this much longer. I—I've gotten so that my spinal column is wobbly. I almost collapse every once in a while. (*With sudden animation.*) Let's cut all the rest of the fuss and feathers and elope now!

EILEEN (*almost sharply*)

Don't be ridiculous! Elope! I'm going to sleep. If you weren't the most inconsiderate of men you wouldn't complain to me now—(*weeping shakily*) when—I can't—keep my eyes—open.

RICHARD (*irritated, too*)

Good-bye.

(*He turns and walks toward the hall door.*)

EILEEN (*rushing to him*)
 Dicky, f-forgive me. Don't listen to me! I—I'm not responsible!

RICHARD (*putting his arm around her*)
 I suppose I shouldn't complain. It is rather jolly to know that we have so many friends.

EILEEN
 Yes, Dick dear, it makes me very happy to think with what a world of good wishes we shall face the future. There is not a shadow or a sorrow in either of our lives. (*She drops her head on his shoulder coyly.*) Go home now—quick—while this angelic mood lasts. (*Dick laughs, kisses her and leaves. She yawns, stretches her arms, then walks wearily into her boudoir.*)

HELEN (*from the hallway*)
 Eileen, I just had to come and show you the gown. It is simply beautiful! (*She enters, dressed in the wedding gown and veil, all complete, and seeing no one, stops a moment before a mirror to admire her finery. Then she walks toward EILEEN's door.*)

POLLY (*who has entered from the hall*)
 Oh, gracious! I thought it was Miss EILEEN!

HELEN (*turning*)
 No; I am trying on Miss Eileen's gown for her. What is it, Polly?

POLLY (*holding out a card*)
 Jordan just gave me this. He says the gentleman says he must see Miss Eileen.

HELEN
 Let me see the card. (*POLLY hands it to her.*) I think Miss Eileen is lying down. I won't call her unless it's really imperative. (*Looking at the card.*) Mr. Arthur Cort—I've never even heard of him. (*She goes to EILEEN's door and looks in, then withdraws her head softly. To POLLY.*) She's asleep already. (*Resolutely.*) I won't wake her. Tell Mr. Cort that Miss Dunbar is resting and cannot be disturbed. He should please leave a message or call again. He can't be here on a matter of importance or I would know about it.

(*POLLY goes out and HELEN looks doubtfully at the card; she shrugs her shoulders and tosses it on a table. Then after another glance in the mirror, she takes the veil off and lays it on a chair.*)

POLLY (*returning*)
 He gave me another card with some writing on it, and said: "Give this to Miss Dunbar. The matter is important."

(*HELEN takes the card and reads something to herself, then speaks quickly.*) Show him up here, Polly. I'll tell Miss Eileen.

(*POLLY goes out. HELEN stands quite still, reading aloud from the card: "You really must see me, you know." (Wonderingly.) What can he mean? (She hesitates, then reluctantly starts toward EILEEN's door again. She has just reached it, when POLLY reappears.)*)

POLLY
 Mr. Cort. (*She goes out. HELEN fumes about. MR. CORT, a quick, unsmiling little man, walks to the center of the room regarding her drily.*)

HELEN (*tentatively*)
 How do you do?

MR. CORT
 Howdy do? This is poetic justice, ain't it? So I've caught you in your wedding dress!

HELEN (*coldly, much amazed*)
 I beg your pardon. Will you kindly explain what you mean?

MR. CORT (*sourly, evidently displeased with her manner*)

You'll know what I mean soon enough, Miss Dunbar. (*Pointing to a chair.*) Sit down, please. I don't want any ten-cent melodrama, no shrieking or fainting or hysterics. I want you to hear calmly what I've got to say.

HELEN (*bewildered*)
 You have made a mistake. You don't want to speak to me; it's—

MR. CORT (*instantly*)
 Oh, yes, I do!

THE SMART SET

HELEN

I tell you—

MR. CORT (*breaking in*)

Sit down—if you please.

HELEN (*sinking into a chair and looking at him, fascinated, while he takes one nearby*)

Will you please explain this extraordinary intrusion?

MR. CORT (*sardonically*)

Immediately. I don't bear you any grudge. It's just a case of the sins of the father being visited on the next generation. (*With sudden heat.*) The old scalawag, I'll wager he was guilty of enough to stretch from here to Kingdom Come!

HELEN (*glancing toward EILEEN'S room nervously*)

Will you kindly come to the point?

MR. CORT

Yes. The long and short of it is: I want to tell James Dunbar's daughter what kind of a man he was, and make her pay for his crookedness.

HELEN (*indignantly, much shocked*)

This is blackmail! Besides. I tell you you have made a mistake. I am not—

MR. CORT (*decisively*)

There's no mistake about it. James Dunbar was an old scoundrel—(*laughing sarcastically*)—a confoundedly clever old scoundrel—he did me! I've got the proofs.

HELEN

He—a rascal! You are wild! He was the finest, noblest man that ever lived! I'll not hear a word—

MR. CORT

I thought we were not to have any play acting. Of course his daughter don't like to admit anything. It's humbling to her pride. She can't be quite so high and mighty after this. She'll have a skeleton in her closet like other folks.

HELEN (*vehemently*)

Why won't you let me tell you that you are making a mistake? I won't listen; I—

MR. CORT

I think you will. It's you or the newspapers. If I take some papers I have to a lawyer—

HELEN (*starting and looking at the door again*)

A lawyer! The newspapers! (*Suddenly her manner changes from indignation to a determined quietness.*) Very well. Tell your story. I'll listen. But just a moment. (*She goes to the bell and rings it. POLLY answers. To POLLY.*) Tell Mrs. Pringle that she will have to wait a little while. I'll be with her again as soon as possible. That's all. (*POLLY goes out. HELEN returns to her seat.*) Please begin.

MR. CORT

Good! (*He hitches his chair forward and speaks distinctly.*) Your father and I were both interested in a mine in Nevada. I suppose you know that your father made most of his money out of Nevada mines. Well, this particular one in which we both held stock was the big one, with a pay streak that assayed into millions. James Dunbar was president of the improvement company. When he discovered how big a thing he had, he reorganized the concern, and—by trickery—froze me out!

HELEN

Mr. Cort, you—

MR. CORT (*going right ahead, his voice rising*)

I was a rich man in those days. I didn't dream that mine was going to pan out the way it did; so, like a fool, except for a mild kick, I didn't squeal. You see, I had some pride then, too. I felt cheap to think anyone could outwit me like that. I kept quiet, because I thought I'd be a target for every bunco steerer if it ever got out what an easy mark I was.

That was all right then. In those days I could afford the luxury of pride. But ever since everything has gone wrong. I've been in South America, in Mexico, in Arizona and Africa, everywhere where mines were booming, but I've had no luck. So lately it has

occurred to me it was time I began calling in old debts.

When I came to New York I heard that James Dunbar and his wife were both dead—and that you were about to be married. I had no time to lose. I came to you right away, and—*(succinctly)*—here I am to claim what's coming to me!

HELEN *(indignantly)*

Do you expect me to believe this—this fairy tale?

MR. CORT *(loudly)*

You don't have to believe anything. I've got the proof.

EILEEN *(speaking sleepily from her room)*

Helen, were you calling? I thought I heard a voice.

HELEN *(starting violently and running to EILEEN'S door)*

No—no, dear. I'll call you when I want you. Rest now. *(She carefully closes the door between the two rooms, then comes back to her chair with ill-concealed nervousness.)*

MR. CORT

We don't want any interruptions, eh?

HELEN

I thought—my cousin—was asleep.

MR. CORT

She called you Helen. I thought your name was Eileen.

HELEN *(sitting up rigidly, but with downcast eyes)*

My name is Helen.

MR. CORT

Eileen or Helen, it's all one. Now what are you going to do about this?

HELEN *(flaring up)*

I am going to request you to leave the house. I think I knew the character of—the man you assailed, as well as anyone; it was beyond reproach! *(Impulsively.)* His home life was beautiful! Do you know that only one of the splendid things he did was to take into his house a penniless little girl, the child of a distant cousin, who was about

to be sent to an orphan asylum? That he treated her like a daughter? That on his death she received a daughter's share of his fortune? Would a man capable of such goodness do the thing—you describe?

MR. CORT *(unemotionally)*

Certainly. Mighty few people are all rotten. Most are just bad in spots.

HELEN *(shakily)*

How can you trump up such a shameful story?

MR. CORT *(with sudden gruffness, taking a letter out of his pocket)*

See here, I'm not enjoying this affair. Look at this letter and let's get down to business. *(He shows her the letter, still keeping hold of it.)* Is that James Dunbar's writing?

HELEN *(looking at it fearfully)*

Yes. Yes, I think it is.

MR. CORT

Listen then. *(He reads.)*

DEAR SPALDING:

I have successfully played freeze-out with Cort. You understand. It wasn't necessary to wait until your return to push matters.

Yours truly,
JAMES DUNBAR.

(Looking up triumphantly and slapping the paper with his hand.) That letter was sold to me by John Spalding when he was broke. He had quarreled with your father and hated him. Here on the letter is his affidavit signed and sealed before a notary public that it's genuine. *(Tapping his pocket.)* I've more documents besides. I didn't come here half-cocked.

HELEN *(sobbing, her face in her hands)*
This can't be true!

MR. CORT

It is; and you've got to do the right thing.

HELEN

What do you mean by—the right thing?

MR. CORT

I mean that you must pay me fifty thousand dollars. Then I'm letting you off easy.

HELEN

Fifty thousand dollars! You can't mean what you're saying. What claim could ever have been worth so much?

MR. CORT

So much! I tell you I'm letting you off easy. Your father made millions out of that mine.

HELEN (*staring, fascinated, at the letter which is still in his hand*)

I'll never believe that there isn't something wrong with your assertions; but rather than have a breath of slander or infamy attach to the memory of—that noble man—I'll buy those papers from you; but not—

MR. CORT (*interrupting*)

Good! I knew you'd be sensible. You wouldn't be your father's daughter if you didn't know when you were in a hole.

HELEN (*still gazing at the letter, a miserable conviction growing in her eyes*)

I can't expect you to understand my motive; but I'll tell you that I'm bargaining with you because no one shall ever say, with even the shadow of proof, that James Dunbar's debts were not fully paid. So now you know why I will give—

MR. CORT (*inflexibly*)

Fifty thousand dollars.

HELEN (*thinking desperately for a minute, then looking straight at him with an almost triumphant expression*)

I'll pay you! You shall have the uttermost farthing!

MR. CORT (*exultantly*)

Right!

HELEN (*keyed up tensely, waving him to a writing desk*)

Will you please write out an acknowledgment? (*She waits until he has finished, then hastily seating herself, writes out a cheque. Then both rise, each holding out a slip of paper to the other.*)

MR. CORT (*genially*)

Miss Dunbar, you assay pure gold all right.

HELEN (*disregarding his words*)

Mr. Cort, give me all the documents you spoke of—and that letter, of course. (*He takes several documents from his pocket, and in silence he hands her the papers and she hands him the cheque.*)

HELEN (*crushing the letters tremulously*)

I can only hope that you are treating me honestly, Mr. Cort.

MR. CORT (*almost offended*)

You needn't worry; I— (*The boudoir door opens, and EILEEN, dressed in a house gown, walks in.*)

EILEEN

Helen—(*Then breaking off in astonishment.*) Oh, I beg your pardon. I didn't know anyone else was here.

MR. CORT (*smoothly*)

Not at all.

HELEN (*standing appalled, and only speaking after a blank silence*)

Eileen, this is Mr. Cort—an old friend of the family, who, being in New York—stopped in—to renew his acquaintance. Mr. Cort, this is my cousin, Miss Dunbar.

EILEEN (*shaking hands with Mr. Cort, while he hastily sticks the cheque into his pocket*)

I'm pleased to meet you. Of course you knew my father, if you are an old friend; and anyone who knew him is always welcome to me.

MR. CORT (*uncomfortably*)

Thank you; but I knew Miss Helen's father, not yours, in Nevada.

EILEEN

Why, my father—James Dunbar—lived in Nevada, too.

MR. CORT (*bewildered*)

Did you say your father—

HELEN (*breaking in almost incoherently, as POLLY appears in the doorway*)

Oh, Polly!

POLLY

I beg pardon for disturbing you, Miss Eileen, but Mrs. Pringle says she can't

wait any longer, and could you please see her for a minute?

EILEEN (*looking at HELEN in surprise*)

Is Mrs. Pringle still here? I see the gown is quite finished.

HELEN (*striving to make her voice sound natural*)

Yes. You see, I stopped to—chat—with Mr. Cort.

EILEEN

Isn't the dress a beauty? (*Laughing a little consciously.*) Do you know, now that I am wide awake, I *am* a little superstitious about having anyone else try on one's wedding gown. You don't suppose it will be a hoodoo, do you?

HELEN (*starting sharply*)

What do you mean?

EILEEN

How you jumped, Helen! You are tired, dear. I'm afraid I was very selfish to let you stand for me. (*Turning to Mr. Cort.*) But pardon our chatter, Mr. Cort. How odd it is that you should have caught Helen in my wedding finery!

MR. CORT (*still incredulous*)

Your finery?

EILEEN (*laughing*)

Yes, isn't it funny? Now, if you will pardon me for a moment, I will run and see Mrs. Pringle. I'll be back presently. (*Moving toward the door.*) The gown is quite all right, isn't it?

HELEN

Quite.

(EILEEN and POLLY go out.)

MR. CORT (*staring after them a second, then wheeling on HELEN, and speaking with the quintessence of sarcasm and rage in his voice*)

Well, what kind of a Dunbar game am I up against now?

HELEN (*fervently, between dread and confidence*)

A winning one, I hope. (*Then swiftly, before he has time to answer.*) Listen, Mr. Cort, please. I think you know

now that Eileen is James Dunbar's daughter. You wouldn't *let* me tell you so, when you first came; and after I found out the purpose of your coming, I didn't *want* to!

MR. CORT

Go on. I deserve all I get. Gee, I *am* easy!

HELEN

You don't understand. It was not my object to deceive you. I wanted to save Eileen. (*Feelingly.*) You remember I told you of a little orphan James Dunbar cared for. I was that child. I could never tell you all that the whole family have done for me. I owe them everything! When I found what a blow you were about to deal Eileen, whose father was the idol of her life, I couldn't bear to call her to the hearing of such a story. (*Brokenly.*) I wanted to bear the shame for her—I wanted to shield her. She deserves her happiness, Mr. Cort; won't you let me pay the least part of my debt to them?

MR. CORT

And where do I come in?

HELEN

All you wanted was the money, wasn't it? I gave you that, gladly, gladly! It's James Dunbar's money you are getting just the same. He left me everything I have. You said you didn't bear his *daughter* any grudge.

MR. CORT (*hotly*)

If this ain't the blamest tangle! Why should I let you make restitution, instead of his rich daughter.

HELEN (*beseekingly*)

Please.

EILEEN (*reëntering, unconscious of anything unusual in the atmosphere*)

Now we can have a nice chat about old times. Have you been trying to remember my father from the Nevada days?

(HELEN *breathes quickly, never taking her eyes from Mr. Cort's face.*)

MR. CORT

Yes, I do recollect him.

EILEEN

Oh, do tell me about him! He never talked much about those days.

MR. CORT (*wincing a little and standing up*)

Miss Eileen, I'm sorry.

(HELEN *moves fearfully.*) But I'm afraid—I must be going. Good-bye. (*They shake hands; then he turns to HELEN.*) Good-bye, Miss Dunbar. I'm glad I met you—both. (HELEN *shakes his hand convulsively, then drops it.*)

EILEEN

I'm so sorry you couldn't stay longer.

(*She escorts him to the door, where he bows himself out, while HELEN with a quick movement snatches the telltale papers from the table and throws them into the grate.*)

EILEEN (*turning*)

What a queer man! And what a pity you had to entertain him in my wedding gown! It will be worn out. (*Coming closer*) Why, Helen, you are trembling!

HELEN (*almost hysterical, but radiant*)

Don't—be troubled about me—dear! I'm so glad I played the Substitute Bride!

CURTAIN.



UNFORGIVABLE

By Charlotte Becker

THROUGH all the revelation cost
Of agony,
I could forgive you that you lost
Your love for me.

But, since all fair and unfulfilled
My dreams died, too,
'Tis past my pardon that you killed
My love for you!



"MY heart," wrote a young fellow in town to his absent summer girl, "is so heavy over your absence that I stay at home evenings because I get tired carrying it around."



"YES, I was once engaged to a duke."
"And what cruel obstacle came between two loving hearts?"
"Oh, nothing in particular. We just let the option expire."

AUBURNANCY

By Laetitia McDonald

CORNELIA JOY was worried about Nancy—the slim auburn-haired girl, with dimples and an iridescent charm, whom she had met a few months before in a Turkish bath. Cornelia had gone to the baths for the very direct purpose of losing a few pounds, for she affirmed: "One cannot keep men, even as friends, if one is fat." But why, she wondered, had Nancy come? And so she had talked with Nancy, and found that her name was Chenworth and that she was in New York to gain fame and fortune and had come to the baths to get atmosphere. This confession was made in the steam room, and Cornelia could not resist a laugh. When she learned that Nancy was working on an article about drunkenness among society women, she laughed even more heartily. "For," the auburn-haired girl concluded gravely, "this is where they come to get over their jags, isn't it?" Cornelia supposed it was.

When they came to the plunge, the two were friends. The woman listened to the girl's recital of her ambitions. "No, no," she interrupted, "don't you go into newspaper work. It isn't worth the grind." Then she thought a minute. "Come home with me; bring some of your things, and we'll see what we can do."

Cornelia Joy took the girl downtown across to Sixth Avenue and into Twentieth Street, where, in the quaint old quarter, she had leased the top floor of a house. When Nancy saw her new friend's name on the door she was surprised, for it was familiar to her, as it would be to you, had I called it aright.

It was a charming room into which

the authoress led her new friend. There were deep chairs and soft rugs. An old Frenchwoman was lighting candles in beaten silver sconces. By their light Nancy could see that the walls were covered with framed sketches. When she examined these closely, she saw names signed to them which made her start, for they had greeted her from the pages of thirty-five-cent magazines, and here they were affixed below various tender sentiments.

When they had had a long talk Cornelia remembered. She had found that Nancy had talent. She helped her with her stories, and by the aid of a kind little note to a Western publisher, who could not longer pay for Cornelia Joy's work, Nancy received a cheque for twenty dollars for her first little love story.

So she promised Cornelia to abandon journalism for literature. The pay was uncertain, but Nancy had a meager income from the improvident Southern father who had died, so that when she earned no money she did not starve, she was merely shabby. Cornelia helped Nancy all she could and introduced her to many distinguished friends—among them Hamilton Travers, who had asked to be presented. Cornelia rather disliked to introduce these two. She had seen him attentive to twenty-five other girls in the ten years he had been her good friend. A few of them had been hurt, she thought, but the well-known illustrator laughed his big, hearty laugh when she chided him, and said no woman could love him. Cornelia knew better.

It was now six months since he first had met Nancy. He had made the

greatest change in her life. Nancy thought Cornelia was responsible for the new luster on the world, but that was her loyalty. Travers had taken her motoring all about New York. They had lunched together at Larchmont and Westchester. He had taken her to the Opera and seen her thrill to great music. They had been much together—and Cornelia Joy was worried.

She was sitting before her fire, watching the flames lick her firedogs. Old Celeste brought in her tea. Cornelia drank the tea without cake or crackers. Obesity threatened. "The cakes will be for Celeste," she thought, for she knew Nancy was with Travers and feared she would not come.

But she did—she slipped in quietly and knelt beside Cornelia, kissing her softly before she had realized her presence. The girl's cheeks were cold from the winter air. "Oh, oh, oh!" she crooned. "Oh, Cornelia, I've had such a good time—such a— Why, my Joy Lady, what's the matter?"

"Nancy, why are you so happy?"

"It was so wonderful. The—the sky was all pale, and the trees were so black and sharp against it, and the air—oh, how it felt in my lungs! And we came so fast! Oh, Cornelia, you know—you know—" She broke off with a sharp indrawn breath.

"Yes, dear, I know. Nancy, are you in love?"

"I?" She thought a minute. "I suppose that's it," she answered, her head bowed low. And then her hands sought Cornelia's and the two sat silently. The older woman was conceiving a plan.

"Listen, Nancy." Cornelia spoke tensely. "I had a sister once, a dear dimpling, bubbling sister, who was in love with a—man of the world. He had been through the mill. Marriage in his mind had no association with love. He loved often, and never married. But my little sister was killed. She fell from a gangplank. An accident, they said—but—Has Hamilton Travers asked you to marry him?"

"No," was Nancy's quick answer. "He told me he loved me—but—"

"Just so," said Cornelia.

"But why," after a pause, "would he marry me? I have done nothing to make me worth while in his eyes. I'm glad he doesn't want to marry so poor a thing. But some day—"

"Nancy, he told you he loved you—"

"Yes; he said I was a funny baby. He calls me 'Auburnancy,' you know. It's just that I amuse him. He is so strong. He—"

"Nancy"—the older woman took her hands—"has he ever kissed you."

Nancy looked away.

"He started to once—but he didn't."

"Why?"

"I don't know. I wished that he would. But he just said, 'No, Auburnancy,' and put me away from him."

"Ah!" The little word held a world of meaning. Cornelia thought of a man who had started to, and hadn't. If only he had! If only she had had one man's kiss to remember through all these years! Though it had meant nothing, it would have meant much.

Cornelia's hand lay on Nancy's shoulder. She drew the girl to her and held her for some time. The two sat dreaming of what might have been and what might be.

"Dearest," Nancy said tenderly, "will you tell me about your sister?" And Cornelia told her of a foolish, clever, pretty, trusting, very young girl. It was a sad little story, and so like her own in some details that it made Nancy shudder. But the underlying principles, she felt, were different, entirely different.

"Dearest," Nancy said again, "may I write that story? I believe I could make it good. And I'd like to show him—show Mr. Travers—that I'm not just a funny baby, but a grown woman, who can understand some things, and can write."

Cornelia drew a cigarette case from a pocket in her chair. She did not speak for some time, but smoked the cigarette in silence. Smoking was a habit she deplored and adored. She discouraged Nancy in acquiring it.

"Yes, Nancy," she said finally; "but show it to me before you send it away."

Nancy went home in a kind of dream. She was full of her story. She found phrases in the back of her brain which she would use. The street car conductor had to ask twice for her fare. She ate her dinner with her hat on, left her dessert and ran upstairs to work. She undressed feverishly and sat down in dishabille to pound her rented typewriter. Fingers flew fast, and brain faster—it went so easily. Nancy knew it was good, knew it was far the best thing she had ever done; and when she crept into her bed at half past one, the corrected manuscript lay unsealed in an envelope addressed to the magazine conceded to have the highest standard for accepted material. Early the next morning she would show it to the Joy Lady and then it would be accepted. Nancy was certain of that.

But instead of taking it to Cornelia while that opulent lady was having black coffee and dry toast in her quaint four-poster, Nancy slept; and it was not until a pounding on the door waked her to see a flood of noonday sunshine that she was again conscious.

"What is it?" she called in a sleepy little voice.

"Mr. Travers is downstairs," came the disagreeable tones of the boarding-house slavey.

Then Nancy remembered.

"Tell him to wait just a few minutes," she said quickly, and laughed. It was cold when she jumped from under the hideous red-and-yellow quilt. She bounded across the little room to put down her window. Her bare feet touched the scratchy carpet just twice. Oh, it was a beautiful day! The sun gilded all the roofs and chimneys outside and made her crazy gingerbread furniture look like some fantastic dream, like the first act of "Hänsel and Gretel" rather than just cheap. That was what Nancy hated about it all, the cheapness, the ugliness of it. But this morning she did not think of that. She broke the ice in her pitcher, laughing the while, and took a bath in her basin as only the convent bred and the shabby genteel know how. Quickly she put on her clothes. Why hadn't she had her shoes

polished? She wanted to "look nice," and now she was so hurried. They were lunching at Sherry's, too. The auburn curls were simply adjusted under the wide, plain hat, and when she had completed her modest toilet she dashed from the room, the precious manuscript in her hands, almost falling down the third flight of stairs. She looked so happy and so hurried that Travers, in the hall below, thought of her as the Spirit of Joy, an iridescent something on wings.

"Auburnancy's so sorry!"

"Travers is so glad."

"But I worked so hard!"

"And you look so well."

"But I just woke up."

"Bless your heart!"

And then Travers realized, and Nancy realized, that he had been holding her hand during this somewhat abrupt dialogue. He held the door for her to pass in silence. They were seated in the motor, the door closed and his chauffeur waiting for orders before either spoke. Then he remembered.

"To Sherry's," he said.

"No, please; couldn't we go to Cornelia's first for just a minute? I have something I want to give her."

"Of course," and Travers changed the order.

"What is this that you must give her?" he asked.

"Something I made for her. Something really worth having. Oh, I am happy about it!"

"Can't I see?"

"You will some day. It's really awfully nice. You'll be proud of me."

Proud of her! He knew he would be proud of her, for Travers was certain that he loved at last. There had been mad infatuations, many of them, in his artist's life. But now he found the mind of a woman, the heart of a child, the flesh of a girl, all in one adorable dimpling Auburnancy. She had no touch of the world. She was all pure, sparkling, like crystal water, he thought—and as cold. But water can be warmed by fire or by sun, and sunshine turns it to jewels. How he longed to possess her! When he made reply to

some bit of her exuberant flow of talk he was conscious that he did not know what he said. But ask this baby to marry him? It would be sacrilege!

"Here we are. Just wait, won't you?" and Nancy ran up the stairs, throwing a beguiling smile over her shoulder. Travers was thankful for a few minutes in which to collect himself.

Nancy slipped into Cornelia's room. She found her in a richly embroidered Chinese coat, lounging in a deep chair, a pile of letters in her lap, a cigarette between her fingers, her feet on a teakwood stool. Cornelia did not look up.

"Here it is, Joy Lady!"

"Oh, it's you, is it?" came in a rather bored tone. Cornelia was preoccupied.

"Yes, I. Why, don't you want to see my story?"

"Oh, you baby dear." Cornelia's strong arms reached out for her, drew her down and held her. "Of course I do."

"What's the matter, Cornelia?"

"Bills and obesity." Then Cornelia showed her even white teeth and laughed.

"I can't stay. Mr. Travers is waiting for me. But I'll leave it. Send it where I've addressed it, and write a note to the editor to read it. I know it's good." And with a kiss on Cornelia's thin blonde hair, Nancy was gone.

Cornelia roused herself and crossed to the window to watch Hamilton Travers, tall, spare, dark and handsome, follow brown-clad Nancy into his big car. She saw him wrap a heavy fur rug about her, saw the tender way in which he did it. How happy they both looked! Cornelia turned from the window with a lump in her throat when the motor swung around the corner. She settled herself again and lit another cigarette. With a careless movement she swept the letters from the arm of the chair to the floor, then she opened the big flat envelope Nancy had left with her.

Her protégée's confidence had interested and amused her, but she soon saw it was justified. The story was good. It was told with a simplicity, a directness and sympathy of which she had

believed the girl incapable. She read it through with interest, then in her crazy scrawl she wrote her friend, the editor, that she was sending him something really good. She gave it to Celeste to post. When the old woman had gone, she picked up the "bills"; there were six in all. She held them a moment, then she laid the tangible evidence from which she had manufactured a sister and a tragedy on the smoldering logs. Cornelia realized that Nancy's virile story was a tribute to her own literary and dramatic powers. "But it was all for nothing," she thought. She put on her fur coat and hat and went out of the house. She walked for two hours. When she came home she was singing, though she could not carry a tune! In a few minutes she was again in her Chinese coat, and with her cigarette, her Morris chair and her typewriter on the board across its arms, the well-known authoress was at work.

Hamilton Travers was trying hard to find some passages for illustration in the bunch of manuscripts which the afternoon mail brought him. But when one's mind runs on dimpling, red-haired girls, stories about old ladies and burglars and bronchos do not possess particular interest. His publishers noticed that his type of girl had changed. She was more demure, and, replacing full color pastel, red chalk and lithographer's crayon had become his favorite medium. And why?

How her quaint little ways delighted him! But she had become shy, he thought. She was less free with him. But he, being thirty-eight and genuinely in love, found her new constraint adorable. Her innocence was the most beautiful thing in the world, her absolute trustfulness the most worth while. Yet she had changed. Ever since that day at lunch, when she had been so happy, because of the "wonderful thing" she had done for her Joy Lady, she had been different. For she had refused to disclose the nature of the "thing" beyond the fact that it was not doilies or tidies, which he had guessed, from the size and shape of the envelope. It was the first confidence she had re-

fused him. So he put away the burglars and old ladies and bronchos and picked out another story. He was to see Nancy at tea time and, he thought, would much prefer spending the afternoon in anticipation of the event than in finding pictorial possibilities in the work of well-paid men and women. Why, in a second he could fill that big bare workshop of his with a graceful, elusive, auburn presence that was worth all the stories ever told. But then, one must live—particularly when one keeps a Simplex and considers acquiring an Auburnancy.

The manuscript in his hands was marked "Rush." "So?" Something unusually good, was it? And he read "'When One Loves True,'" by Anne Folsom Chenworth."

Travers read eagerly. The story held him. Its virility, its force startled him. But, oh, the sophistication of it, the sordidness, the unillusioned justice of the point of view! So Nancy had fooled him, too, had she? She was like all the others. And her innocence, her whole-souled trust, was sham, was it? God, then it was clever! And probably she had lied about her age, too, like all the others. For a girl of twenty-two, as pure-souled, as inexperienced, as he had believed Nancy to be, could not have made this unpleasant story ring true.

He could not see her, that he decided—not, at least, till he had readjusted things in his own mind. Gad, but this sort of thing upset a man! He would not take her to tea. He crossed the big room in the fading light. His steps echoed against the high ceiling and sounded like accusing voices. He rang for a messenger, and wrote a funny, strained little note to Nancy, telling her that something unexpected prevented his coming and that he would explain later. He wondered if he ever would. Damn it all, were they all alike? No, not all; there was Cornelia, who had never pretended to be anything she was not, who was big in body and soul and mind, frankly fond of small vices and frankly plain. He went to see her. He enjoyed the walk down the

Avenue more than he thought he could enjoy anything. It was always fascinating there in midwinter dusk, and even now, for a man whose last illusion was gone, it held its charm.

When he turned into Twentieth Street he felt his blue devils taking flight. Life always holds something good, after all. He crossed Sixth Avenue and stopped abruptly. For leaving the old brick house where Cornelia lived was a familiar brown figure, which disappeared quickly into a hansom. He waited till she was quite gone. He could not see her, he felt, and it was with the queerest feelings he could remember that he climbed the two flights of stairs which led to Cornelia's door. He knocked, and instead of old Celeste opening the door cautiously and then grandly, a well-liked voice called, "Come in." He entered, to find Cornelia crouched before the fire, her scanty hair in short, wet wisps.

"Heavens!" she exclaimed, then jumped to her feet and laughed her loud, ringing laugh. "I sent Nancy away because she looked so pretty and I looked so ugly that I couldn't stand it, and here you are!"

Travers did not know what he said.

"I'm glad to see you," she went on. "Thought you must be ill or in trouble when Nancy told me of your note to her. She was worried, poor child! You don't look ill. Have a cigarette? Now for the trouble."

Travers laughed in spite of himself. Cornelia was so "darned nice" and so funny.

"Dear lady, I am blissfully happy," he said warmly, and almost believed it, for he was deep in a Morris chair, his feet on the fender, a good cigarette between his lips, whiskey and soda at his hand. Cornelia had busied herself while she talked. All of what she called the "necessities of life" were close at hand. She sat now on the floor, the shadow beside the chimney-piece, where Travers could see only her pretty well-groomed hands issuing from the embroidered sleeves with her cigarette making its sparkled, smoke-laden journeys. But he could hear her pleasant voice and

her hearty, contagious laugh. Life wasn't so bad after all.

"Nancy was just here," she said presently. "She came to show me a cheque for a hundred which *White's* had just sent her for a story—and a bully little story it was." She rattled on. "Wonderful for that kid to have written it, too. Shows how deep her sympathies are, how rare her understanding. Why, Travers"—she forgot how ugly she looked and leaned out of the shadow—"that child didn't know that gentlemen cads existed. I told her that story, not for literary purposes, but as truth; and her dear heart saw so far that she made a fine thing of it."

"I know; they sent it to me to illustrate." Travers made the statement calmly. Then they blew smoke rings and thought. Travers spoke. Cornelia had wondered how long he could keep from it. She knew what he would say, and he said it just as she expected him to, leaning forward and forcing a smile.

"Cornelia why did you tell her that story?"

"Don't you know?"

"Yes."

"Then why ask me?"

"To feel completely guilty. But, you see, I thought her such a baby."

Cornelia blew another ring, then she put two through it.

"Well, what are you going to do about it?"

Cornelia looked startled.

"Why, what I've wanted to do for six months," he said and rose. He found his hat and coat, made his adieu and left with little ceremony. Cornelia watched him go.

"I think I've come down to a cat," she said.

The next day she bought the finest Angora in New York. That same day Hamilton Travers bought one solitaire diamond set in platinum, two dozen American Beauties and five pounds of chocolates.

He had acquired an Auburnancy.



A DEBT

By Thomas S. Jones

TIME has been prodigal of fairy gold,
Which I have hoarded tenderly away,
Mayhap to squander in that later day
When winter has come on and I am old;
But now the spring has marvels manifold,
And youth still trembles in its sunlit sway,
So do I wonder how I shall repay
A debt for all the joy one heart can hold.

I wonder, and the answer comes full clear:
To keep a heart in joy, to sing again
When winter has come on and life is bare;
For you do know the spring is ever near,
And haply to some lonely soul in pain
You may pay back in largess unaware.

LA PERLE

Par Henri Lavedan

Un mois après. Chez les Lebrodeur. Le matin.

MONSIEUR.—Enfin, est-ce aujourd'hui ou non qu'elle va commencer son service?

MADAME.—Ce matin. Elle se lève. Elle va descendre dans un instant.

MONSIEUR.—Ah! ce n'est pas trop tôt! Parce que, vraiment, je nous trouve un peu bonasses! Depuis un mois que cette fille est tombée malade, le jour même de son entrée, nous la soignons comme une parente; mieux qu'une parente. Au fond, nous n'avons jamais bien su ce qu'elle avait. Avait-elle vraiment quelque chose?

MADAME.—Oh! peux-tu dire! Elle a eu de la fièvre, elle a déliré! J'étais obligée de la changer.

MONSIEUR.—Oui. Et tu lui prêtait tes chemises! des chemises que j'ai payées avec mon argent! A-t-on idée de ça?

MADAME.—C'est une brave fille et je crois qu'elle nous en saura gré.

MONSIEUR.—Espérons-le.

MADAME.—Oh! oui. Elle a été malade va, la pauvre femme! Plus que le médecin ne le croyait d'abord. Il me l'a bien dit.

MONSIEUR.—Il est venu souvent la visiter?

MADAME.—Deux ou trois fois. Pourquoi?

MONSIEUR.—Parce que.

MADAME.—Parce que quoi?

MONSIEUR.—Parce que je m'étais demandé si, par hasard, ce jeune et beau carabin n'avait pas été son . . .

MADAME.—Oh! qu'est-ce que tu vas chercher? Te voilà bien! Tu supposes le mal partout. C'est comme dans le temps, avec moi, quand tu étais ja-

loux . . . pour rien. Ne dis donc pas de bêtises. Cette fille est parfaite, et nous aurons là une domestique comme jamais nous n'en avons eue, avec cet avantage qu'en la traitant avec humanité nous nous la sommes attachée pour la vie. Elle ne peut plus nous quitter. Si quelquefois elle nous déplaisait, il faudra que ça soit nous qui la renvoyions de force. Je l'entends, tiens. Elle est dans sa cuisine.

MONSIEUR.—Eh bien, je vais faire un petit tour pendant que tu commandes le repas . . . Je suis content de manger chez nous . . . Ah! dame, oui! Depuis un mois que nous prenions pension à l'hôtel de Soissons et du Pérou, j'en avais assez! Quelle gargote!

II

A peine Monsieur est-il sorti et Madame est-elle seule que Clara entre. Elle a son chapeau sur la tête et son petit manteau.

CLARA.—Bonjour madame.

MADAME.—Bonjour ma fille. Vous voilà solide sur pieds?

CLARA.—Tout à fait, oui madame.

MADAME.—Allons! Mais, matin! comme vous êtes belle! Comment! c'est pour aller au marché que vous avez fait si matin toilette?

CLARA.—Non madame. Je ne vais point au marché.

MADAME.—Où donc allez-vous?

CLARA.—Mon Dieu, madame, ça me chagrinerait bien d'être obligée de tourmenter madame, mais . . .

MADAME.—Mais quoi? Allez! allez!

CLARA.—Eh bien, je ne reste pas, madame. Faut que je quitte.

MADAME.—Hein! Qu'est-ce que vous dites?

CLARA.—Je dis que je ne reste pas, madame, et qu'il faut que je quitte.

MADAME.—Ah! oui! Ah! ah!

CLARA.—Il faut, madame.

MADAME.—Vraiment? Il faut! Et vous me dites ça maintenant, après tout ce qu'on a fait pour vous, à présent que vous êtes guérie!

CLARA.—Je sais bien, madame.

MADAME.—Après que je vous ai soignée comme une parente! . . .

CLARA.—Oh! mieux que ça. Comme une mère! Madame peut le dire sans crainte. Ça oui. Et les chemises brodées, les potions, la pharmacie, les drogues . . . Pour sûr, je ne suis pas une ingrate, et jamais je n'oublierais! Jamais! . . .

MADAME.—Eh bien, mais alors? Je ne comprends pas . . . Pourquoi vous en allez-vous?

CLARA.—Ah! voilà! Madame n'a pas besoin de comprendre. Je peux pas le dire.

MADAME.—Dites-le.

CLARA.—Je peux pas, madame!

MADAME.—Je veux le savoir, ma fille.

CLARA.—Si je vous le disais, madame vous le diriez.

MADAME.—C'est donc un secret?

CLARA.—Sûr que, c'en est un! et un gros!

MADAME.—Eh bien, raison de plus! Dites-le moi, je ne le dirai pas.

CLARA.—Vous le jurez?

MADAME.—Je vous le jure.

CLARA.—Sur qui que vous me le jurez?

MADAME.—Sur la tête de Théodule.

CLARA.—Monsieur?

MADAME.—Non. Un petit garçon que j'ai perdu.

CLARA.—Eh bien, madame . . . Non, jamais je pourrai, jamais j'oserai . . .

MADAME.—Ah! j'ai juré! Vous devez parler.

CLARA.—Eh bien, madame, je ne suis pas ce que j'ai l'air, là! Je vous ai trompée.

MADAME.—Comment ça?

CLARA.—Je ne suis pas entrée chez vous pour le bon motif . . .

MADAME.—Et pour lequel donc?

CLARA.—Pour . . . faire un coup, un sale coup.

MADAME.—Faire un c . . .

CLARA.—Oui, madame! Oui!

MADAME.—Vous?

CLARA.—Moi, madame.

MADAME.—Alors quoi? Vous êtes une apache?

CLARA.—Pas moi, madame, mais je fais partie, je suis avec . . . Ça revient au même . . .

MADAME.—(*Elle joint les mains et s'assied, affaissée.*)

CLARA.—Ecoutez. Tant pis! Maintenant que j'ai commencé, faut que je finisse. D'abord ce n'est pas moi qui ai eu l'idée? Ah! non! C'est Réré . . .

MADAME.—Qui ça?

CLARA.—Réré . . . Eh bien oui, lui, le docteur . . .

MADAME.—Ah! mon Dieu!

CLARA.—Je devais entrer ici, comme j'ai fait . . . et puis faire le truc de la malade pour l'introduire, lui, dans la maison, qu'il ait le temps de prendre vos habitudes et de tirer son plan.

MADAME.—Pour nous tuer?

CLARA.—Mais non, madame! Vous frappez donc pas! Ça n'était pas encore jusque-là . . . Vous voler seulement.

MADAME.—Oh! oh! oh! Alors, votre maladie? . . . mes soins? . . . tout l'argent que j'ai dépensé! Quelle infamie! C'est dégoûtant!

CLARA.—C'est bien vrai. Mais je vais tout de même vous dire. Je n'ai pas voulu avoir l'air, après vos égards, de vous plaquer comme un rendez-vous, et j'ai mieux aimé vous lâcher ce qui était, carrément la vérité, que je faisais partie de la pègre. Au moins, je me suis dit: madame ne gardera pas de Clara un mauvais souvenir, elle me méprisera davantage, mais elle aura meilleure idée de moi. Maintenant, adieu, madame. Encore une fois, je suis fâchée. Et puis je conseille à madame de ne pas piper et de ne pas avertir la police, parce que ça ne servirait de rien et que ça gâterait les vieux jours de madame et de monsieur. Bonne santé, madame. (*Elle sort.*)

MADAME (*seule*).—Voilà. J'avais trouvé la perfection, une perle . . . Et puis patatras! . . . Jamais je ne la remplacerai.

EXHUMING THE LITTLE HAMMER

By George Jean Nathan

THERE are four grand old standbys to which theatrical writers always rush for refuge when they have nothing else on tap with which to fill the space that is allotted them. Number One is "The Wonderful Art of Mrs. Fiske." Number Two is "The Injurious Effect of the Modern Star System." Number Three is "The Steady Advance of the American Playwright." And Number Four is "The Inferiority of the American Musical Comedy to the Foreign Product."

I have read so many of my brothers' essays on the first standby, for instance, that I find myself in the constant prejudicial peril of viewing the actress in question as a much more exalted artiste than she really is. When I hie me to witness this lady's performances, accordingly, I have to attach a fat string to my thumb to remind myself that I am not being paid a handsome monthly emolument because of my good looks alone, but also because I am expected to maintain an open eye and mind and report mutations in theatrical craft as such mutations report themselves directly to me. Mrs. Fiske, of course, and by the way, is a very competent player, but the dark ignorance of youth that holds me firm in its grasp sends me out onto the plain to cry aloud, for all the wise world to laugh, that her acting art today is in no sense any greater than that of Maude Adams, any surer than the recently but positively developed acting art of Ethel Barrymore or any more compelling than that of Edith Wynne Matthison. I love traditions, but it has never seemed entirely amiss to me to point out—and believe with all my soul—that it is not the ivy alone that makes the alma mater,

not history alone that provides the inspiration for today's strong forward march, and not the record of past performances alone that helps win the race in this sunny afternoon.

In this relation, it may be observed that one of the easiest and surest ways for a young writer to get a reputation for "cool, clear thought" and "sound critical sense" in these days is to compare in a somewhat deprecating manner the dramatic achievements of today with those of yesterday, to hark back touchingly and lovingly to Augustin Daly, Lester Wallack, Charlotte Cushman and their histrionic relatives and to indulge oneself in a similar mode in a very learned estimate of individuals and institutions who came and went long before one had arrived at that age where Scotch highballs might be substituted with reasonable safety for Nestlé's Food. Somehow or other, I personally have preferred always to treat only of such things as I have seen with my own eyes (a practice considered most unprofessional and as savoring of the amateur by such native critical authorities as regale us via the *Atlantic Monthly*, the *Forum* and other literary *table d'hôtes*), and as a result of this mischievous habit I have been subjected frequently by volunteer correspondents and the rural free press to what, in the idea of the American public, is the most stinging, smarting, dismissing slap of all: "He's just trying to imitate Bernard Shaw!"

The moment a native writer evidences a show of sincerity (as he knows sincerity), the moment he expresses himself honestly and to the point, the moment he brushes the dust off some beloved public idol and discloses the nicks

underneath, the moment he presents a thought that has not been presented half a dozen times before, a lot of Tabard Inn outlanders who associate Shaw and his like with guerilla artillery immediately lock their hands across their convex stomachs and grunt "Imitator!" It has become a fixed American habit, like putting salt on cantaloupe and drinking beer out of a thin glass—and it is correspondingly peasantish, uninformed and naïve. Show me such an individual who cries "Shaw imitator" whenever he encounters an honest opinion expressed in words of less than seven syllables, and I will show you an individual who hails Theodore Roosevelt as the typical American, who is a persistent devotee of clambakes, who wears a small compass as a watch fob, who believes all he reads about the white slave traffic, who smokes a cigar in his bathing suit, who is of the firm opinion that Harold MacGrath is a greater craftsman and a deeper reporter than Upton Sinclair and who is similarly fitted by taste and thought for a high place in American municipal politics, in poultry journalism or on such library boards as bar Robert Herrick's "Together" and Brieux's "Damaged Goods" from the public shelves.

With standbys Numbers Two and Three, I shall not detain you further. For what is probably a most satisfactory assay of these subjects I shall refer you to the back files of any magazine but this. I do intend, however, to make you miss your dinner with standby Number Four, because it seems to me that, despite the very interesting and informative words that have appeared on this favorite topic at intervals of every six or seven hours, some rather definite points of the issue have sneaked around the corner and hidden when the quills have entered the beat. As the concrete example with which to deal in the present crisis, I shall take "THE GIRL OF MY DREAMS," the first new American music show of the current season. This affair is the collaborative work of Wilbur Nesbit, Otto Hauerbach and Karl Hoschna, the two last named workers being recalled as the sponsors of such

emblematic native products as "Three Twins," "Bright Eyes" and "Doctor De Luxe," and may be said to be representative of the familiar species of tune entertainment that is of, by and presumably for Americans. But before we wander further, let me enjoin you to bear one thing in mind—that this "GIRL OF MY DREAMS" is a very tiresome, very amateurish, very impossible concoction, made doubly so by what the theatrical papers call "favorite American musical comedy actors." This fact, and the memory of the two and one-half valuable hours spent in witnessing the presentation when the time might have been employed in the vastly more profitable occupation of deducing definitely from which one of three plays the idea for "Baby Mine" was—ahem—borrowed, have provided the inspiration for the present elaboration of an otherwise unfashionable theme.

In pursuit of their salaries with standby Number Four, my fraternal penmen have unfailingly and regularly umpired the unanimous and correct conclusion that American musical entertainments *are* inferior to the imported specimens. To get money merely for this, however, has always seemed to me to be analogous to making a small fortune for legal services in establishing the fact that some pitiable Pittsburgher, whose life's most lucid moments had previously been spent in making faces at the moon, was insane when he shot a man. It is like getting money for assuring people that Columbus discovered America, that the Pilgrim Fathers came over in the *Mayflower* or that J. Pierpont Morgan is President of the United States. It is too simple. Everybody knows it already. It is altogether too much like taking candy away from children or a perplexed look away from a play by Owen Davis. Mind you, however, I say all this, not in a spirit of criticism, but rather in a spirit of jealousy. There is only one thing in the world that prevents me from following in my brother critics' carefree footsteps—and that one thing is the boss. He just *loves* reasons!

With this word of introduction and apology, let us hasten then to impress the cashier. *Why* is the average native musical entertainment so much worse than the average foreign musical entertainment? *Why* is such a typical offering as "THE GIRL OF MY DREAMS" as bad as it is? What are the direct causes? *Why*, if this presentation were compared to an average imported product, would it be forced to slink back in the shadow ashamed of its own bad taste, its vulgarity, its hackneyed manner, its knife-eating provincialism? Lend me your ears! In the very first place, the librettist of the average American music show is devoid of all imagination. Hark, for instance, to the typical plot of the presentation in question. Harry Swifton, styled "an all-around good fellow," falls in love with a coy Quaker girl named Lucy Medders. Following an automobile accident, Helen Bombastino and her admirer, Count Von Schniggelfits, take refuge in Swifton's house when the woman's suspicious husband, Generalissimo Bombastino, pursues them. Daphne Daffington—please appreciate all the names—one of Swifton's former flames, also puts in an appearance, and when Lucy and her father arrive unexpectedly, Swifton has all the intruders secrete themselves about the house, the woman, with rare ingenuity, being hustled into the bedroom. Lucy discovers the presence of the woman in the scandalous locality, says she is done with her deceitful sweetheart forever, and then, in the usual way, everything is finally straightened out.

Here we have a story—and I believe you will agree with me that it is representative of our average musical show narrative—that it is about as romantic as the spectacle of a girl with a hole in her stocking, about as full of color as cheap Chianti and approximately as revealing of invention and fancy as a department store sofa pillow cover. Where your medial transatlantic librettist seeks to supply a story that will lend itself to suave melody, your medial native librettist contents himself with turning out a tale that will lend itself

to five or six tinny tunes, one of which his peculiar argot knows as "a smashing song hit." The reason for this is as simple as a lettuce sandwich: your average American librettist hasn't it in him to do any better. And the reason for this is as simple as *two* lettuce sandwiches: he hasn't it in him to do any better because his environment is no more conducive to conceptions of melodious romance than a haberdasher's reassuring recommendation, "I wear 'em myself," is conducive to a sale. With the average native composer it is the same. And, as a result, our music show composers are song writers rather than musicians, and our music show librettists hacks in a music show age of taxicabs.

It is always an unpleasant duty to be compelled to reflect upon the education and good taste of the probably sincere and needy workers whose products one is called upon by a developed civilization to review. But a duty it remains. If the theater is to make any pretense to art, then must it listen to criticism. If the theater chooses to view itself as the home of a trade, such as shirtwaist making and the selling of underwear, then very naturally such criticism may be regarded in the intruding light of a kidney stew in the Ritz-Carlton tea-room.

Let us have a look at the characters in such a representative exhibit as "THE GIRL OF MY DREAMS" and the manner in which they are handled. First we have a dozen young college graduates, whose chief occupation consists in the waving of the colors of their alleged respective universities, the throwing at one another of pillows carrying the various insignia, the wearing of such raiment as is prescribed for "college men" by the Rochester sartorial professors, and the display of a species of deportment that is visible on the campus only on Sundays, when the operators of the town dogwagons invade the precincts with their lady friends. Secondly, we have a supposed high official in the French army who is made by the librettist pen to behave like an Apache, and a German count who is made to conduct

himself like a circus clown. We have a hypothetically well bred boarding school miss acting like a cash girl, a lady of high estate deporting herself with the manners of a West Fifty-second Street crimson chaperon, a presupposedly intact young suitor for Swifton's sister's hand conducting himself like a sportive clerk on a Coney Island steamboat, and a group of so-called "young ladies of the neighborhood" exhibiting the form of demeanor held in favor in Avenue A. In the two leading characters, we have a supposed bachelor of means, perception, caste and training, who is called upon to act like a member of the house committee of a corner saloon, and a non-descript Quaker girl who makes of innocence a weapon rather than a shield. "THE GIRL OF MY DREAMS" is not alone in this catalogue of characters. You will find the latter all or in part in almost every one of our native offerings. Crass burlesque types they are, not sly caricatures as in the imported products. And the sin of it all rests in the fact that the librettists evidently do not regard them as burlesques. I have not the slightest doubt in the world that the average American music show builder believes that college students, French army officers, German counts and boarding school girls are very much as he pictures them for the stage. The understanding pens of the Henry Blossoms, alas, are rare on this queer Broadway musical comedy stage of ours, where bad enunciation is frequently translated as "personality," where an affectedly hushed speaking voice is regarded as a direct evidence of "refinement," where evening clothes with white kid-topped patent leather boots are held to be the ineradicable heralds of "gentleman" and so-called "class," and where a watchchain draped diagonally across the waistcoat is looked upon as the precursor of the "swell dresser."

Now to the lyrics. In the present case the quality and nature of these may be sensed from a survey of the titles of a few of the songs: "Belles of the Tally-Ho Boarding School," "I'm Ready to Quit and Be Good," "The Girl Who Wouldn't Spoon," "Dear

Little Games of Guessing," "Dr. Tinkle Tinker" and "Every Girlie Loves Me but the Girl I Love." Are they not self-condemnatory? Where might a composer, even if he *were* a composer, find the sparkle of melodic inspiration in drivel such as this? The average native lyric writer is the greatest enemy of our sincerely striving Victor Herberts. His comprehensive idea of sentiment is embodied in "moon" and "spoon," his conception of humor in "sneeze" and "cheese," his notion of subtle Gallic naughtiness in "clocking" and "stocking." He is as obvious as an open air performance in daylight, and as genuine as the "art gems" that are advertised in the lower right hand corner of the third column on the second last page of the barber shop weeklies.

There seems small need to prop up standby Number Four further. If by this time you are not agreeing with me, your case is hopeless. If you are one of those who still persist in believing that our average American musical play is not one-half so bad as it is painted, I shall be forced to set you down in my own mind as being one of three things—an average American music show librettist, an average American music show composer or an average American music show patron. No one else could be guilty of such admiration!

We now pull up in front of a so-termed "everyday comedy" by Catherine Chisholm Cushing, entitled "THE REAL THING," recently presented with Miss Henrietta Crossman in the leading role. The curtain had not been up on the first act of the production for more than twenty minutes when my friend, the Chronic Faultfinder, leaned toward me with a reminiscent, far-away look and murmured: "How this play brings back my youth to me!" It was not difficult to understand my friend, for the Cushing offering proved to be worked out on the dramatic loom of late seventies and early eighties. Its general construction resembled nothing quite so much as that of one of the omnipresent street sheds erected by contractors for the temporary deposit of tools and records employed in some neighborhood job. A

few minutes' glance at the rough boards of the loosely put-together exterior was amply sufficient to afford one a complete appreciation of the nature of the architectural dramatic intestines. To attempt to brew constructive criticism in the instance of an exhibit of the fashion and method of "THE REAL THING" seems relatively as useless an undertaking as the venerable carrying of coals to Newcastle or the carrying of guesswork into the consulting office of the average practising physician.

There has been an elegant to-do lately in many of our select actors' boarding houses and other scholastic centers over the alleged devilish inclination of some mean critics to muster up smart phrases in the instance of rheumatic plays and players in the place of profound words of sage counsel. These variably smart phrases are supposed to redound immensely to the critic's personal glory. In this delicate supposition we have one of the most beautiful of theatrical superstitions, a superstition and belief as deeply rooted as that concerning the fateful black cat, the unspoken rehearsal "tag" and the small share of credit due the playwright for the success of a play. It is probably the grandest little superstition in the whole nation, unless, of course, we except the widespread hallucination that the United States is a republic. There are undoubtedly some of my brother critics who are prone once in a while to commit the grievous sin of writing readable views of dull presentations, and who must therefore pay for their trespasses in the censure of the "smart phrase" shouters, but I, for one at least, feel safe from the odious charge and its penalty. In the case of such a play as "THE REAL THING," for example, I always smother at birth any inchoative itch to be "smart" or "clever" for the very good reason that I fear my bright phrases may be purloined by the playwright and etched into the play to help bolster it up. I am conducting a department of criticism, not a charity bazaar.

"THE REAL THING" is precisely the sort of play that a great many women

call "strong." Here is the tale that it unfolds: A man has married a tidy, good-looking, attractive girl. They have been married for some time, and in the care of her two children and the stress of household affairs the wife has allowed herself to become careless in the matter of personal appearance and general seductiveness. The husband, in this crisis of domestic prosaicism, seeks solace in the person of a young girl in the neighborhood. The wife's sister observes the impending danger and admonishes the wife to deck herself out as she once did, to give attention to the regeneration of her magnetism and to transfer a portion of her affections from the children to her husband. The wife does; the husband observes—and the threatening masculine faithlessness crawls out of the back door. We find here, very plainly, a development of the unexpurgated central issue of Bernstein's drama "The Thief," in which, you will recall, a woman's hold over her mate was estimated in terms of insinuating ribbons and lace ruffles. The whole case, while as true in its way as the relative effect of parsley garnishings on cold rare roast beef, is a decidedly nasty one, and is scarcely conducive to decent sympathy. In Mrs. Cushing's *hors d'œuvre* the direct significance of the theme is laboriously disguised, but the mental photograph remains the same. The "big" line of the exhibit is inserted in the husband's mouth, and concerns itself with, "I want a pal, not just a wife." The precise shade of meaning that the author has vested in the unintelligible word "pal" refuses to unveil itself at my behest, and inasmuch as the strange word in question is not to be found in my vocabulary even after the most patient search, I am unable to diagnose the husband's desire for you with any satisfactory degree of exactitude. If it was what I think it was, however, I am unable to chronicle it in these pages without violating a strict office rule appertaining to the elimination from the magazine of all rank indecencies.

The playwright has gone to great lengths to achieve what are known in

the theatrical vernacular as "bright lines," and the result—a usual result where lines indicate a diligent and imitative study of Messrs. Elbert Hubbard, Oliver Herford, *et al.*—is an irrepressible impression of that greatest evil of amateur American letters—wit slavery. Even at the risk of seeming to contradict myself in the matter of providing comedy for indigent playwrights and a weapon for the "smart phrase" gang, I cannot resist the foul temptation to tell you of an incident that occurred in the seat next to me on the evening I witnessed the presentation. In this seat, as I have told you, reposed the Chronic Faultfinder. It was toward the middle of the second act. The wife's sister has begun at this point to get into the heart of the campaign to bring about a rehabilitation of the married female. She has settled the dress question, the affected gaiety question and a renaissance of the magnetism. What more? What further weapon? Aha, liquor! And as she makes for a large cut glass bowl, she cries out: "Goodness! We have forgotten the punch." The Chronic Faultfinder awoke. "No," he drawled, "it wasn't you who forgot the 'punch'—it was Mrs. Cushing."

In the inconsequent role of the sister-in-law, Miss Crosman gives one of her regularly gratifying performances. This lady is usually so sure in her art, so flexible in her method, that if, forsooth, in the present instance she, in her much referred-to vivacity, is inclined to be vivacious largely in the sense that a bottle of Apollinaris is vivacious—that is, if one receives the impression of a somewhat artificial and unduly protracted sparkle—it must be because Miss Crosman feels the necessity for sustained exaggeration in the manipulation of a part that is intrinsically as lifeless as a much used tennis ball, the facial expression of King Alfonso or a sermon by the visiting clergyman in a church in a New Jersey summer resort town.

Somewhere in the recesses of this parchment have I made reference to "personality," or rather to what Broadway chooses to interpret as such. This

same Broadway undoubtedly still maintains that Mark Twain's personality was due chiefly to his suit of white flannels and that Robert Ingersoll's rested primarily in his loud voice. In Broadway's eyes a "personality" is anything that wears its suspenders on the outside of its waistcoat and talks like Victor Moore. A trick acrobat, a red-haired mummer, a dancer who only appears in public masked, a lady with a diamond set in her front tooth—each of these in Broadway's estimate is a "personality." Ethel Barrymore, it whispers, isn't an actress, but just a "personality." Her throaty voice makes her one, you see! Faversham, it confides, isn't an actor, but merely a "personality." His physique makes him one, you know! No one is safe from the indictment, from the rape of the word. "Personality" is really to Broadway's shop vocabulary what "entertainment" is to that of Mr. William Winter—a term of reproach. Only in Broadway's case the intention is somewhat different. Broadway honestly believes it uses the word in a complimentary sense.

It was at Douglas Fairbanks's premier performance of the Stapleton-Wodehouse comedy, "A GENTLEMAN OF LEISURE," that I came to realize all this more profoundly than ever. All about me Broadway sat jabbering of "personality" (in connection with Fairbanks) in the same breath with "What pretty suits he wears!" and "What nice hair he's got!" For Broadway it was a literal triumph of "personality" where, as a matter of cold fact, "personality" as Broadway knows it had scarcely anything to do with the case. The truth of the thing was and is that this Fairbanks is a good actor! In his own way, he is an artist. And yet the pity of it is that these misguided folk prefer to regard him as solely a "personality." If only he had a little dandruff on his coat collar—if only his trousers bagged at the knees! Then, maybe, would this Broadway appreciate that there was a bit more to Fairbanks than was delivered in his tailor's box.

P.S. The play? Fairly diverting. The plot? Thievery on a wager.

BRIEUX AND OTHERS

By H. L. Mencken

IMAGINE George Bernard Shaw as a modest man! As well imagine Colonel Roosevelt as a silent man, or the Rev. Dr. Parkhurst as an Elk, or Gabriele D'Annunzio as a member of the Society of Christian Endeavor! And yet here is Shaw having his try at that unaccustomed and incredible role, for in the very first sentence of his preface to "THREE PLAYS BY BRIEUX" (*Brentano*) he says quite distinctly that Eugene Brieux, a Frenchman, is "the most important dramatist west of Russia," and then he keeps on saying it for nearly fifty sparkling and sapient pages, and before he has ceased you are pretty well convinced that he is right about it, and, what is more surprising, that he is sincere about it.

Shaw, as everyone must suspect by this time, is acutely aware of his own heft and bulk as a dramatist. He knows perfectly well that he is in the front rank of his trade among us, that he has gone far ahead of Jones and Pinero and the other masters of yesteryear, and that the younger Englishmen who press him hard for tomorrow's bays do so only because they follow so closely and so carefully in his footsteps. Knowing all this, he openly discusses it and glories in it and gloats over it, and sets himself up as a master of all the arts on the strength of it, and so deafens the world with his pontifical bawling; but when he comes to Brieux a sudden hush falls upon him, and it is in a chastened, self-effacing, and, in consequence, very engaging and persuasive manner that he discourses upon that better man. Here, indeed, is praise from Sir Hubert—three-ply praise that is triply worth having, for it comes, in the first place, from a rival not given

to abnegation and mock-modesty, in the second place, from a dramatic technician who knows every secret trick and pitfall of the art, and in the third place, from one of the most acute dramatic critics of our time.

But why does Shaw think so well of Brieux? Simply because Brieux is the one man in Europe who has dared to carry on to the bitter end, and without the slightest regard for tradition or public prejudice, that revolt against the dramatic conventions which was begun in 1852 by Dumas fils with "La Dame aux Camélias," and brought to a pitched battle in 1879 by Henrik Ibsen with "A Doll's House." What those conventions were you all know, for they are still afflicting our orthodox drama—the "happy" ending, the "love interest," the knotted handkerchief plot, raveled only to be unraveled, the "effective" curtain, the overworking of coincidence, and many another esteemed invention, always more or less artificial, always more or less childish. Upon them all Ibsen pronounced his high curse, battling valiantly for a new drama in actual contact with life: a drama free and fluent, with no set program to hobble and obfuscate it; a drama cut loose at last from the fixed types and situations of the Punch and Judy show. Such was the revolt that enlisted William Archer and his mighty pen and paved the way for Shaw and Galsworthy in England, Hauptmann and Sudermann in Germany, and their followers after them. Such was Ibsenism—not the Ibsenism of the woman's clubs, of symbolism and balderdash, but the real, the essential Ibsenism.

But, as Shaw shows, old Ibsen him-

self, like his German disciples, never quite achieved the thing he set out to do. Always there was a compromise, and the practitioner vetoed the reformer. You will find in every one of the great Norwegian's plays, from the beginning of the third act of "A Doll's House" onward, a palpable effort to shake off the old shackles—but you will also hear those old shackles rattling. In "Hedda Gabler" Sardoodledom actually triumphs, and the end is old-fashioned fifth act gunplay. In "The Master Builder" and "Ghosts" logic and even common sense are sacrificed to idle tricks of the theater; in "The Wild Duck" and "Rosmersholm," as in "Hedda Gabler," there are melodramatic and somewhat incredible suicides; and in "John Gabriel Borkman," as Shaw wittily puts it, the hero dies of "acute stage tragedy without discoverable lesions." The trouble with the conventional catastrophes in these plays is not that they strain the imagination, for Ibsen was too skillful a craftsman to overlook any aid to plausibility, however slight, but that they strain the facts. They are not impossible, nor even improbable, but merely untypical. In real life, unfortunately for the orthodox drama, problems are seldom solved with the bare bodkin, else few of us would survive the scandals of our third decade. The tragedy of the Oswald Alvings and Hedda Gablers and Halvard Solnesses we actually see about us is not that they die, but that they live. Instead of ending neatly and picturesquely, with a pistol shot, a dull thud and a sigh of relief, real tragedy staggers on. And it is precisely because Brioux is courageous enough to show it thus staggering on that Shaw places him in the highest place among contemporary dramatists, most of whom think that they have been very devilish when they have gone as far as Ibsen, who, as we have seen, always made a discreet surrender to the traditions—save perhaps, in "Little Eyolf"—before his audience began tearing up the chairs.

That this new drama is more closely in contact with life than the old drama it combats, and in consequence of

greater interest and value as a criticism of life, no reflective man will deny, for if the old drama be examined in its most exaggerated form it will be found to be out of touch with life altogether. In such a play as "The Fatal Wedding," for example, the characters are not human beings at all, but merely coiled springs which go off with an impressive jump whenever the dramatist looses them. That sort of thing, unluckily, is just what the average theatergoer, at least in America, wants. He asks of the play manufacturers who serve him not a true picture of life nor a sound interpretation of life, but only a succession of shocks, a constant staccato, a bold and bald harrowing of his simpler emotions. The only sort of interest he can imagine a stage play awakening is that which arises out of conflict—between dastardly villain and pure heroine, honest State's attorney and rascally trust magnate, Eliza and the bloodhounds. A play, to him, is a kind of puzzle or game. He esteems it in proportion to what he calls its "strength," *i.e.*, in proportion to the complexity of its knots and the violence of its surprises. It is not causes but effects that he seeks, and if only those effects are exciting enough, he is perfectly willing to accept them without any causes at all.

Luckily for Brioux, and for those who are headed his way, there has arisen of late another and quite different type of theatergoer—one who seeks in the stage play that higher interest he has discovered and learned to esteem in the latter day novel. This new theatergoer—or rather play reader, for the plays he likes best are seldom performed in our theaters—is less interested in the overt act than in the motive behind it, less in the hide-and-seek of hero and villain than in the play of mind upon mind, less in the exhibition of a box of stale tricks than in the gradual revelation and evolution of personality. Just as he prefers "Evelyn Innes" to the latest detective story, so he prefers any play by Ibsen to any play by Sardou. It is to this man that Brioux addresses his plays. The chief merit of those plays, as I have said, lies in the fact that they come

measurably nearer Ibsen's goal than the plays written by Ibsen himself, or the plays written by any of his early followers—that they are measurably less contaminated by the ancient trickery of the theater—that they exhibit life as Brieux sees it, honestly and vividly and without any interposition of the customary rosy gauze. Brieux may be wrong, but he is at least not consciously wrong. He has tried to tell the truth—not the formal stage truth, but the real truth.

I am not going to describe the three plays of the present volume in detail, first, because the subjects of two of them would scarcely bear much discussion in a public journal of this our so virtuous republic, and secondly, because one cannot well summarize a plot when there is no plot to summarize. "Maternity," in a sense, is complementary to Ibsen's "Ghosts," as "Ghosts" itself was complementary to "A Doll's House." But for Lucie Brignac there is no easy escape, as there is for Nora Helmer, and no obliterating discharge of the lightnings, as there is for Mrs. Alving. Her revolt against the debasing motherhood which confronts her is essentially vain. The tragedy comes to no affecting climax; there is no final tableau with pretty speeches; the problem is not solved when the curtain falls, not because it is inherently insoluble, but simply because we men of earth, busy with lesser things, have not yet paused to solve it. In "The Three Daughters of Monsieur Dupont" there is the same absence of a ready formula, a god in the machine, a smug summing-up at the close. The three daughters seek happiness by three paths. One sacrifices all to love—and lives to discover how little love is worth. Another makes a worldly marriage—and pays the bitter penalty. The third vanishes into the dark mists of an enforced spinsterhood. As the curtain falls we see the three of them, each in her separate hell, and each, human-like, yearning for the hells of her sisters.

Depressing stuff! So it is, but certainly the man who sets out to write tragedies is not to be denounced for making them truly tragic. That is

what Brieux accomplishes in these strange and moving plays. Their tragedy is not the tinsel thing of the theater, beloved of William Winter, with its tin swords, its howling on the heath, its black cloaks and wall eyes—all intensely unreal and all as painless as a haircut—but the poignant tragedy of every day, the tragedy that every man sees about him in the world, the tragedy he must play out himself. In "Damaged Goods," the third play, horror is piled upon horror; one must simply run from such scenes if suppers are to be eaten after the performance. And yet—isn't it all true? And what is more, isn't it truly important? Who among us, indeed, has not seen "Damaged Goods" played in real life, not once but a score of times? It is, in fact, one of the eternal tragedies of civilization, and if, being weak of stomach, we agree to say nothing about it, then all the more honor to Brieux for forcing it upon us. A dramatist, of course, is not a preacher. It is his business to show the picture, not to point its moral. But there are pictures and pictures—and the greatest are those which, being seen, point their morals themselves.

An Englishman who, following Shaw, thus follows Brieux, too, is Arnold Bennett, whose sudden fame as a novelist has somewhat obscured his claim to consideration as a dramatist. But perhaps you remember his "Cupid and Common-sense," printed a year or so ago—a searching, merciless study of the hard-headed, money grubbing Briton—a play with scarcely a trace of the conventional machinery, and yet one which stood before you with the vividness almost of real experience. Now comes another such play, "WHAT THE PUBLIC WANTS" (*Doran*), in which the central (and only important) character is an English publisher of the *groshändler* type, a fellow who publishes religious papers and sporting papers, papers for the sheep and papers for the goats, papers yellow and papers lily white—Sir Charles Worgan by name. The whole science of ethics is reduced by Sir Charles to one proposition: give the public whatever it wants. Beyond that he has no mor-

als and can understand no morals. No puling infant, wallowing naked in its nurse's lap, was ever more innocent of the decencies. In the conventional drama, of course, the fate of that shameless *ja-sager* would be affecting and inevitable. Looking into the leading lady's violet eyes, he would see there the Better Things of life—and straightway he would become a New Man, with all the austere principles of a Methodist bishop. But not in Bennett's play. When Sir Charles, in its third act, is confronted with the fact that one of his papers is about to print a scandalous article about the family of his mother's oldest friend, and his fiancée, the widowed Emily Vernon, tries to show him the nastiness of that fact, he can't, for the life of him, see it. Finally, true enough, he does yield to Emily, but that is only when she abandons argumentation and employs frankly the wheedling of a woman desired. Victorious, she turns from her victory in disgust—and Charles wonders what has come over her and the world. When the curtain blots him out at last he is precisely the same Charles it put before us at the start—brisk, efficient, frank and industrious, but as deficient in ideals as a Zulu or a union musician. The play, in execution as well as in plan, deserves to rank with the best of Shaw, Galsworthy and Barker. The interest is kept up without resort to the old tricks of the theater; the dialogue is lively and natural, and the characters, great and small, show a constant plausibility.

Of a different kidney is "AS A MAN THINKS," by Augustus Thomas (*Duffield*), which threw Broadway into ecstasies of admiration when it was presented at the Thirty-ninth Street Theater last year. Here we have a well made parlor melodrama fitted out with platitudes—and Broadway stands speechless, as before a marvel. The hero and chief word spouter is a Jewish physician named Samuel Seelig, apparently Mr. Thomas's notion of the intelligent Jew, perhaps his attempt to flatter the Jews of Broadway. Let us inspect a sample of the wisdom ladled out by this sage:

All over this great land thousands of trains run every day, starting and arriving in punctual agreement, because this is a *woman's world*. The great steamships, dependable almost as the sun—a million factories in civilization—the countless looms and lathes of industry—the legions of labor that weave the riches of the world—all—all move by the mainspring of man's faith in woman—man's *faith!*

I ask you, in all sincerity, could any more vapid balderdash be put into words? And yet that sort of stuff delights the jeweled occupants of the plush chairs and gets columns of praise in the newspapers! And I have not quoted the worst. Seelig, it appears, is very "advanced," a passionate New Thinker. He has seen "sick people get well merely through two or three hearty good wishers rooting for them." He is an accomplished theologian, an interpreter of the divine mysteries. He believes that "most diseases are not physical so much as they are mental or spiritual." And he is ready with some such profound discovery, some such abysmal banality, at every drop of the hat. The last act, in fact, becomes one long aria for his capacious bagpipes. He fills the stage with his sweet music.

Let Mr. Thomas have done with such piffle, with such libels upon a race that has made many a genuine contribution to the thought of the world. The drama of ideas is not for him—chiefly, I am forced to conclude, because he has no ideas to put into it. The occult rubbish he dishes up is good enough, of course, to deceive the folk of Broadway, to whom an idea is as strange as an ideal, but when it is subjected to the acid test of reading its puerility at once grows assertive. Mr. Thomas's true *métier* is the popular melodrama, a form in which he has won considerable distinction and by reason of very sound workmanship. His "Arizona," of its elemental sort, was an excellent play. His "Alabama" had merit, too. And people have laughed, while waiting for bedtime, over his farces. But when he essays to be profound the game is one that he doesn't know how to play, and the spectacle of his inept posturings cannot fail to make the judicious grieve.

Models change and with them novels. There was a time when all the best seller manufacturers of America imitated Anthony Hope, and another time when all of them went automobiling with the Williamsons, and yet another time, long, long ago, when they attempted penny whistle variations upon themes from "The Virginians." Now they begin to toddle in the footsteps of William J. Locke, that sentimental and amusing cuss. A Locke story, unfortunately, is a good deal less easy than it looks. Not, of course, that there is any difficulty, to a competent union man, about inventing it, blocking it out, peopling it. Possible heroes are innumerable. Take any normal man, give him an absurd name, and then fit him with dirty fingernails, a stupendous knowledge of Old Slavonic case inflections, a literal belief in the Ten Commandments, or some other such outlandish vice, hobby or superstition—and you have at once a recognizable blood brother to Septimus and the Vagabond. And now let that fantastic creature go to Rome and beat the Pope at billiards, or take to wearing his vermilion lingerie over, instead of under, his dress coat, or have him adopt a colored baby and raise it by the bottle, or elope with a suffragette, a lady embalmer or a waitress at Childs'—and there is a Locke story to your hand. But it is one thing to invent a Locke story and, as I have hinted, quite another thing to write it. The suavity, the plausibility, the verbal agility, the diaphanous pathos, the glowing whimsicality of the long, lean Englishman—these things are not to be mastered in a day, nor even, perhaps, in a year. As witness "THE CARPET FROM BAGDAD," by the esteemed Harold MacGrath, of 304 Kellogg Street, Syracuse, New York (*Bobbs-Merrill*).

Mr. MacGrath is a fellow of fertile fancy, and so his story is full of incident; and much of that incident, it must be said, is very far from dull. Locke himself, indeed, might acknowledge without shame the paternity of George Percival Algernon Jones, rug importer and seeker after romance, linguist and gladiator, sentimentalist and smuggler, canny

merchant and abysmal ass. And in the doings of George there is always the correct Lockian touch of what may be called magnificent improbability. It is not likely, of course, that he really *did* buy that stolen Yhiordes rug, with its smell of holy Mecca, or that he really *was* captured in that Cairo dive and hauled across the Arabian desert by the unspeakable Mohamed-el-Gebel and ensnared as to the heart by the beautiful Fortune Chedsoye, daughter of the felonious Mrs. Kate Chedsoye, and joined to her in honest matrimony, after paralyzing adventures and hazards, in good old New York—and yet, and yet—you must at least grant, in Louis Mann's phrase, that it listens well, and when a story listens well, then you have no ground for demanding the return of your dollar eight.

No ground, that is to say, unless you were led to look for good writing in it. Good writing is the one thing that Mr. MacGrath can't offer you. Over and over again he plans a lively situation and brings you up to it with eyes apop and ears rampant—only to spoil it for you with some clumsy piece of dialogue, some sudden failure of fancy, some rubber stamp banality, some ancient, mechanical device of story telling. In brief, it is in detail that he falls down; it is the art of polishing, of refining, of elaborating that he lacks. He fails to illumine his narrative with that running play of light jocosity, of incisive observation, of quick thrust and feather touch which makes the real Locke so delightful. His book is a rough draft, a tale that irritates because it is slovenly written. Following Locke, he follows a good leader, but why doesn't he follow Locke in painstaking as well as in extravagance, Locke the careful craftsman as well as Locke the daring adventurer? I speak of following in no derisive sense; it shows sound aspiration to go the Lockian way. But why go in cowhide boots?

A different failing is that of H. L. Stuart, the English author of "FENELLA" (*Doubleday-Page*). Mr. Stuart's workmanship is always that of a painstaking craftsman, and sometimes that of a very deft and artistic one. His little

touches are always true touches; they give his characters particularity and plausibility. Even when he offers a long passage in grotesque Cockney dialect, one somehow feels that it is in constant contact with the real Cockney, that it is no mere piling up of picturesque slang. But in the structure of his story he displays an amazing ineptness. The curve of dramatic interest is not that of a shoot-the-chutes, but that of the toothed edge of a rip-saw. At the end of Chapter XIII we leave Paul Ingram with Fenella Barbour on his knee and the passion of love roaring within him. At the beginning of Chapter XIV we plunge into the matrimonial, literary and theological adventures of Mrs. Althea Clara Hepworth, *née* Rees, "only daughter of Mr. Lyman Rees, president of the Anglo-Occidental Bank, an American gentleman resident in London"—and it is not until twelve pages have been plowed through that the role played by Althea in Paul's life becomes apparent, or even imaginable. That sort of thing happens often in this puzzling book. It is constructed upon a plan much favored by Eugene Sue and G. P. R. James, but long since abandoned by romancers who expect to be read. And yet, despite that archaic fault, "FENELLA" has a lot of good writing in it, and if you have patience and a retentive memory you will enjoy reading it. Fenella Barbour, dancer and innocent, is a very charming girl; it is not at all difficult to understand Paul's fancy for her. And Paul himself is the Lockian altruist elaborated and refined—a dear old fellow, with a mind heavy laden with the spoils of the world and the shy gentleness of a little child.

Which recalls the fact that, among these new Locke books, there is one by Locke himself, to wit, "THE GLORY OF CLEMENTINA" (*Lane*). The originator of the model, let it be said, imitates it better than either Mr. MacGrath or Mr. Stuart, for he has all the fancy of the one—and more—and all the graces of the other—and more—without the faults of either. I am not saying that "THE GLORY OF CLEMENTINA" is as de-

lightful as "Septimus" or "Simon the Jester"—you must not expect too much, dear hearts—but I am saying that it is an extremely pretty tale, with a lot of extravagant humor in it and the inevitable Lockian touch of honest sentiment at the close. Clementina is the heroine, not so much through any virtue of her own as by reason of the fact that Ephraim Quixtus, Ph.D., takes her to wife in the last chapter, her frowsy hair, her managing ways, her paint-daubed cheeks and her six-and-thirty years to the contrary notwithstanding. Ephraim is the quintessence of Lockianity, an Aristotle in a plug hat and spats, and pursued by wolves. The mildest of men, he is converted by human treachery into a professional misanthrope, a killjoy, an enemy to all mankind. How his program of devilry is spoiled by his own incurable innocence—how, turned aside from a diabolic attempt to break a woman's heart, he yields up his own in expiation—all this you will find to be much more curious and engaging in the book than any sweating critic could ever hope to make it. The details show Mr. Locke's extreme painstaking, his great care for little things. Every one of the minor characters stands out in the round. Every one has some unforgettable unearthliness, some strange touch of grotesquerie. Especially Clementina Wing, portrait painter and duellist of sex. Locke's heroes succumb to queer women—lion tamers, seduced ingénues and what not. But never has one of them grabbed to his bosom a more outlandish and forbidding and yet at the same time more human and adorable creature than dear old Clementina.

A light-hearted and excellent comedy is "THORPE'S WAX," by Morley Roberts (*Century Co.*). The canned review on the wrapper hints that John Montague Thorpe is a water color sketch of George Bernard Shaw, at least as to heterodoxy and animal spirits. If so, there was more water than color upon Mr. Roberts's brush when he sat him down to smear, for John's ribaldries, when everything has been allowed them, must still be rated far below George's in penetration and humor, audacity and in-

decency. The overt acts of John, however, vastly exceed in daring and splendor any ever committed or even planned by George, who has yet to do anything worse than be thrown out of a Parliamentary committee room and married on crutches. John goes in for far more stimulating deviltries. Meeting, at the annual victualing of the Authors' Society, Miss Molly Fletcher-Mytton, of near Park Lane, he proposes to her between the roast and the salad, and sends the poor girl home with her brain performing two thousand revolutions a minute. The Fletcher-Myttons, of course, are in arms at once, for they have planned to bestow Molly upon the Hon. Edwin Fanshawe, whose virtue lies in the fact that he is the second son of the Earl of Shap, in the second fact that the Earl's arteries are rapidly ossifying, and in the third fact that the first son of the Earl, Lord Laxton by name, is hopelessly consumptive. But what cares John for poor Fanny—or for the Fletcher-Myttons? When, driven to their last ditch, these odious climbers pen Molly in their garret, he raises a posse of roughnecks and rescues her, and then runs off with her to the Alps and Italy. Mrs. Fletcher-Mytton telegraphs after him that she hopes he will be honorable and marry Molly at once. "With reference to the subject mentioned in your telegram," he replies, "shall consult Molly." A dashing and different tale. The witticisms of John, as I have said, are not up to the advance notices, but you will like him nevertheless, and you will like Molly, and you will like, better than either, old Granny Mutton (the root form of Mytton), who giggles like a schoolgirl, swears like the foreman of a printing office, and is ninety years old and intensely immoral.

"PERPETUA," by Dion Clayton Calthrop (*Lane*), starts off as a comedy and then plunges into villainy and bloodshed, with a sentimental scene at the finish. The best part is the first part, wherein we see how little Perpetua, seven years old, puts her arms around Brian O'Cree's neck and whispers "Father," and how, perforce, he adopts the dear kid, and how they proceed down

the paths of life together, having high adventure by the way. It is when Perpetua marries Saville Mender that the fireworks begin, for Saville is in the double clutches of the Rum Demon and human rascality, and one of the human rascals besieging him is Perpetua's real parent, Russell Fenton. Murder—no less! Saville drops dead and Perpetua is accused of killing him. Suspense! Agony! The dangling rope! But in the nick of time the rascals fall out, as rascals always do, and kill each other, thereby, by the laws of romance, clearing Perpetua. Then it is the turn of poor, patient, neglected Brian. As the curtain falls he has Perpetua in his arms, and the kiss that he implants upon her lips is not at all paternal. A book not without its fine points, but one which suffers, like Mr. Harrison's "Queed," from a surplussage of plot. Beginning as an idyl, it ends as a melodrama. Mr. Calthrop, however, is far above the common makers of trade goods, and so it is not unreasonable to prophesy that his next novel will be worth reading.

"SHE BUILDETH HER HOUSE," by Will Levington Comfort (*Lippincott*), admits us to the New Thought, that fragrant balderdash. Specifically we see how the talented Paula Linster, at the age of twenty-seven, comes near to being enmeshed in the hideous net of Dr. Bellingham, the eminent New Thought rabble rouser. Dr. Bellingham is a Man of Mystery, a Worker of Wonders, a Rosicrucian, a Spellbinder, a Serpent; and he is also what the plain people call a Don Ju-an. When Paula, drawn against her will, goes to hear him explain the Ultimate Secrets, in Prismatic Hall, in West Sixty-seventh Street, his eyes quickly alight upon her, and thereafter she feels herself headed his way. "Bellingham crushed the trained energies of his thought force into her consciousness, rendering her helpless. . . . Beyond words dreadful, then, it was to realize this thing in her brain—to feel it spread hungrily through her veins and localize in her lips, her breast and the hollow of her arms. . . . Frequently came this malignant efflorescence." Finally it gets so

strong that Paula is dragged "across the Plaza to the brown ornate entrance of the Maidstone" and up to Bellingham's room, his lair, the arena of his rascalities.

Bellingham opens the meeting by making a long and mystical speech, partly as follows: "Paula Linster, Paula Linster—what deserts of burning sunshine I have crossed to find you—what dark jungles I have searched for such fragrance! . . . Do you remember the rock in the desert on which you sat and waited long ago? (Business of Paula trying to recall it.) Your eyes were weary when I came—weary from the blazing light of noon and the endless waning of that long day. On a great rock in the desert you sat—until I came, *until I came!* Then you laughed because I shut the feverish sunglow from your strained eyes. . . . Remember, I came in the skin of a lion and shut the sunset from your aching eyes—my shoulders darkening the west—and we were alone—and the night came on. . . ."

So saying, the genial Professor comes a step closer, fixes Paula with a benevolent smile and ventures upon the polite remark that there is no time like the present—or words to that effect. No doubt he is vastly astonished, not to say flabbergasted, by the effect of that remark. Expecting, let us say, a blush, a giggle and the words "Oh, you naughty man!" he receives, instead, what is, to all intents and purposes, a wallop between the eyes. "The super-devilishness of his plan" fills Paula with "inner nausea"—which may be described, I suppose, as nausea of the Subconscious. She pushes him back and faces him "white-lipped and loathing." "You father a son of mine?" she sneers. "You—are dead; the man's soul is dead within you—you whited sepulchre!" Which jibe so staggers the Professor that his peripheral capillaries are instantly squeezed dry of blood, and his countenance, according to Mr. Comfort, takes on the color of a "white rock which an earthquake disorders at the base. . . . White rock turned to blown paper; the man mask rubbed out; Havoc featured upon an erect thing, with arms pitifully outstretched." As for Paula, she rushes

home, strips to the skin, gathers her clothes into a pile and burns them. Then she takes a bath.

No doubt "SHE BUILDETH HER HOUSE" is getting long and appreciative notices in the provincial press. A sure way to attract attention, in these days of mental telepathy, faith healing, spook chasing and idiotic Hindoo "philosophy," is to flavor bad novels and bad plays with occultism. That is the road to profundity, to "strength," to the feverish interest of the woman's clubs, lady critics and freshwater college professors. But it is not the road to satisfying characterization, to good writing, to artistic achievement. Mr. Comfort will do well if he keeps off it in future. He is a young man of some promise; he can write on occasion with considerable clarity and fluency, not to say with sense. All the more lamentable, then, to behold him writing such nonsense as I have here quoted.

"THE OLD DANCE MASTER," by William Romaine Paterson (*Little-Brown*), opens with a Dickensian scene in a London stableyard, and the cast of characters, "in the order of their appearance on the stage," is headed by Joey Vardy, a natural son, or perhaps grandson, of Sam Weller, *selig!* The thing is frankly fanciful and sentimental: a fairy tale about an ancient German who teaches the children of the poor to shake their legs to Papa Strauss's lascivious waltzes, and a tender-hearted baronet who cannot sleep o' nights because his great-grandfather amassed millions in the slave trade, and a humane duchess who makes amazing ventures in philanthropy. Of course good Herr Habenichts turns out in the end to be an enormously aristocratic Austrian noble, with a pedigree reaching back to Hell Smith, the anthropoid sire of Adam; and of course it turns out that Dorothy Larkin, step-daughter of the liveryman, Mr. Samuel Larkin, is really the child of—but you can imagine whose child she is; and if you can't, then you can buy Mr. Paterson's sweet romance and he will do the imagining for you. A good book to give to anyone who likes the Chopin nocturnes.

SHOPPING FOR THE SMART SET

By Marion C. Taylor

THE SMART SET SHOPPING DEPARTMENT will be glad to offer suggestions or answer questions regarding shopping and the New York shops. Readers of THE SMART SET inquiring for names of shops where articles described are purchasable should enclose a stamp for reply, and state page and month. Address: "EDITOR, SMART SET SHOPPING DEPARTMENT."

A SIGHT of the shop windows at this season precipitates one at a jump into the middle of fall, and I'll warrant that a week of cool weather will do wonders for the millinery and gown business, for in the first place the things I see are lovely, and secondly, nothing makes your summer hat and spring suit look shabbier than a few brisk fall days. You are safe if you stay out of town, for summer things are quite correct until October, but if you dare to venture back the showing in some shop window will quickly ensnare you.

While the clothes are not over yet, there is a first showing that is interesting, to say the least; and several of the early frocks are good for all season if properly selected.

I saw a serge model that had the new skirt showing an underskirt effect in front, the two side pieces, which meet in front at the waist line, dividing and showing an apron front of bright red satin, which extended to about hip length, where the serge met it. It was trimmed down the front of the waist and on each side of the skirt fronts, as far as the red satin showed, with red porcelain ball buttons on one side, and red satin-bound buttonholes on the other. It had mousquetaire sleeves to the wrist, with red satin cuffs.

Another model I particularly admired for its simplicity had a waist which crossed over in a decided point in front, fastening with one satin-covered

worsted embroidered button. This was of serge, and the skirt repeated the idea of the waist, having the same lapping side fastened with a button. Sailor collar and cuffs were of black satin, embroidered in worsteds in shades of gray, a little blue, red and pale yellow brightening it up. The chemisette and undersleeves were of a delicate cream color embroidered batiste which gave a refined air to the little frock. Its price was fifty-five dollars.

At the shop where I saw it I saw also a copy of the beautiful linen model from Paquin, which I described last spring, trimmed with wool flowers in bright colors. It was in blue serge this fall, prettier than ever and just as much up to date.

Suits

For early wear, and yet excellent for the winter, was a suit shown by a house in town which makes a specialty of reasonable made-to-order clothes. I admired it in a zibeline with a fine white stripe. Large revers were of black broadcloth stitched with several rows of white stitching, which also appeared on the cuffs. Black and white striped velvet was used on the narrow collar, which ran around the neck and met the revers, and also formed half of the cuffs.

The coat was little below hip length and was single-breasted, but fastened quite far over with three gray and black buttons. Black broadcloth, finished with three rows of white stitching at the

hem, formed the underskirt, over which the striped material appeared to form a tunic, slit up on either side and trimmed with a row of buttons, at about knee height. This suit was really a bargain at thirty-seven fifty, as it was shown in several attractive materials.

Excellent Value in Coats

I came across a coat the other day which would make an excellent garment for general wear, motoring, traveling or any of the various uses to which a handy coat of this description is subjected. It was made to come only a little below the knees, the ideal length for hard use, and buttoned at one side with four large buttons. The neck was finished with a storm collar, and the sleeves had very wide raglan shoulders for greater ease in slipping on over one's suit or gown. But its appeal lay largely in the smart English mixtures in which it was shown and the remarkably reasonable price of thirteen ninety-five.

Hats are Here

Although the model frocks are only just beginning to come in, the hats are here in great quantities. They are to my mind lovelier than ever and a hundred times more likely to please than the spring crop.

While almost all the Parisian milliners are represented, I saw more from Lewis, Poiret and Georgette than from the other houses. Regarding general characteristics, it is difficult in some ways to speak authoritatively. It is especially difficult to define the limitations—that is, I cannot give you any general idea that will cover the question, for I have seen attractive hats of all shapes and sizes. For early wear many of the models are small, with brims which are upturning here and there. These hats fit low on the head and frame the face becomingly. Three novelties I noticed in trimmings, woolen or worsted embroidery, Tom Thumb fringe and the new fabric velvet velour which I will describe under the heading "Suitings." The first two of these will be run to

death by the first of November, but both are good selections for one who has many hats and can afford to dispense with one if it becomes common. The last is going to be one of the successes of the season if I mistake not, for besides being the novelty *par excellence* for suits, just as ratine was last year, it lends itself beautifully to millinery, taking the place of beaver, which is not seen at all. Satin is greatly in use; the trimming on a dark-toned satin hat is usually a simple knot or bow of white satin. I saw a very becoming although not an especially new shape from Lewis, of black satin, the whole hat quite soft and flexible, with a round crown of medium height, which, like the brim, was divided into sections by tiny bands composed of three small satin-covered cords, the whole not over an eighth of an inch in width. These radiated from the center of the top of the crown, and extended over and under the rather wide, slightly rolling brim, which was caught up and shortened at the left side front, where a small bow or knot of soft black and white satin held it in place.

Poiret has sent some very pretty small hats, one of which shows the pointed crown, not high but quite wide, and running without a break into the small uprolling brim. This was in black velvet, and had a wreath of satin and tinsel berries and flowers in bright crimson and soft greens. It was worn low on the head and tilted slightly to one side, and made as pretty a youthful model as I have seen. Another of his of similar shape lacked the pointed crown, and was trimmed with a couple of rows of black Tom Thumb fringe on the edge and two more rows around the brim with a knot of taffeta and tinsel flat flowers at one side. The brim of this bent down and formed a frame for the face without being extreme.

The large hats are impossible to describe, their beauty lying in their lines and in the exquisite arrangement of the feathers to which words will not do justice. Georgette as usual has sent the most beautiful picture hats, of velvet mostly, with picturesque brims and a wealth of curled and uncurled feathers.

I saw some hats with huge draped crowns which protruded outward and upward in the rear, and which in my opinion are a little too extreme for good taste.

At an Avenue establishment noted for the size, diversity and smartness of its stock I saw many styles I had not seen elsewhere and noted several new points. There was a pretty little Corbeau plush hat from Valentine About, that greatly resembled the Poiret hat with the fringe, except that it rolled a little at the side front. For trimming it had a flat shirred band at its edge, and another, a little above the place where crown and brim met, of a two-toned ruby velvet. A twig with a couple of plums was posed at one side. Both of these colors are excellent this season, the ruby shade being quite new and the blue almost too popular to last. Here I saw Poiret's fringe hat trimmed with a large bow of Roman-striped silk in Scottish colors, the bow perched right atop the crown, a jaunty early hat.

I noticed an exquisite large flat hat typical of Marie Louise, covered with chiffon brocaded in plush, a material I have described with the other novelties in dress goods. One of the newest points is the use of metallic feather fringe. A large flat Georgette hat had a crown encircling plume, the upper part of which curled over the tiny silk and metallic flowers set along its stem, while the lower part lay flat on the crown of the hat for all the world like a fringe, and treated by a new and most difficult process which gave it a high metallic luster. It is not likely that we shall see much of this trimming, as so far Americans have been unable to duplicate it.

Another novelty, which is in reality a revival, is the use of the tiny Prince of Wales tips, once so popular. These were shown on a hat or two this spring, but were regarded more or less as a curiosity then. They are used around large flat hats, in groups of three or five on poke effects or to form large high pompons, when they are called Van Dyke feathers. Metallic wreaths are composed of fine gold or silver leaves and flowers, and are pretty nestling against

soft-toned fur. Both plain and Princess Gourah feathers, as those with the fanlike ends are called, are used to supplant the aigrette. Silver and gold lace, in fact, metallic effects of all sorts, are more to the fore than ever. The smartest lace, however, is macramé, which is especially effective when used with seal, mole or skunk and over a color.

A new milliner this season is Mathilde Besson, who comes from Marie Louise. I was interested in the first hat she showed, which was a smart turban of black taffeta lined with old gold, which showed in the upturning brim at the side front. Its sole trimming consisted of two long thin feathers, a gold one and a black, which commenced at the side front and extended outward and backward. If she continues to send hats as smart as this her success should be assured.

• Fancy Sets

Last season we saw quite a few sets of fur and tapestry fabrics; this season we shall see no end of these fancy sets, sometimes consisting of hat, neckpiece and muff, and more often of hat, muff and bag. But instead of the braided tapestry effects which were so run to the ground, we have a wealth of beautiful materials, from metallic brocades to velvet-embossed chiffons, gold and silver laces beaded in steel and the most exquisite color effects imaginable. I shall describe only a few of these sets, mostly to give you some idea of their appearance, for it is still too early to do anything but contemplate furs.

A very handsome one I saw from Biencourt had moleskin for its *motif*. The tiny caplike hat was of mole, and was not unlike the Poiret fringe hat in shape, but smaller and closer fitting, to be turned up at any angle suitable to the wearer. The muff was pocket-book shaped, its outer edge of moleskin, the center part of a soft-shaded taffeta, old blue with a little glint of rose tone. This was beautifully embroidered, with a rope made of a cord covered with the taffeta and another of a braid of the moleskin shade, twisted together. The lining was of a soft old gold. The bag

which accompanied it was a smaller reproduction of the muff, although it was a huge affair for a bag, and intended to be worn from the shoulder when one did not use the muff.

I personally do not care for these bags, for although Parisians wore them exclusively this summer, they seem to me more popular here on Broadway than any other part of town. Their exaggerated size will, to my way of thinking, prevent their being carried by smart people. I see too many people of cheap tastes using them now to warrant any other class accepting them.

At an exclusive millinery shop I saw a large and handsome collection of sets, mostly consisting of muff and hat. The hats were all small and close fitting, as befits a comfortable winter hat out of which one expects to get practical use; but they were of a variety of attractive shapes, no two alike. Jeanne Lanvin, noted for her demure frocks and hats, was responsible for one in Hudson seal, the hat a turban, with a medium height round crown of an exquisite gold lace beautifully beaded in steel, and an upturning brim of the seal, which was highest at the left of the front, where it formed a point. Here it was decorated with a Louis XVI wreath of gold, which was inexpressibly *chic*. The muff, which was of the popular baglike model, had its center composed of the gold lace and its outer edge of seal. The wreath was placed at the bottom where the two joined, and was used on both sides of the muff.

A simple set, none the less distinguished, had a long flat muff, its center of macramé lace, its edges of skunk, while the hat had a wide band of skunk framing the face; from this band hung a pearl ornament which dangled a little, and above it was a medium-sized tam crown of the lace, under which gleamed a soft-toned gold satin, repeated of course on the muff. This surely is the season to combine old brocades, bits of fur and lace and sally forth in a smart winter set.

Dress Fabrics

The fabrics which the silk makers of France and Italy send us grow more

beautiful each season, and this year's products are no exception to the rule, for in the highest grade fabrics, brocades and the like, the weaving and dyeing is an art deserving the highest commendation; in fact, some Oriental brocades in Chinese tints, queer blues, greens and yellows, with an intermingling of gold and silver, which are called *Ondoyant broché*, were regal in their texture, weave and colorings.

But you want to hear about the season's novelties, which are always bound to be interesting. In colors the tendency runs toward the unusual, with a predominance of "old-fashioned" shades such as wine, old blue, ashes of roses and soft brown. A new tone which, judging from millinery and suitings, is going to be very good resembles the onion shade so popular about eight years ago, but is much pleasanter and softer. I described a suit in this same shade as long ago as last fall, a suit that Callot Soeurs sent over trimmed with revers and cuffs of leopard skin, which is closely akin to the color itself.

A new idea is that of using plush flowers embossed on chiffon instead of those of velvet to which we have become accustomed. I saw a *façonné* plush in a wine shade that was very beautiful and an exquisite selection for a restaurant and theater frock. Another new idea which pleased me greatly was a chiffon cloth, which was shown in a variety of color combinations, the most beautiful, I thought, being a soft old blue with velvet flowers of the same shade embossed over the entire surface, and showing a narrow, straight border near the bottom of the embossed flowers of the new brown shade I just spoke of. Not only the coloring but the idea was worthy of note. I saw also a new material, corded, of narrow color and black cords alternating, which was splendid for revers and similar trimming. The shop at which I saw the materials I am describing is fast achieving a reputation in silks, largely due to the foresightedness of the buyer, who this year journeyed to Turin to the International Exhibition, and besides seeing the wonderful displays from all over the world,

purchased the pick of the silk exhibition; this will be on view at the shop about the time this article is published. He has several features in his department which lead me to give this space to it.

In the first place, it is possible to buy there a larger variety of shades of silk, satin or chiffon than one can usually find under one roof. Secondly, a specialty is made of Italian satins, which are world famous for their depth, softness and brilliancy. These are sold in wide width, from two dollars up. But one of the most appealing bargains is a line of exquisite border chiffons, not the usual pink and blue variety, but beautiful, unusual colorings in borders fourteen inches deep, for two dollars and fifty cents per yard.

To illustrate just how much this house undersells, I found there the new double-faced silk serges, a material which will be very much in use for early fall, in all the new color combinations, for five dollars and a half a yard. Everyone else in town has so far asked six fifty for it; so you can see the possibilities of this department.

Woolens

I am putting all the dress and suit materials I have seen except those just described under this heading for want of a better title. One of the prettiest among the new materials I saw was the double-faced serge, the reverse side being of either a plain color and showing very attractive shades, or a Roman stripe, equally effective. These are quite reasonable, selling in one shop from one seventy-five up, with an excellent quality at three dollars. The dress and suit materials so fascinated me that I said over and over: "How can one make a choice?"

There seems no end to blue serge and blue cheviot, but such blue serge and such cheviots! New acquaintances entirely, our old friend glorified with such borders that one has to admit that there is something new. The craze for worsted embroidery and worsted effects which struck Paris last fall and has, as usual, appeared here a year afterward,

has a great influence on the borders of these materials. The new fabric of the season, called velvet velour, and closely resembling the well-known—too well known by far—velour hats, also appears here. One of the smartest of these serges was a wide wale, and showed alternate dots three inches in diameter of black and a color, about four inches from the bottom. These bouclé dots, as they are called, look as though they were made of loops of worsted, but are much firmer to the touch. I saw a piece of this work last winter on a suit and didn't know what it was, little imagining it would be one of the novelties of this season.

Another serge, the border of which showed a key design in a combination of colors and black, had a loose weave; and no color was more effective than this bright onion-toned brown. Still another that I quite fell in love with had an eight-inch border, the ground of which was dark green; on this were narrow bars of an old gold or a blue, most effective and only two fifty per yard. A cheviot for the same price had a ten-inch border in the same bouclé, combining such shades as blue and green and brown and blue. Another cheviot has an eight-inch border of fine vertical stripes, each one of the very rough bouclé work in brown, purple or green, for three seventy-five.

The velvet velours, besides coming in plain colors, among them the popular shade of brown, for four dollars a yard, and in admirable corduroy-like weave, were also shown in black and white, that was as smart as could be; in fact, for anyone who can wear black and white this is in my opinion as fashionable a material as could be selected. Another effective thing that caught my attention was a serge étamine, with a border of four inches of alternate horizontal and perpendicular stripes. The latter started the border and were black; then came four inches of fine horizontal red stripes, then the black again, until there were three rows of each. You can't imagine how effective this was, with military yellow stripes alternating with the black, admirable for a trotteur

frock. For this purpose the wool back silk serges are also excellent, and sell here for only three fifty.

Fichus and Collars

We see still more fichus coming over from abroad. Some very pretty designs in these were shown me in a lovely collection of neckwear just imported. One, which rounded in back almost in coronation effect, was of fine muslin, almost an organdie in sheerness, beautifully hand-embroidered in eyelet work and edged with an exquisite Val lace. Another, of net, showed delicate embroidery in eyelets and was edged with Cluny lace. Each of these was fifteen dollars, but remarkably reasonable at that, and entirely new in effect. Another, similar to the net one just described, had a rever at one side of the front. This was twelve dollars and seventy-five cents.

A very smart ruffle for the front of one's waist had a band of eyelet embroidery edged with a very narrow filet lace. Its side ruffles had insertions of filet and edges of embroidery. This was seven twenty-five. A very smart jabot, the newest and prettiest effect, was of three or four separate pieces, each point edged with a wide cream Val lace. This was very reasonable at three dollars. An embroidered band had two ruffles at the side, both edged with handsome baby Irish lace, and one beautifully hemstitched. This was ten dollars.

I saw here many new and handsome designs and shapes in lace collars, both Irish and Milanese. These are much in use and make admirable gifts. The prices in this establishment, where they import their own line, are considerably below the usual retail cost. For instance, a collar of Milanese lace and filet which reached to the waist in back in a long point was fifteen dollars, while one of filet and Irish lace, round in back and widening out in front, was ten dollars. A deep sailor collar of Milanese lace was only six dollars and fifty cents, and I do not think ten dollars would buy it in most shops. Irish sets of shoulder

collars and wide cuffs were nine dollars per set, and a very fine baby Irish collar twenty-four inches long and about four inches wide was only eleven.

A Non-Breakable Corset

So many women complain of corsets that break even when they are new, while others cannot stand the stiffness of whalebone and yet desire something to give their figure correct lines; for these a corset I have investigated recently is just the thing. Its many models and wide range of prices put it within everyone's reach, and its bone, which is a patent article so constructed that while its flexibility is apparent it will not break, makes it a corset much to be commended. It was first recommended to me by a woman who is very athletic, and who told me it was the only comfortable corset she had been able to find which at the same time gave her figure the proper lines.

Beautiful Negligees

I had the pleasure this morning of looking at some new negligees which were as remarkable for the reasonableness of their prices as for their beauty; collectively they form the most attractive line of medium-priced negligees I have seen.

I will describe four of the most attractive, starting with a simple albatross room robe, admirable also for invalid use, being light but warm. The scallops of the closing fronts were of linen crochet, delicately hand-done; and this was repeated, scallops and all, in the back portion, which overlapped the front at the shoulders, where the work continued down to the edge of the kimono sleeves. Inside of these scallops delicate linen French knots were worked, and around the neck a ribbon ran through eyelets. The hem was finished with featherstitching, which, like the other work when done in white on a delicate color, was lovely. The price in albatross was only twelve dollars and fifty cents, and considering that these negligees are all hand-made, that is

quite reasonable. This model might also be copied in messaline for fifteen dollars, and in crêpe de Chine for sixteen fifty.

For twenty-two fifty I saw one of crêpe de Chine that could not be improved upon for a simple, cool, unpretentious negligee. Its empire waist bloused a trifle, and was furnished with a cord. The only trimming was a sailor collar and deep-pointed cuffs on the kimono sleeves, of the finest French dotted swiss over the crêpe de Chine, the corners finished with Irish crochet buttons. The hem and the little side plaits which gave the waist its fullness were delicately featherstitched, and a soft satin bow finished the front opening. The beautiful crocheting described on the first one also trimmed the scalloped edges of the skirt and the collars and cuffs.

For thirty-four dollars and fifty cents I saw one which was especially appropriate for intimate dinner use, and was the prettiest thing of the kind I have seen in a long while. Of crêpe de Chine, it resembled a simple girlish empire frock. The front gore was finished like a panel and its edges were hemmed with chiffon, although it did not hang loose. Each gore—one on either hip and at either side of the back—was put together with fagotting, and the wide hem put on separately, the gores meeting it, was also fagotted on. The waist was empire, and the skirt gores at either side back and front ran up the sides and over the shoulder of it, being fagotted of course. The front and back panels of the skirt were repeated on the waist, and were broken into squares by two rows of fagotting, which edged in front a square of handsome embroidery on the crêpe de Chine. Above the top row back and front was a strip of delicately beautiful silver lace, which also formed the belt and ended in a bow with two sashlike ends at the left front. To this silver lace much of the cachet of the frock was due. The kimono sleeves ended in a deep chiffon hem, fagotted on likewise. Simple, yes, but illustrating the beauty and distinctiveness it is possible to achieve with utter simplicity

and beautiful workmanship—all for thirty-four dollars and fifty cents.

For only a little more, thirty-nine fifty to be exact, I saw one with a wealth of hand embroidery. Of crêpe de Chine also, it had the same becoming empire waist finished with a cord. A satin collar had two deep points at either side of the front and three in back, and was in the shape of a huge oak leaf, its edges and veinings beautifully embroidered in wood and crochet silks. The sleeves, three-pointed, were also formed of these huge leaves, and you haven't an idea how attractive and unusual the idea was. At the left side of the skirt a large satin leaf again appeared, and the waistline was finished with a satin bow in front.

To Relieve Fatigue

Nothing is more restful and soothing than the treatment given at an establishment here in town where ugly lines of fatigue are removed and the muscles of the face and neck strengthened. The treatment is entirely different from those familiar to most of us, and the success achieved is the result of years of study given to the subject and a so-called muscle developing oil of Eastern extraction, which, together with a tonic and a cleansing cream, go a long way toward refreshing one and building up the tissues. These three preparations may be used with almost as much success at home if one but follows the explicit directions given.

An Innovation

Have you ever been apartment or house hunting, especially the former, and looked with awe and wonder at what the landlord called a bedroom? Have you ever mentally tried to picture the usual necessities of life, a bed, a bureau, a chiffonier and at least one chair fitting in the allotted space? If you haven't and you want a novel point of view, visit some of the modern apartments and just look at the bedrooms, and you will understand one reason why suburban property is booming.

To meet the demands of rooms like these a bed has recently been put on the market which is not only a boon to the person who must economize on space but is also an ornament not only to a bedroom but to any room. It resembles, when in an upright position, a bookcase, as it has a top shelf about sixteen inches in width and narrow panels of wood, between which may be shown material to match the furnishings of one's room. It operates in the simplest possible manner. What seems to be the doors open out and form the head and foot of a handsome bed; the box springs rest on these; and, if one likes, even the top shelf may be removed, when it is impossible to guess its possibilities.

As far as sanitation goes this bed is up to the newest ideas. It comes in a variety of woods, as well as brass and white enamel, and is especially suitable for a den or living room which one may wish to convert into a bedroom in an emergency. To economizers of space and dwellers in small apartments or houses it is the solution to the problem of how to live in what is called the bedroom.

For Men

Men's fall wearing apparel is not being shown yet, although I enjoyed looking at samples of beautiful materials which are being imported by one house in town. The materials for coats interested me most for their wide range of colorings and the beauty of the fabrics will go a long way toward making the department noteworthy. In the next number I shall tell you more about them, as I shall have seen the garments and be better able to judge.

A Novelty

Recently placed on the market is a novelty in a trouser support, namely, a belt which is attached to the inside of the trousers to keep them in place.

It is made of light gauze, with durable silk elastic over the hips and in back, and conforms to the body in any position. If desired, a belt may be worn for ap-

pearance sake, but need not be pulled tight, as is otherwise necessary. These trouser supports sell for \$1.00 each.

Vase-Kraft

I was very much interested recently in an exhibition of pottery which closely resembled the beautiful Chinese work beloved by ceramists. The tones in many cases were almost exact and the various glazes were really remarkable, all coming from one factory. Those in Chinese blue, *clair de lune*, Rouge Flambe and mirrored black were very perfect reproductions. But most interesting to prospective buyers were the prices which were so reasonable as to be within everyone's reach. I saw delicately beautiful blossom cups from thirty cents up and they would be an ornament to any room.

The Month's Records

In the popular selections offered this month, a double record of Brahms's "Cradle Song," sung by Elizabeth Wheeler, has a charming negro song, "Dry Yo' Eyes," by Margaret Dunlap, on the other side. Another of the popular Pryor's Band selections has Bizet's "L'Arlésienne Prelude" on one side, and Mancinelli's Triumphant March, "Cleopatra," on the other.

Tschaikowsky's "Marche Slave" is remarkably impressive, and the suggestion of the Russian National Hymn is beautifully introduced. Victor Herbert leads his orchestra in this rendering of it.

Lucy Marsh sings Chaminade's waltz "L'Été" beautifully. One of my favorites has always been Caruso's singing of the Spanish air, "Lolita," and this less expensive record by George Hamlin really compares very favorably with it. Zerola sings another of Caruso's specialties "No, Pagliacci Non Son!" from "Il Pagliacci" of course, and his work is especially good, the result a strikingly dramatic record.

Elman contributes a dainty rigodon of the period of Louis XIII by Monsigny. It is a lively little French dance delicately given.



SOMETHING PERSONAL

BY THE PUBLISHER

PUBLISHING is different. When I became one of the owners of *Everybody's* and did my part to make it the greatest general magazine in the world, I found the work absorbing to a degree. And when, during my European holidays, I talked with other men who, like myself, had given up active affairs for a time, I realized more than ever that the publishing business teemed with curious and amusing features lacking in the more prosaic walks of life. If I had been a manufacturer of patent medicines, say, or a bridge builder—my advertising sense makes me careful of my words, lest I offend any possible client—I don't believe I would have returned to harness.

But, as I have said, editing and publishing a magazine is an engrossing occupation; so much so that there are not a few people with surplus wealth who spend a portion of it in issuing some kind of a publication. The business used to have golden possibilities which tempted many who knew nothing about it to embark in it. "What man has done, man may do" was in their thoughts, and to duplicate the success of *Munsey's* or *Everybody's* seemed easy. In the earlier days, the optimistic publisher with an idea, energy and brains, secured the sinews of war from the concern that sold him paper. In these parlous times of many suspensions and combinations, however, paper makers want more or less money monthly; hence it fell out that certain would-be publishers, believing that all they needed was a big circulation to bring all the advertising

and huge profits, decided to get their money from "the people." The stories of success they sent out were so alluring that the presses worked overtime to print the beautiful stock certificates snapped up by the "dear readers" of their own and other magazines. One company alone has secured in this way over \$500,000 in real money to develop its magazine. No dividends have been paid, the principal is spent! And the end of these financial acrobatics is not yet.

We have not cited this modern instance in order to lug in a smug announcement that *THE SMART SET* is not in the speculative class. That is self-evident. We wish merely to underline the fact that our energies are concentrated on producing the best fiction magazine in the world. *THE SMART SET* asks nothing of its readers save a frank expression of their opinion. As we have repeatedly stated, we welcome criticism, be it favorable or adverse. Sometimes we wish that there were more of the latter variety. The tide of praise sets so strongly in our direction that we must steer a careful course to avoid the shoals of conceit:

"I like *THE SMART SET* because, like a woman, it has a way all its own."

"Personally I read it when the day is harder to bear than usual—when there is more than ordinary need for something to lift the shadows."

"The print is so clear and the stories are so delightful, that a journey on the train becomes a pleasure, rather than a bore."

"Your magazine is a prime favorite because I think its fiction, taken as a whole, is the cleav-

erest of the day. The stories are something entirely apart and distinctive from what I find in any other magazine."

Of such tenor are the comments which reach us daily. Very typical, also, is the following:

"When a new issue of THE SMART SET arrives, the only way I get a chance to read it is to secrete it until I have finished reading it, otherwise some member of the family always has it whenever I want to look at it myself. I keep THE SMART SET about a year and if I had the space to put them would keep them for years, as THE SMART SET of ten years ago is as interesting to-day as it was when first published. There are very few magazines of which one could say the same. My friends eagerly wait for me to finish with THE SMART SET, and they in turn pass them on to their friends and relatives. No one I know ever destroys THE SMART SET."

A physician, in whose household the magazine has a similar monthly career, gives us an interesting glimpse of THE SMART SET as an anodyne for waiting patients:

"My family vie with each other as to who shall read THE SMART SET first, and it is with some contention that the magazine passes from one to the other. However, it remains in active service at home until all have been given the opportunity to read it through; then I take it to my office and place it on the waiting room table, but it almost instantly takes wings and is gone. Your task is no small one, if you expect to improve upon your present high standard."

No small task, truly, but we have laid our hands to it nevertheless. And here let me drop a hint as to one of our plans to further THE SMART SET IDEA, which, as everybody knows, is to provide lively entertainment for minds that are not primitive.

Some new reader, who, perchance, is at present in the subway, his nose forced

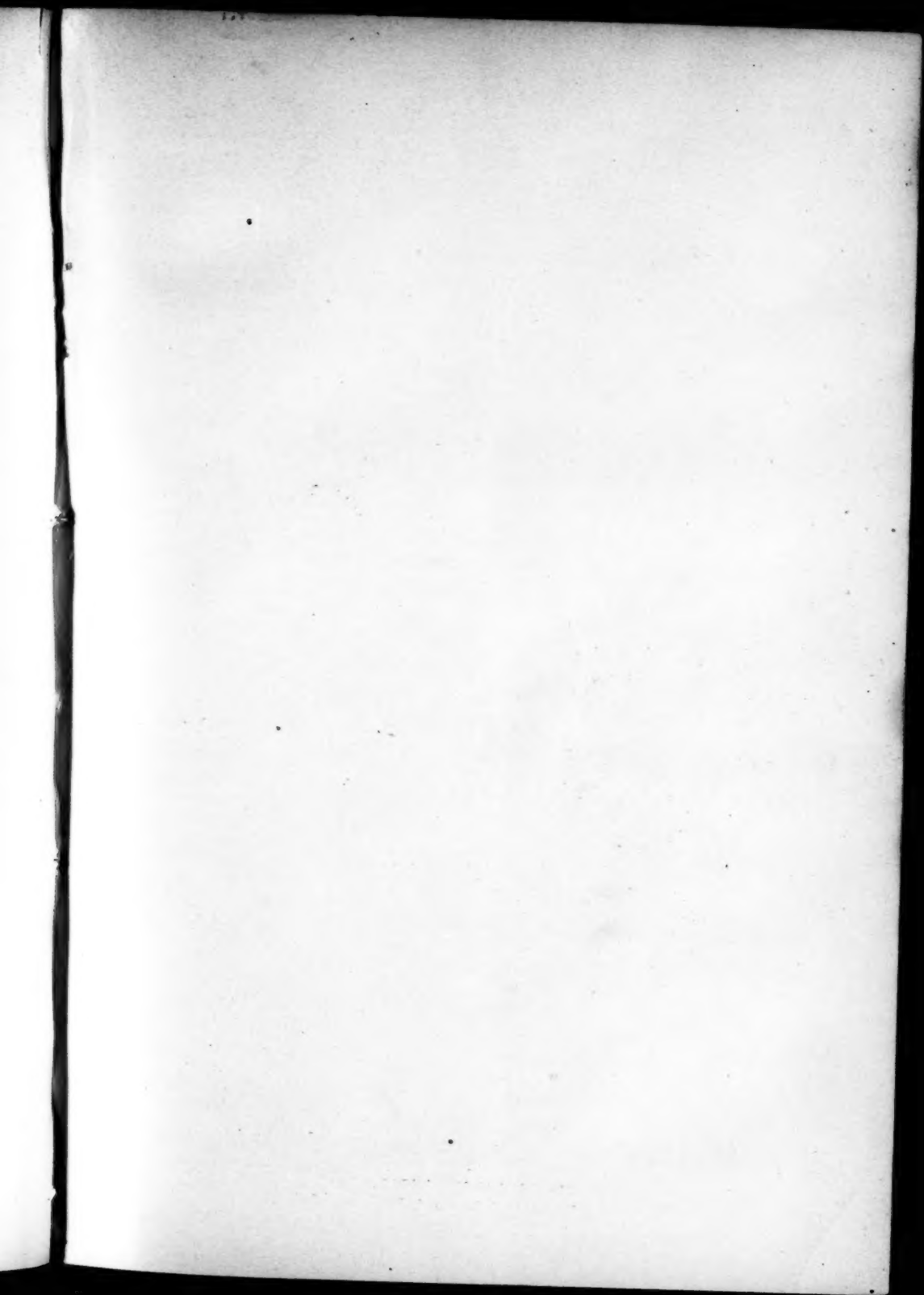
against the page and with no room to turn the leaf, may peevishly limit the aims of the "smart set" to the last cry in hats, the correct size of calling cards, the coldest bottle and the hottest bird. But we are not that kind of a smart set. Originally we may have been. At one time we may have entertained no other desire beyond that of being fashionable, if amusingly so. But magazines grow in wisdom, as do men. There is nothing in being fashionable, but there is a great deal in being smart—smart in the good old New England sense of the word, which is clever with a *long* to it.

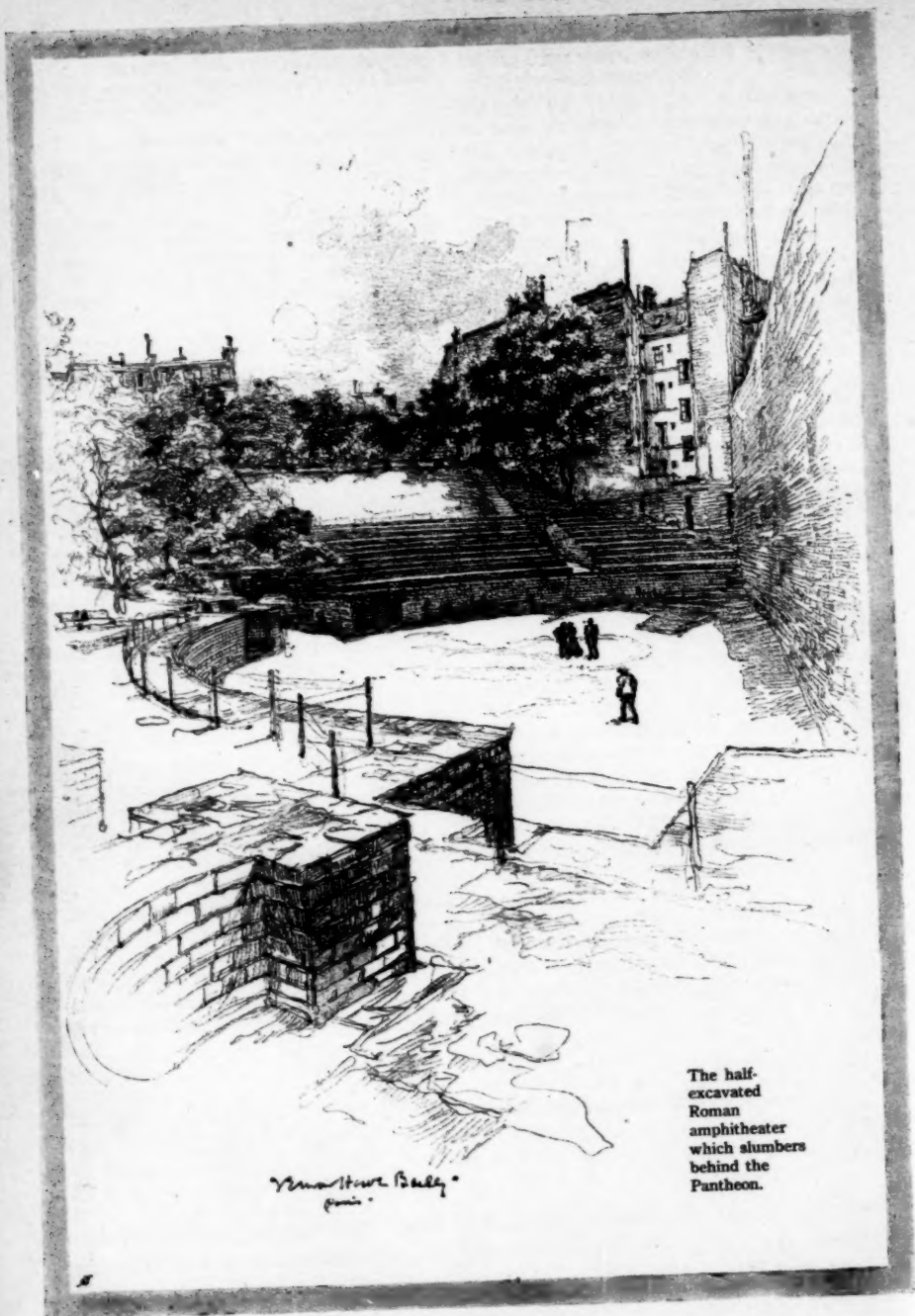
We hope you will grant us this Yankee definition of the capable. We have worked hard for it through the hot summer. We have taken off our coats and kept at it, mindful of the contempt in which the old SMART SET would have held us for this breach of etiquette, but braving it out that we might live up to the aspirations of the new SMART SET.

In the dog days our ambitions grew. We wished to be of some use to the world. Humanity was setting us an example. An ice station for the poor was at our elbow; the park, stretching out before us, offered a green couch for exhausted working people; pure milk for sick babies was to be had for the asking; little cripples drove past in the motors of the rich. What could we do to increase the sum of human happiness? It took thought to answer that query, but our gray matter withstood the strain. We could attempt to revive a great art which has fallen into disuse. Just what that art is and what THE SMART SET proposes to do about it will be divulged in our next issue.

John Adam Thayer

JUST a word more. Our friends will be glad to know that the readers of this magazine are steadily increasing. Tell *your* friends, will you, how much the magazine interests you?





The half-excavated Roman amphitheater which slumbers behind the Pantheon.

LITTLE KNOWN PARIS
The First of a Series of Pencil Drawings by Vernon Howe Bailey